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AVE MARIA. ³³⁹

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. III.

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No. 1.

MARIA DE QUA NATUS EST JESUS:

MARY OF WHOM JESUS WAS BORN.

The great mystery of the season is that of God's Son made man, so admirably expressed in the sublime antithesis of Saint John: *Et Verbum caro factum est*—"and the Word was made flesh." But in this intermingling of things divine and human, another mystery presents itself, equally prominent and totally inseparable from the first, viz: that of a virgin who has become a mother and remains a virgin. Every thing in these days is mysterious, dazzling to the eyes, but sweet beyond expression to the heart; for in the stable, what has passed is the consummation of God's designs from eternity, the object of the wonder of angels and saints and likewise the principle and the means of their beatitude from the beginning. Infinitely above all created intelligence as the mystery of "the Word made flesh" is, what is manifested to us in the flesh has been made known through the Virgin Mother "of whom Jesus was born," *Maria de qua natus est Jesus*. (St. Matt., i.) While the miracle of her Divine Maternity astonishes Heaven itself, we must pause and try somewhat to survey what we can of its boundless extent, by the light thrown around it since eighteen centuries.

We said it once before, quoting Bossuet on the above text of St. Matthew: In one word the Holy Ghost has here completed the tableau of the grandeurs of Mary: this word declaring her Divine Maternity leaves, as it were, in the shade all other praises or encomiums men or even angels could bestow upon her, like the stars in the firmament, which seem to lose their brilliancy when the sun shines in the effulgence of his noonday-splendor. Of this, the illiterate, the poorest and simplest Catholic peasant, as well as the deepest theologian, has instinctively a clear apprehension and firm conviction, from which spring in his heart all the sentiments he entertains for the Blessed Virgin Mary. Above all, Mary is for us

all she is, precisely because she is the Mother of God. "Mary of whom Jesus was born."

As such, her elevation above our conception is perfectly amazing. One of the most complete and admirable works ever written on the Blessed Virgin, *La Triple Couronne*, par le P. Poire, opens with the following beautiful soliloquy:

"Poor little mind, do you pretend to penetrate and master the excellencies hidden in the glorious title of Mother of God? Can you trust your wings to soar up to such a height? or your eyes to bear the splendor of such an effulgence? Do you not know that the grandeurs you seek to explain are higher than the heavens, deeper than the abysses of the ocean, wider even than space itself, and, in a manner, as long as eternity? Do you not fear while thus daring to approach so great a majesty, to be oppressed by its glory? Do you not fear to be shipwrecked upon this boundless sea of wonders and to be engulfed in these unfathomable grandeurs? Can you ignore what sudden and universal trembling came upon the greatest geniuses and the first men of their times, when they attempted in earnest to speak or write on the subject of the Divine Maternity."

The Cherubim themselves, the highest among the Seraphim, in presence of the Mother of God droop their wings in silent homage and could not speak in fitting language of her overwhelming elevation. No wonder if the great Bishop of Neocesarea, Saint Gregory Thaumaturgus, knows not where to find words, and feels, as it were, the point of his eloquent mind suddenly broken off and his tongue speechless, when he attempts to speak of her who is the "*Deipara*."* Saint Bernard himself, and after him hundreds of gigantic minds, have made the same confession of their utter inability to speak adequately of a title which alone will be the wonder of creation through all eternity.

Saint Anselm† tells us that simply to think that the Blessed Virgin is the Mother of God, is to lose one's self in the highest consideration of

* Sermo II in Annunc.

† Liber de excellentia virginis, C. II.

which a created intelligence can think next to God. It is the unanimous sentiment that this word alone "Mother of Jesus," is far above all imaginable encomiums and praises.

Saint Peter Chrysologus affirms that a man must be very ignorant of God, who does not admire the exceeding height of His Mother's elevation; and then emerging from his profound meditation, he suddenly exclaims: "Great God! what is this? Heaven trembles, angels fear and wonder, all creatures are struck with awe, nature itself stands aghast, and in this universal commotion an humble virgin, alone, remains unmoved and fearless. She lodges God in her sinless womb, nay more, with an unheard of confidence, she makes Him pay for His lodging, and she asks nothing short of a universal peace; glory for the angels above, pardon for all sinners on earth, life to the dead, alliance between men and angels, ah! more, the alliance of God with human flesh!"* Is this a dream or a reality?

Other great saints while pondering on the same glorious title seem lost in admiration, and have no other expression left on their lips but that of "wonder and miracle." Saint Ignatius, the Patriarch of Antioch, calls it a heavenly prodigy, and a sacred spectacle;† Saint John Chrysostom, a stupendous miracle;‡ Saint Bernardin, the miracle of miracles; Saint John Damascene, an abyss of wonders;§ O miracle and wonder, exclaims Saint Augustin, the rights of nature are subverted, God is born in human flesh; a virgin conceives by the word alone of God; she becomes a mother and yet remains a virgin; she is a mother, but incorrupted; she is a virgin and yet has a Son; she is intact, and yet is blessed with fecundity; and the only child ever born in this world free from all debt to sin, comes into this world, not from the conception of the flesh, but by the obedience of the spirit.¶ Miracle, says Saint John Damascene, but the newest and most surprising of miracles; a woman is raised above angels in proportion as God descends beneath the angels.¶ But listen to Saint Epiphanius: "O most holy virgin," he says, "thou hast verily awed the angelical hosts; for in truth it was a most surprising prodigy not alone for men but angels too, to see a woman encircling in her arms the Uncreated Light, a woman now becoming a new throne of the Cherubin, and a Son of a woman, while He is her Father, at

the same time the true and only Son of God Himself."* Open your ears to hear St. Anselm: "Do you realize what esteem God has entertained of Mary and the love He has shown towards her? He could go no farther; He had only one Son, equal to Himself and of the same substance. Could you believe that His love for Mary was such that He would have His only Son in common with her? and that He would not be fully satisfied, until she had Him by nature as Himself had; until He was her own Son as He was His own Son."† In the language of others, to call her Mother of God, *Deipara*, is to say that she is higher than all heights, deeper than all depths, brighter than all lights, more dazzling than all splendors, fairer than all beauties, greater than all grandeurs; in a word, far above all that is created.

"What think you," says Saint Bernard, "was the meaning of the great God's messenger when he said to the Virgin: 'The virtue of the Most High God will overshadow thee?' Possibly she who had the happiness to experience it and to be exposed to the rays of that Divine Sun, whilst by a miracle hitherto unknown she was overshadowed against its brightness, might declare it. But besides her who was admitted into the secret of the Most Blessed Trinity, no one could explain the mystery.‡ And even it is perhaps saying too much, that the Princess herself, admitted though she was in the Council of the Blessed Trinity and who knew what passed within herself, could reveal it. I would not hesitate to say that she who enclosed the Divine Word within her virginal bosom, could not fully report what pertains to the mystery of her Divine Maternity.¶ A rich man is not offended when told that he does not know the extent of his wealth. In like manner, the greatness of the Mother of God is beyond all created intelligence; and therefore the glory of her perfections remains to God alone, for He alone who made her, has reserved to himself the complete knowledge of the perfection of His work."

In whatever light we view it, the Divine Maternity is the principle and measure of Mary's grandeur and glory. Our Blessed Lord Himself once appeared to Saint Catherine of Genoa and taught her the following lesson, viz: that whenever she would recite the *Ave Maria*, she should take for her guide the word "Jesus" which it contains, as the one which would infallibly supply

* Sermo V.

† Epistola ad Joann.

‡ Sermo de Blessed Virgin.

§ Orat. I de Nativ. B. Virgin.

¶ Sermo de tempore.

¶ Oratio I de Nativ.

* Oratio de Sancta Deipara.

† De excellentia Virg., C. III.

‡ Homilia IV in "Missus."

¶ Supra Magnificat.

her with the sentiments of respect, of honor and love, necessary to approach becomingly so great a Lady. On this same occasion Saint Thomas remarks that the Evangelists who, better than any one else knew the great perfection of the most holy Virgin, as State Secretaries of her Divine Son, scarcely ever give her any other title than that of Mother of Jesus.

MIRACULOUS PICTURE OF ST. DOMINIC, AT SORIANA.

(Translated from the French.)

On the 15th of September, in 1530, the religious of the Convent at Soriana near Naples were about repairing to the choir to chant the office of Matins, when the Sacristan perceived in the church three ladies whose manner was both modest and mysterious. One of the three addressed him in these words. "To whom is this church dedicated, and have you an image of your patron saint?" The brother replied: "To our holy Father St. Dominic. We have not, in the house, a single trace of the venerable features of our beloved Founder." Then, the unknown lady placed in his hand a painting which she commanded him to take to his Superior. He immediately complied. The Superior, on seeing the picture marveled at its exquisite beauty, and was transported with joy on discovering the features of his dearly beloved Father. The Superior hastened to the church to seek the donor of so precious a gift, but the three ladies had disappeared, although the doors of the church were securely fastened.

In the mean time, the brothers did not regard it as miraculous until it pleased God to disclose to them the favor bestowed upon them. It was revealed to one of the brothers that the most holy Virgin herself was the donor of the picture, and that her two companions were St. Mary Magdalen and St. Catharine Virgin and Martyr. Cease your doubts, said the latter to him, it is the most holy Virgin who presents this token of her predilection.

The religious exposed this holy picture to the veneration of the faithful. The number of miracles may be accredited with truth, to be most wonderful. To give an idea, it will suffice to say that the rotaries charged juridically, in collecting the proofs, state that in the space of seventy years not less than fifteen hundred and eighty-four were proved upon attestation.

Pope Innocent XII granted, in 1644, that the

festival of St. Dominic of Soriana should be celebrated throughout the whole order. He had it placed in the martyrology in these words: The commemoration of the miraculous picture of St. Dominic at Soriana. The Blessed Virgin has in many instances manifested her love and tenderness for St. Dominic and his order. Indeed the Friars of Mary have always experienced her maternal care and watchfulness over them. St. Dominic was a perfect imitation of her Divine Son, hence most dear to her heart. By this picture of her adopted sainted son, she holds forth to the veneration of his children, his life and virtues impressed on its angelic features.

We have only to call to mind the revelation of St. Catharine of Sienna, as related by B. Raymond of Capua to discover wherein this likeness consisted. She beheld God the Father producing from His mouth His co-eternal son clothed in human nature. While absorbed in the contemplation of the sublime mystery of the Incarnation, she saw the blessed Patriarch Dominic issuing from the bosom of the eternal Father resplendent with light and heard a voice which said: My beloved child, I have engendered these two sons; one by a most sweet and tender adoption, the other by nature. My Son by nature, when he assumed a human form obeyed me in all things, even to death; Dominic my son by adoption, from the moment of his birth, to the last moment of his life, has followed in all things, my holy will. My Son by nature who is the eternal Word, has publicly preached to the world what I had commissioned him and has borne testimony to the truth; my adopted son, has also preserved to the world the truth of my words. My Son by nature has sent his disciples; my son by adoption has sent his religious; my Son by nature is my Word; Dominic is the herald, the minister of my Word. My Son by nature labored by His teachings and example for the conversion of sinners; my son by adoption devoted all the powers of his soul and body to my glory in endeavoring to withdraw souls from vice and error. The salvation of his neighbor was his principle object in the establishment of his order. I have compared him to my Divine Son, whose life he so closely imitated and you may observe that even in body he resembled Him. How sublime an eulogy to which the holy Virgin directs the attention of St. Dominic's children when presenting to them this picture of their dear Father. Let us raise our hearts and eyes to this glorious saint and implore him to obtain for us those virtues that made him so pleasing in the sight of God.

1867.

O blithe New Year! young Year—too young to weep!

O innocent New Year, untouched by crime!
Sweet bells, from all your airy belfries steep,
Sweet midnight bells, ring forth your sweetest chime.

The old year passed away with contrite sigh,
Well shriven, we will trust, though racked with pain—

The New Year breathes! and hope and faith beat high,

Some holier prize, some goodlier grace to gain.

The Christmas carols scarce have died in air;
The Angel's song still lingers round the spheres;
And Bethlehem's Crib is still a shrine for prayer,
Where pious love dries Jesus' infant tears.

"The Holy Childhood" takes the new-born year,
The lovely, tender year within its fold,
The *Circumcision*, with its bloody tear
And echoes of that cradle story old.

And Holy Innocents, a martyred throng,
A halo round the young year's temples spread:
While feast on feast sends up a joyful song
From Virgin Martyrs, lilies tint with red.

O blithe New Year! young year—too young to weep!

O innocent New Year, untouched by crime!
Sweet bells, from all your airy belfries steep,
Sweet midnight bells, ring forth your sweetest chime.

As o'er the cold Crib of her Son Divine,
So ever o'er the cradle of the year,
Our Lady bends with countenance benign
To solace every woe, to soothe each fear.

The poor look up to her; nor look in vain:
"My Jesus, too, was left to bitter need,
And in your sharp distress, I know, again
The tender Heart of Jesus throbs and bleeds."

And wheresoe'er is named our Lady's name,
Wherever faithful souls her beads recite,
The suffering poor a more than alms can claim,
And ruddy flames of charity burn bright.

"*Ave Maria!*" with this joyful hail,
The wilderness puts forth its loveliest rose,
Old discords cease, and fumes, gaunt and pale,
In joyous plenty, hymns of gladness close.

"*Ave Maria!*" o'er this new-born year

Thy mantle spread—thy mother's mantle warm;
Nor ships of State, nor ships on sea need fear—
Our Lady's mantle is a shield from harm!

O blithe New Year, young year—too young to weep!

O innocent New Year, untouched by crime!
Sweet bells, from all your airy belfries steep,
Sweet midnight bells, ring forth your sweetest chime.

REASON AND RELIGION---NO. 3.

BY DR. O. A. BROWNSON.

In placing religion, subjectively considered, in the exercise of the active powers of the soul, and representing it as something to be done, as acts to be performed by us, we are far from pretending that it is restricted to external acts, or to internal acts followed in all cases by external manifestation. The greatest and most important work possible for us is that of disciplining the soul herself, and by the aid of grace bringing her into harmony with the divine law. The internal acts of faith, hope, love, and contrition, are real acts, and acts in the fullest and highest sense of the term.

It is very fashionable for Protestants to charge the Church as teaching and practicing only an outward, an unspiritual and sensuous religion, while they claim for their Protestantism that it is purely spiritual, and for them that they are pre-eminently spiritual worshipers. Yet I have had more than one respectable Protestant minister ask me what is meant by making an act of faith, an act of hope, an act of love, an act of contrition, an act of thanksgiving, as directed in our prayer-book, and I well remember how puzzled I myself was to attach any distinct meaning to the direction. The reason of this is that Protestantism in all its forms is unspiritual and materialistic. It may talk much of the interior, but ordinarily its interior is our exterior. God looks at the heart, and the act He demands and rewards is the act of the will, and the will acts in itself, and its act may be complete without any external manifestation. I may will to raise my arm, and my arm may be paralyzed or held down by a force superior to mine, so I cannot actually raise it, but the act, in so far as an act of the will, is as complete as though I did raise externally my arm. The act of faith is an interior act, for it is the assent of the understanding and the consent of the will to the Word of God. The act of love is necessarily

interior, of the soul itself, giving itself to God, that it may be one with Him. The Catholic holds the interior world to be real and even more real than the exterior, and acts done by the soul to be real acts, without which no exterior acts are of any avail with Him who seeth the heart.

There are in the Church various Religious Orders, divided ordinarily into two classes, the contemplative and the active, though, as a matter of fact, the greater part of them combine contemplation with some external work. The general tendency at present is to depress the contemplative and to exalt the active; yet the contemplative Orders are really as active as the others, and when faithful are active even in a higher and nobler sense. Our Lord told the active Martha that the contemplative Mary had chosen "the better part." Contemplation is not a state of pure passivity or perfect quiescence, and never is the soul more intensely active than when rapt in the sublime contemplation of God, and never are its acts of faith, hope, love, union, more full and complete, or more frequent.

Is it said that these acts are confined to the bosom of the individual, and are of no service to the world? I do not believe it. The fervent and urgent prayer of the righteous availeth much, and the highest and most perfect prayer is from contemplation. God remains Master of His works, of the creatures He has made. After all, it is from Him, the Father of lights, that proceedeth every good and every perfect gift; and who dares say that He will not do as much in answer to those internal acts of the contemplative, as to the external acts of the active? It is not with any thoughts of detracting from the merits of the so-called active orders, that these remarks are made, but solely with the view of showing that the contemplative are also active, and to protest against the modern tendency to regard them as useless to the world, and idle drones in society. I do not believe that the Fathers of the desert were, in point of fact, less useful to society, than the Orders of Mercy or Charity who do so much to relieve and solace suffering humanity. Those ages are most to be envied in which there is the fullest faith in a higher utility than the material. Having reduced, in a great measure, religion to a sentiment, the age counts the utility of the body above that of the soul. The so-called active orders would soon lose their power of effective action, were they to neglect prayer, meditation or contemplation.

We cannot, indeed, live in this world as if we were already in heaven; while we are on our pil-

grimage as if we had arrived at home, in *patria*; but the principle of the light of heaven is infused into the heart of every regenerated soul, and that life must be commenced on earth, and lived here as far as our unglorified state permits. The elect on earth form really one communion with the elect in heaven, and both form one communion with the living God, who is all and in all. Man has, while in this life, relations with the material world, for he is body as well as soul, and provisions for bodily wants are needed, and not to be neglected without failing in our duty. The Apostle implies it when he says: "He that provideth not for his own household, is worse than an infidel, and hath denied the faith." But the best way to provide for the body is not to live and act as if we were all body and no soul. The earth is not our abiding place, is not our home, and we violate the divine order when we treat it as if it were. There is no age and no country in which the body is less well provided for, or in which there is really more bodily suffering, than one which devotes all its thought and energy to the productive accumulation of material goods. The more we pamper the body, the more does it suffer, and the Louvain professor is nearer the truth than the world believes, when he makes self-denial and sacrifice the principle of national wealth.

The divine order is the real order, and is never violated with impunity. The soul is more than the body, and the life of the body is in the life of the soul, as the Church teaches; for she defines, in the Council of Clermont, the soul to be the formative principle of the body: *Anima est forma corporis*. We best provide for the body by best providing for the soul. Hence our Lord says: "Seek first the kingdom of God, and His justice, and all these things (things needful for the body,) shall be added unto you." There is a more intimate relation in the real order between the soul in union with God, and the active principle of the material universe, than is dreamed of in our modern philosophy. And history records few great moral convulsions not attended by equally great physical convulsions. The moral has more power over the physical than the physical has over the moral. It is the way of the transgressor that is hard, "I have been young, and now am old," says the psalmist, "and I have not seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread." And: "Blessed are the meek," says our Lord, "for they shall possess the land." There is more than an accidental relation between the perturbation of the spiritual world, and the perturbation of

the material universe. The earth was cursed on account of man's sin, and he shares in the penalty. This should not surprise us, for philosophy as well as revelation teaches us that the material universe rests for its principle and foundation on the spiritual, and responds, and must respond to all its pulsations. Our age reverses this, and makes the spiritual depend on the material.

There may be an exclusive or one sided asceticism that should be guarded against, and the Platonic and Manichean doctrine, that requires us to condemn the body, to lacerate the flesh and to treat the material with every possible indignity, on the ground that matter is evil, and the body intrinsically unclean, and the primal source of sin, has never been and never can be the doctrine of the Church, for our Lord assumed a real human, and therefore, a material body, in the Incarnation. The cause of evil is not, as Plato taught, in the intractableness of matter, for matter, as well as spirit, is the creature of God, and all the creatures of God, as they come from His hands, are not only good, but very good. But that Christian asceticism which disciplines the soul into harmony with God, and brings the body into subjection to the soul, has its material as well as its spiritual uses. So also has that ascetic discipline a part of the same, which mortifies and chastises the body by way of expiation, as we observe in the lives of all great saints, and without which it would seem that true heroic sanctity is rarely, if ever attained. All suffering is designed to be expiatory of the curse that follows man's sin, and sufferings voluntarily assumed or inflicted are the most meritorious of all, because they have in them something kindred with those which our Lord voluntarily suffered for our sake. The principle, as every good thing, may be misapplied or abused, but it is true and good, and where it is not in some degree operative, sanctity or the real good of either soul or body is not secured; but people may and should turn their every-day work to this purpose.

Taking this view of the relation of spiritual good to material good, and of spiritual evil to material evil, there is a real reason in the constitution of the universe why our Lord should tell Martha that Mary had chosen the better part, and why we should regret the growing tendency to depreciate that Christian asceticism practiced by the old contemplatives; practised for the sake of its material utility, it would be worth nothing; but disinterestedly, for the sake of God, or even interestedly, for the sake of our beatitude in God,

who is both our supreme good and the supremum good itself, it is of the highest utility even in the material order, and would form the most effectual instrument of social and political ameliorations throughout the world.

LA TRAPPE AND THE TRAPPISTS.

BY THE RIGHT REV. ABBOT BENEDICT.

The name of La Trappe and Trappists, now applied to the Cistercian Order and Cistercian monks, was gradually given them from a House of the Order of Cîteaux, called La Trappe, which was reformed in the seventeenth century, and has become for some time the residence of one of the Vicars General of the Order in France, as shall be mentioned hereafter.

The Cistercian Order, from its beginning, followed the Rule of Saint Benedict, whose spirit and prescriptions the founders of Cîteaux tried to maintain in all their purity, by a body of regulations called the Constitution of Cîteaux, which distinguished the Order of Cîteaux—now La Trappe—from all other Orders or Congregations following more or less the Rule of Saint Benedict.

Cîteaux and Clairvaux flourished under the guidance of Saint Robert, Saint Alberic, Saint Stephen and Saint Bernard; but by degrees relaxation insinuated itself into the Order, and the different Houses, delivered up to commendatory Abbots, forgot their holy engagements. The Abbey of La Trappe was not preserved from the general contagion; like other surrounding monasteries, it also lost sight of its obligations: its wanderings would even have led it to that destruction which was the fate of so many other Communities, but God in His adorable mercy reserved for it a privilege of salvation. While He abandoned the others to their criminal blindness, He raised up a reformer to save La Trappe, and He was pleased to select, in order to reinstate the Rule in honor, one of those who had profited by the common depravity.

The first reformer was the Abbot De Rancé. The labors and trials of that great man of God, form one of the most illustrious pages of monastic history. They resulted in securing for La Trappe a new importance, and prepared it to become itself a head of the Order. Our gratitude will never permit us to forget him; it shall always equal our admiration. The Abbot De Rancé wished to re-establish the Rule of Saint Benedict in all its rigor; this he has clearly proved in his

"Special Explanation," of that Rule, and in his "Duties of the Monastic life." But the relaxed members—his adversaries and his superiors, were too powerful to allow him to impart that solemn lesson in all its force. He was obliged to be resigned to make only an incomplete reform, to resume only in part each of the prescriptions of Saint Benedict, and in particular to reduce to three hours only, each day, the duration of manual labor, which the holy patriarch proposed to us as the essential condition of monastic profession. Then it was that, in order to compensate for this necessity which he deplored, he substituted certain new observances for the ancient regular practices which the relaxed would not allow to be mentioned, and encouraged the personal zeal of each generously to attempt efforts of virtue which he was not at liberty to prescribe to all as of rigorous obligation. The result of all this was, that his work remained unaccomplished, and was even diverted from the end toward which he had directed so many labors.

But God rewarded him for his admirable good will. He caused La Trappe to prosper in virtue, and when, at the explosion of the French Revolution, the degraded Religious orders sank under the weight of His justice, He raised up for faithful and regenerated La Trappe a second savior; this was Dom Augustine de L'Estranges. This hero of penance, and his companions truly worthy of him, having miraculously escaped the common ruin, multiplied in the persecution with a fecundity of which the monasteries of La Trappe existing at the present day are the manifest proof and the sacred produce. La Val Sainte, where they took shelter during the storm, is the second mother of all, without exception, which bear the name of La Trappe. And if we investigate the cause of this benediction of Heaven, we shall find in it the fervor which animated those holy exiles in their inextinguishable ardor to revive the ancient constitutions, and in their unbounded love of the austerities practiced by the founders of the Order of Citeaux.

More at liberty than had been the Abbot De Rancé, even encouraged by the regrets which that worthy reformer had often expressed, they had commenced by resuming the Rule of Saint Benedict in its utmost extent, by imposing on themselves the observance of all the constitutions of our first Fathers. But they did not stop here. Contemplating with terror the excesses of that impiety which agitated the world around them, and understanding the necessity of its expiation,

they wished to oppose to the overflowing of licentiousness, the superabundance of justice; and as, in the primitive Church, discipline was always rigorous in proportion as the persecution was violent, they passed beyond the limits fixed by Saint Benedict and Saint Bernard, because the enemies of God passed in those unhappy times beyond the excesses of the most audacious sons of impiety. Their reform might therefore be suited to that extraordinary epoch, but as it exceeded the bounds fixed by Saint Benedict, it could not be adapted to all times.

Thus the Abbot De Rancé was obliged, notwithstanding his endeavors, to stop short of the Rule of Saint Benedict, and Dom Augustine, in the ardor of his zeal, allowed himself to be carried beyond it, and this last fact may be the cause why the Trappists have now the name of being so austere. But it is our duty to state that we have made away with all those extraordinary austerities introduced for a time only. In virtue of a decree of the Holy See, of the 25th of February 1847, we have returned to the Rule of Saint Benedict and to the Constitutions of Citeaux exclusively; and even, for America, as for Africa, Ireland and England, several dispensations have been granted by the general chapter of the order, in conformity with the Rule of Saint Benedict, chapters 39, 40, 41, and 55. By this remark, we do not pretend to say that the life of La Trappe is now a life of luxury and bodily gratification; but truth makes it a duty for us to make known to him, who, inspired by God, entertains the design of associating himself to us in order to consecrate his life and labors to penance, that he must not imagine, as it is believed in the world, that there is need of much strength and vigor of constitution to carry out his purpose. No;—it is not precisely much strength that is necessary; for we every day see amongst us persons of very delicate constitution and of very feeble health persevere with constancy; but courage, with the help of divine grace, is necessary to support our little mortifications; humility is indispensable to renounce one's self entirely; and, above all, there is need of a good will and resolution to surmount the obstacles and temptations which may possibly shake one in one's holy enterprise.

Here might be the place to vindicate the monks of all the stories and calumnies published against them to ridicule them, but since our Saviour did not justify himself, and let the world say what it pleased, we will try to do our duty as far as possible, and we will say with our dying Lord:

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." We invite those who wish to know the truth, to visit a house of La Trappe, and see with their own eyes.

Let it suffice to make here a mere and brief statement of the regulations of La Trappe, which are carried out as much as human frailty can allow poor miserable beings who wish to draw down upon themselves the great mercy of their Almighty Judge.

We shall first remark that all those who live at La Trappe are not subject to the same rule: the family of La Trappe being composed of several kinds of persons who have each a rule appropriated to their courage and spirit of sacrifice, viz: 1st. Choir Religious; 2d. Lay Brethren; 3d. Oblates; 4th. Familiar Brethren; 5th. Boarders.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAINT JOHN'S EVE.—In Two Parts.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

"Let us rest here," said the old monk. "Even if my feeble strength allowed me to go farther, we should find no such shade and fragrance elsewhere—no such view as this."

It was true. To our right, crowning the picturesque heights, arose the ivy mantled Convent, its irregular architectural outline softly shaded against the purple Sicilian sky; below, the tranquil waters of the Mediterranean, flecked here and there with white sails and shallows laden with fruits and flowers, reflected from their calm depths the wildly beautiful wooded heights that girdled the shore; to the left, still the far-stretching, quivering sea, with its fairy-like islands; fig and orange groves but half concealing lovely villas and lowly hamlets, and the dim outline of Etna, from whose cone rolled upward a thin transparent column of vapor so permeated with the lustrous glow of approaching sunset, that it looked like a film of golden incense such as arises from the censers of the glorified. And brooding over all was a sense of delicious repose, which brought to my storm-tossed soul a glimpse, a shadow of the sweet peace of a childhood cradled upon the breast of a fond mother, long ago dead. And there were other long deadened emotions stirring from the trance of years, crying "out of the depths!" But the good old monk beside me saw nothing of this, for in my world's battle, I had learned to perfection the art of a reticence which veiled under the most impenetrable reserve every

feeling of my soul. It was my pride to baffle all observation, and defy the keenest scrutiny of those who sought in my countenance some index of the inner man, for I had lost, through some bitter and scourging experiences, not only my faith in man, but in my haughty isolation my soul had gradually slipped away from the practices of religion, and almost from its sacred memories. I fancied myself a philosopher, and gave to theories the worship I owed to God. I finally dropped all outward as well as inward connection with my faith; not a vestige, not a link of it remained in or about me except the ineffable mark of Baptism—but I forget, there *was* one, a strange but old and simple one, which, though scarcely conscious of, I preserved, or rather not I, but the mercy of God. Linked with a gold locket which contained a soft brown tress of my mother's hair, was a medal of the Blessed Virgin Mary. I did not remove it, because it had rested for years upon my mother's breast, and was associated in my mind with her, my darling and early lost, my beautiful and saintly mother. Somehow my sentiments of love and veneration for my dead mother, became strangely blended with a devout thought of Mary; and after every other prayer was forgotten, and all sacred emotions overwhelmed by a haughty skepticism, I sometimes found myself—when mastered by those paroxysms of keen anguish with which the memories of the past sometimes wring every fibre in my body—invoking *her* aid and calling upon her name. But no human eye or ear ever heard or witnessed my folly, and that consoled me; no one knew the weakness that thus overpowered me—it was like my tears, unsuspected, because in time the world had learned to regard me as a man whose nature was as cold and hard as marble. In this way I lived, walking defiantly in my own strength; too proud to be immoral, or to indulge in low or mean vices; generous of my means to all the demands of physical want or suffering; too honorable to descend to the littleness and ordinary frauds of other men's lives, and scorning all that was base; I felt all-sufficient for myself, and fancied that I filled up all the uneven places of my nature with a species of high-toned morality, which in olden times I had been taught could only be filled up by grace. How I exulted when I saw the short-comings of those who followed closely what I had abandoned; *what scandals I took to myself* when I saw them fall; how firmly my feet felt planted when I measured the aggregate of *their* sins! How the devil within me

laughed with derision when now and then I saw men whose lips had scarcely had time to close upon the Sacramental Host, open them to utter frauds and deceit; or women bedizened with all the trappings of vanity, approach the sanctuary to receive with painted lips the "Food of Angels," and return to propagate within the hour some slanderous gossip or damaging report, or spurn with cold words the abject poor—whom I, the sinner, relieved—from their path. I hugged myself in the belief that I at least practised no hypocrisies, even while the sin of Lucifer held me in high revolt against the Eternal God. O blind! O senseless that I was! stumbling over Judas into a land set with pitfalls and covered with darkness. Blind, and separated from the Almighty hand which I had abandoned, how can I tell in fitting language how, at last, by Mary's prayers, I was brought back to the Cross of her Son?

I spent years of my life in foreign travel, seeking relief for the dearth of my soul in the excitements of novelty. In vain I plunged into the amusements of the *effete* civilization of Europe; vainly for my purpose did I study art, and devote the days and nights of nearly two years to the profounder sciences—there was no relief, no rest. I sought the fierce Bedouins of the desert, I consorted with them—I became their brother. Unsatisfied still, I left their tents, and upon the bosom of the Lotus crowned Nile, along its yellow shores, or resting beneath the dusky pyramids, hoped for peace; but neither there, or dreaming beside the Ghauts of the Ganges, or speeding like the wind on desert-born horses over the steppes of Tartary, or battling with the stinging snows of Russia, or loitering among the aromatic vales of Circassia, or in the contemplative Lamasaries of Thibet, where I studied the strange creed of Bhudda, and was almost lured into the belief of the transmigration of souls, did I approach nearer the object of my pursuit. Everywhere—everywhere on the face of the known earth had I sought for rest; in perils by sea and by land; in all that was attainable by man of knowledge, of science and art; in ancient and modern lore, in fame, in battle, in the wilderness, on the prairie, in Rome, in Jerusalem—but alas! because of *the one thing wanting* all turned to ashes on my lips, and I believed that the springs of immortality were indeed dried up within my being; and I said: "Perhaps darkness shall come over me! But whither could I go from the Spirit of Him who made me, or where could I flee from His face?" I had rejected Him, and He pursued me to the uttermost parts of the

earth, leaving me no rest, for out of Him all is nothingness.

Tired of life, and desiring only annihilation, I wandered into Sicily. I left my servants and baggage in Catania, and tried to stir into vitality my worn out energies by exploring the rich scenery of the country, for miles around, without guide or attendant. I rested in lonely huts at night, and bought such refreshments from their inmates as their poor means afforded, resuming my journey with the dawn. Sometimes I spent days together in some out of the way, picturesque hamlet, or among the wild cliffs that overhung the sea. I no longer sought delight in antique researches, or the traditions of the people I was among, though both were fruitful of great interest; I only desired to be in *rapport* with nature; for this I ignored all else, for this I lived the life of a vagrant, and assumed the mien of a beggar, for this I eschewed all luxuries and the companionship of my kind. But so far, vain were all my efforts; a despair was settling around my heart in which nothing upon earth seemed capable of arousing an emotion.

One afternoon, weary beyond endurance of my life, and thinking how I might best, by my own hand, still forever its fitful fever, I wandered listlessly among the almond and orange groves which covered the ascent leading to the Dominican Convent of ——. The hours sped by, and the day was waning, but I still lingered, loath to leave those fragrant and silent solitudes. Suddenly I heard stealing down through the scented foliage, rising and falling like a pulse of music, the solemn and distant strains of an organ. I followed the sound, and distinctly heard, accompanying the organ, the sonorous chant of many male voices. Leaning against an orange tree to listen, as well as to rest my weary limbs, I recognized the melody: the monks at the Convent were chanting Vespers. And there, in the silence of the evening, the fragrance and beauty of nature, and the purpling shadows around me, a chord was touched, stirring into faint pulsations the sensuous part of my being which was once wont to exult with a rapture of enjoyment in all that was beautiful, whether of intangible sound or material reality; long ago deadened and trodden under foot, nay almost forgotten, it arose from its sepulchre at the voice of the music and the winds; at the command of the Beautiful, it came forth like Lazarus at the bidding of the Master, still wrapped in its ceremonies it is true, but living, breathing.

"My God!" I exclaimed, "is there yet life in

my heart? Am I not, then, a soulless shadow? Oh, this is like immortal nectar—like what I used to dream of Heaven!”

I spent the night in wandering among the groves; the bitter-sweet of the almond blossoms tempered the luscious fragrance of the orange flowers, and refreshed and strengthened me; the spicy aroma of the glossy green leaves quickened my breath and fell like balm upon my heart; the whispering boughs soothed me; and the moonlight, dripping like tangled shreds of silver through the dark trees, and spread like a golden tissue over the distant landscape, had all the wild fantasy of a dream, while the palpitating sea, far, far below, like a diamond-sprinkled plain, filled me with poetic fancies. The midnight found me still wandering, inebriated with my new life, heedless of time or physical needs, in *rapport* with nature, and drinking deep draughts from her jewelled cup. The clear musical tones of a bell floated out upon the silence, adding to the unutterable witchery of the hour. “It is the nocturn bell,” I thought. “The miserable monks, aroused from their scant repose, now assemble in choir to chant their droning psalms by the dim light of a taper, careless of all this glory which their walls shut out!”

The moon set, the stars disappeared, and the dark hour before dawn brought with it a cutting wind from the sea, and reeking heavy mists. Shivering, I felt the way along a stone wall which enclosed a portion of the Convent garden, until I found a spot which I had noticed an hour before—where the ivy, with an *abandon* of wild luxuriance, had fallen in a perfect cascade of verdure down to the earth, where it trailed its star-like leaves in graceful beauty. Creeping under it, I discovered an angle in the wall, which, with the ivy overhead, completely sheltered me, and I soon fell asleep.

I was awakened by a hand laid gently upon my shoulder; I opened my eyes and saw that the sun was high in the heavens. I looked about me bewildered; I felt as if my blood were turned to fire; I stretched out my arms—they were stiff with indescribable pains. A monk stood by my side, his white woolen robes touching me, while his eyes rested compassionately on me.

“You are ill, Senor; you are a stranger. Come, you must be nursed,” he said in French.

“Thank you, Father, but I will not trouble you; I will go back to my hotel,”—I did not remember that my hotel was leagues and leagues away—“I got inebriated with the beauty of your

Sicilian night on this bewildering mountain, and was foolish enough to—to,”—I tried to rise, but, dizzy and faint with pain, I fell insensible into the outstretched arms of the monk. Then followed darkness. Weeks passed, and my life was under the cloud of the shadow of death. When I awoke to consciousness I found myself lying upon a cot in a cool, shaded room, the windows of which opened into a garden of fountains and wild, tangled blooms, upon which my eyes rested with an indescribable sense of refreshment. Beside me sat the old monk—Father Cyril, I afterward learned was his name—who had found me sleeping under the ivy while he was gathering medicinal herbs. His fingers were upon my wrist, while in the open palm of his left hand lay a great cluster of transparent grapes. By the wall at the foot of my bed hung a small leaden crucifix; under it, a picture of the *Mater Dolorosa*. I did not speak; I feared the effort would break the calm of that delicious sense of life which, with soft languor, permeated my whole being—I scarcely dared to breathe. The monk, with his head bowed down, still counted the throbs of my pulse, while I, after some bewildering thoughts, gradually remembered all about it.

“There’s a great and promising change in his pulse; his flesh is moist and cool. *Madre Dios!* I thank thee!” murmured Father Cyril as he stooped over to look into my face. Our eyes met, mine no longer filmed by insensibility, his beaming with kindness and surprise.

“*Deo gratias!*” he said fervently, as he pressed a grape into my mouth. “You had liked to have slipped through our fingers; you have been ill, very ill, Senor Anglaise.”

“American! American! American!” I whispered with all my feeble powers. “American!”

The good monk laughed, and smoothed back the hair from my forehead, laid his hand upon my head as I have seen mothers do to their wild, loving boys, then made the sign of the cross upon my brow with a whispered prayer, and enjoining me to keep silent, he left me—left me alone with my thoughts. “I was a stranger, and ye took me in!” kept repeating itself to my mind over and over again. Father Cyril, as if he had forgotten something, returned, but only to say: “The Community will rejoice in your recovery, and after None we will offer thanks to Him who has spared you, and to our Blessed Lady,” then he went away. “I was a stranger, and ye took me in!” Why did they take me in? Why nurse me like a friend and a brother during those dreary weeks? Why

offer thanks for my recovery? What was my life to them? Then my eyes wandered to the crucifix, then to the sorrowful face of Mary; then my hand feebly felt in my bosom for my mother's locket of hair and the medal of the Blessed Virgin; and finding them, I held them fast, while I repeated, *Madre Dios*, Father Cyril's words, which lingered like a sweet cadence in my heart, and I fell asleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANNALS OF OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

CHERAGNES, September 28, 1866.

REVEREND SIR: Would that I could relate all the graces spiritual and temporal, which Our Lady of the Sacred Heart has obtained for thousands of persons whom I have induced to become members of the pious Association. Allow me, at least, Reverend Sir, for the honor of our Holy Queen to make mention of several favors truly miraculous.

I limit, myself to the narration of three facts which I beg you, Reverend Sir, to insert in the Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

The cure of an infant eight days old; the physicians had declared it could not live. Its pious grandmother vowed it to the Blessed Virgin, put a medal on it, and promised to the Blessed Virgin to do some good work in her honor if she would preserve the life of the child.

Mary Immaculate, deigned to accept her promise; from that moment the infant began to give signs of life, and two months after we saw it, endowed with strength beyond its age, in the arms of its young mother who delights in calling it the child of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

A person in the same vicinity (Beauvoir) was attacked by a dangerous illness which in a few hours reduced him to the last extremity. I gave him a medal, and had the *Memorare of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart* said for him.

The sick man was not long in feeling the effects of this prayer. Three days after, much to the astonishment of his physicians, he was out of danger. Even his convalescence was not long. His first visit was to the Blessed Sacrament, before which he was happy to thank Jesus and Mary for the grace they had just bestowed upon him.

The conversion of an old man aged sixty-four years; he sometimes went to mass, but merely through motives of human respect. For more than fifty years he had neglected the third and

fourth precepts of the Church. This gentleman took a severe cold which caused great anxiety to all his friends. No one dared to speak to him of Confession. So the matter stood at the end of last July. At that time his married daughter, who was living at a distance from him, having read the *Thirty-two Considerations on Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*, felt inspired to begin immediately a novena for her father, having a presentiment that he was sick. A few days after, one of her sisters wrote to her saying how much the family were grieved at thinking that this soul, so dear to them all, might have to appear before the Judge without any preparation.

She continued to pray—began another novena, and she hopes that *Our Lady of the Sacred Heart* would deign to grant her prayer. Her confidence was not in vain; on the twenty-third of August, the last day of her novena, she received the news that the Sovereign Mistress of the Heart of Jesus had sent to this poor lost sheep its zealous shepherd who had not been asked for. At this first unexpected visit, after a quarter of an hour's conversation, the good parish Priest told the children and attendants to retire, heard the sick man's confession, and next morning brought the Holy Viaticum. On that very day a change for the better took place, and since that happy moment this good old man cannot sufficiently express the happiness he feels in being reconciled with his God.

It would be impossible to describe the joy of family. Give thanks for them to *Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*, they will themselves soon make the same request by asking you to celebrate mass in thanksgiving for the blessing which they have received.

CHRONICLE.

We begin the new year by chronicling something of the past; and we shall continue to note the events of the times as they occur.

At the time we write, nothing is determined in the Italian Question, except that which has been determined all along: the Holy Father's unchangeable will to maintain the rights of the Holy See, and of all christians.

We begin with the record of those who have passed to their reward. On the 4th of December, Mother Magdalen, the Superioress of the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, died in the Convent of the order in Philadelphia. Right Rev. Bishop Wood was present at the funeral of this

good religious, which took place the Friday after her death.

On the 9th of December, at Sault au Recollet near Montreal, in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, died Madame Anastasia White.

In New Orleans, died on the 7th of December, Sister M. of St Catharine, of the Congregation of the Sisters of Holy Cross.—*Requiescant in pace.*

The Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, ordained the following, in the Provincial Seminary, Troy, N. Y.

Rev. Messrs John Brogan, John McCauley, Michael McEvoy and Josue P. Bodfish, all of the diocese of New York.

Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Louis held an ordination in St. Vincent's Church, St. Louis, and conferred the Holy Order of Subdeaconship on Messrs Timothy J. O'Leary, Maurice O'Brien, Michael Cavanagh, Louis Philip Landry and Francis Vogt, all members of the Congregation of the Mission.

On Friday the same Rev. gentlemen were promoted to the order of Deaconship, and on Tuesday Rev. Messrs O'Brien, Cavanagh, Landry, and Vogt were raised to the priesthood.

Right Rev. Bishop of Buffalo ordained on the 20th of November, the Rev. John J. Stewart.

CONFIRMATIONS. The Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, confirmed 190 persons in the church of Our Lady of Mercy, Rochester, N. Y.

Right Rev. Bishop Domenec administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 64 persons in the German church of Holidaysburg, Pa.

The Right Rev. Bishop of Pittsburg, gave a mission in St. Patrick's church Ebensburg, and the Most Rev. Archbishop of Kentucky, was present at the close of the mission given by the Dominican Fathers in the Transfiguration church, Troy, N. Y.

Among the many churches, and chapels that have been dedicated in the last few months, the chapel of the Sisters of the Visitation near Wheeling, has particularly attracted our attention. To those who love music, it brings a sigh of regret to read the account, and think they were not there. We give in full, the account of the dedication of the chapel in which many an *Ave Maria* will be addressed to Our Blessed Mother.

DEDICATION OF THE NEW CHAPEL IN THE CONVENT OF THE VISITATION, NEAR WHEELING, WEST VA.—Your correspondent having been kindly favored with an invitation to attend at the above dedication, left Pittsburg Saturday evening in company with several ladies and gentlemen of

Pittsburgh and Allegheny city, arriving at Wheeling about 10 P. M. The following morning about nine o'clock we took cars, specially provided for the occasion, in company with a large number of ladies and gentlemen residents of Wheeling and its vicinity, and after a pleasant ride of ten minutes, we were let out in the Convent grounds about two and a half miles eastward of Wheeling, and the crowd passed up the sloping lands to the commanding summit, on which the elegant new convent building stands—overlooking the lovely scenery of hill, dale and creek, in the midst of which it stands, a handsome and enduring monument of the energy, judgment and taste of the indefatigable Right Rev. Bishop Whelan and the ladies of the convent, to whom the West owes a debt of gratitude for this fine structure which would be a credit to any part of the country.

We were ushered at once to the chapel which was well filled, and we were struck with its splendid dome of stained glass, its stained ceiling, beautiful chaste altar, and the general air of comfort and appropriateness of every part. The ceremonies commenced with a fine piece of music by Kalkbrenner—a march movement, performed by Sister Eulalia on the piano and Sister Mary Agnes on the harp. This was followed by the blessing of the building outside and inside, conducted by Bishop Whelan, assisted by a number of the clergymen of the diocese and the Seminary. The choir consisted of several of the Sisters and a number of the young ladies, scholars of the institution, assisted by several gentlemen of superior musical skill, and the well established reputation of this fine musical school was fully sustained throughout. Perfect gems of music were given, such as are not to be heard every day, either in or out of concert. During the celebration of High Mass by the Bishop, a beautiful solo was sung with fine taste and excellent skill by Miss Blanche McAfee, one of the pupils of the institution. *Qui tollis*, another gem was sweetly sung by a very young pupil, Miss Ella Gordon. Solos in the *Credo*, *Sanctus* and *Agnus Dei*, were brilliantly given by Sister Mary Agnes, whose truly wonderful notes entered every heart and satisfied it, while the fine harmonious voices of Miss Blanche McAfee, Miss Kate McHenry and Miss Mina Warring united in a perfect concord of sweet sounds.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Spalding, of Baltimore, who had kindly consented to honor this occasion, preached an admirable dedicatory sermon from the text: "Truly this is the House of

the Lord," in which he alluded very happily and gracefully to the great efforts of Bishop Whelan and the ladies of the Convent in accomplishing the completion of such a beautiful church, in connection with the admirable building of which it is the chief ornament.

The *Gloria* was given before the commencement of the services—not being allowed in time of Advent as part of the Mass.

But the musical performance of the day was the grand hymn, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," sung by Sister Mary Agnes, with exquisite taste and with a power and sweetness which it would be almost impossible to excel. All the voices in choir were of the sweetest, and it would be difficult to find better sacred music in any choir.

After the ceremonies of the morning were over, the visitors were allowed the privilege of visiting and inspecting all parts of the building, certain portions of which would not be open to the public after this day. We joined in the examination, and were highly gratified with all the arrangements. We also had the honor of an invitation to dine with the Archbishop, the Bishop, and the clergy in attendance, and can vouch, from personal experience, for excellent cookery, choice food, and abundance of every thing. The bodily as well as the spiritual man was well cared for.

There was an afternoon service at which the Archbishop preached an excellent practical sermon—a fitting conclusion to that of the morning, from the text, "My house is a house of prayer."

The beautiful chapel was filled again with other visitors, many of whom could not, conveniently get out during the forenoon, and the service and the music seemed to give universal satisfaction.

Thus has been dedicated to the service of God another church, under happy auspices, and we pray that the blessings of the Almighty may rest upon it forever.—*Correspondence Pittsburg Post.*

THE following appreciative judgment is taken from the *Saint Louis Guardian*:

AVE MARIA ALMANAC.—We have received the advance sheets of this Almanac, which in point of illustrations and the subject matter, promises to surpass that of last year, which we pronounced then as perfect. Verily Notre Dame, Indiana, is becoming a nursery of literature, the good taste and sound judgment displayed in all that emanates from its press is truly gratifying. Every Catholic on this continent should have a copy of this Almanac.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

LITTLE AGGIE'S DREAM.

The following lines were suggested, on hearing a child relate her dream, and who too young to understand the nature of dreams, believed it to be reality:

As I lay last night on my little bed,
With the downy pillows beneath my head,
I raised my eyes to the clear blue sky,
To the silver-moon, as it shone on high;
And I saw two stars through my curtain's fold,
They were brighter far, than the brightest gold,
Then I shut my eyes, and I tried to sleep,
But these beautiful stars, in my face would peep;
I looked again—but they were not gone,
They still stood there, and yet brighter they shone,
And I thought these beautiful stars must be,
The eyes of my Angel then looking on me.
Is it you my Angel dear, then I said,
Watching all night o'er my little head?
Come closer still, there is no one near,
And we'll whisper low, in each other's ear;
And I turned again, to the clear blue sky,
But the stars were gone, were gone from on high.
As I looked for those beautiful stars in vain,
I heard my name called once, and again,
I knew, yes I knew my dear Angel was near,
For he gently spoke and bade me not fear;
And I looked again, for the sparkling eyes,
I had seen above in the clear blue skies,
And I saw my dear Angel beside my bed,
And his hand was resting upon my head,
His dress was blue, while his wings of gold,
O'er his shoulders fell in a gentle fold;
Such beautiful ringlets, I never did see,
As he bent o'er my pillow to whisper to me,
And my Angel's face, made my room so light,
That the dazzling Sun, was never so bright,
His voice was such music, as ne'er I did hear,
And his words are still sounding within my ear,
He called me his *child*, yes, *his own little child*,
And bade me be loving, obedient and mild,
And such heavenly things, did he whisper to me,
That I'll never forget them, though old I may be;
He told me of God, and the Angels above,
And the Queen of the Angels he bade me to love;
And he said, that the children the Angels love
best,
Are *they who love Mary*, the Queen of the Blest.
He staid all night by the side of my bed,

Yet it seemed but a moment, so quick the night fled,
And when the bright Sun, peeped out from the sky,

My Angel unfolded his wings, *then* to fly;
I tried fast to hold him, and begged him to stay,
But he pointed to heaven, and hastened away.

When again the dark night, brings the stars to the skies,

Then, then, will I look for my Angel's bright eyes,

Again he will stand by the side of my bed,
And sweetly he'll rest his soft hand on my head;
Will *this day* never pass! I am weary of light,
For I'm sure my dear Angel, will be here to-night.

STATUE OF OUR LADY OF FRANCE, AT PUY.

We give on the following page a view of Puy, the chief town of the department of the *Haute-Loire*, France, which has long been a celebrated pilgrimage. It was visited in 1254 by the pious King Saint Louis, who gave to the church of the place a Statue of the Blessed Virgin which was long preserved, and is still we believe, in the cathedral.

At the present time the principal attraction of the place, is the Colossal Statue of the Blessed Virgin, placed on the mount Corneille, called Our Lady of France.

In 1854 plans and designs for the statue were asked for; and a large number was given in; the design of M. Boissieux was unanimously adopted. The statue is 16 mètres high; is placed on a pedestal 7 mètres, in height, the whole placed as is seen in the plate, on an almost perpendicular rock, that rises up 132 mètres above the level of the city hall of Puy.

FIRST COMMUNION.

CHAPTER I.

"Johnny, Johnny, see here! did you pass for first Communion yet?" anxiously spoke, on his way from Sunday school, an interesting little boy with a bright eye and open countenance, as he addressed a neighbor lad, full two years older than himself. "What first Communion do you mean?" interrogated Johnny, with a look of surprise which clearly indicated a mistrust in his knowledge of the Catechism, and a disposition to avoid all discourse on a subject which must only reveal a catalogue of sins. "Is that all you know

about it?" questioned little Jimmy, in his turn 'Don't you know? wasn't you at Sunday school? —Yet, now I think of myself, I did not see you at Church on Sunday afternoon for some weeks. But don't you know, didn't you hear about it? why, all the boys in our class except you, have been examined by Father Joseph, and we are going to make our first Communion on Pentecost—that will be next Sunday. The girls are all to be dressed in white. Mamma bought a white dress and a nice crown, made you would think of green leaves, and she's going to give them to sister Mamie to wear on the day she will make her first Communion. She promised me, too, a nice blue jacket, and that she would take me some day to see my uncle—I don't mean my uncle that does not go to Church—but my uncle that used to give me pennies for being a good little boy. But Papa told Mamma not to give me the jacket unless I would make my first Communion, too, with sister. Oh! Johnny, I did not know what to do! My sister, you know, is older than me, and knows her Catechism so well that she answers Papa or Mamma all the questions in it, and she answered Father Joseph some questions that wasn't there at all. I did not know what to do! I could not answer all the questions, and couldn't make my first Communion, and Father Joseph told all the boys who would not pass now, that they must wait until Easter Sunday, and then, you know I couldn't get my jacket, and Mamma wouldn't take me to uncle's. I went over to the priest's house, and asked if I could make my first Communion, too. Then he asked me: 'What is the Eucharist?' and I knew it; then he asked me another question, and I did not know all the answer, and then he told me to be a good boy, and study hard, and perhaps I would pass. I studied as hard as I could, and used to be putting questions to myself after I went to bed, and then answer them; so in a month I got all the answers I did not know, and the priest examined me to-day, and, patting me on the head, said I would make my first Communion with the other boys. I was now running home before the other boys and my sister, to tell Papa and Mamma that I had passed Father Joseph."

Whilst little Jemmy promiscuously and hurriedly thus gave vent to the bright joy and deep feelings by which he was inundated, Johnny Slumber barely had patience to allow little Jemmy to hold him by the button-hole of his coat, whilst he earnestly ran through his little speech.

Poor Johnny, excited and humbled, but igno-



rant and proud, betrayed the rancor and disappointment which were boiling in his heart. A big tear stood in his eye; his face was half turned away from little Johnny, and his head hung loosely down. A moment of mental abstraction came over him, and he did not notice the Sunday school boys as they speaking and laughing tumultuously gambled down the green lawn in front of the Church.

"Won't you go, Johnny, and be examined by the priest? for he is not so exact with boys who are as old as you, and who have fathers and mothers like you have, who don't send them to Sunday school, nor teach them themselves at home at night before bedtime."

Hesitation and mistrust for a moment were pictured on Johnny's face, and, as he looked around and saw the crowd come near him, he could not stand it, and slunk away like one who was conscious of some crime, and he soon joined a crowd of Protestant boys who were gathering on the Common, to play base ball, and just wanted one to make up the match.

"Hallo, Johnny!" shouted out a young lad, tolerably well dressed, but with tobacco juice coming out in a murky stream from the corner of his mouth: "come to our side, and we'll lam them!" Johnny mechanically joined them, without saying a word, and with a demeanor that showed he was not quite as much at ease as on the Sunday afternoon before that he played with them. The interest of the game soon took possession of him, and he was lost for some time to all recollections of what had passed between him and Jimmy White, who, on Johnny sneaking off from him, soon recollected that his sister Mamie should not be the first to announce the glad tidings at home of the succesful issue of his late examination for first Communion. He was at home first, and wild with joy and excitement blustered out that he had passed Father Joseph, who patted him on the head, and told him he was a good boy. His mother embraced him; his father caressed him, and the blue jacket and the visit to uncle were fairly won.

CHAPTER II.

Johnny strolled off from his companions and in a sullen mood found his way home. Supper was over and to his parents' questions of his absence, in broken sentences he muttered out only an evasive answer. His father, who was a man more bent on making money and boasting of his spontaneous prodigality than in raising his son in the ways of truth and piety, casually inquired if he had

been at Sunday school. Poor Johnny who by this time had become quite an adept in deception, instead of an honest avowal of the truth, answered that he was late because he had miscalculated the time, and the father's solicitude for the salvation of his child evaporated in a moment's anger and a hasty threat. His mother, one of those soft easy characters, who would buy a moment's peace by any sacrifice of parental duty and whose whole mind was constantly occupied in humoring her husband, stealthily got Johnny a cold snack and thought she had done a mother's duty and had broken her child's heart by a yawning out a sigh at his misconduct.

During the evening Johnny was determined to not enter into any conversation with any body lest he might be brought to speak of his class in Sunday school being about to make their first Communion on the following Sunday. When any one put a question to him, he answered with a hum or a sulky monosyllable, and poor Brave, who came to him wagging his tail, was dispatched across the room with a kick. During the early part of the week he maintained an appearance of fortitude and firmly resolved to bear his disgrace with all the dignity of the utmost indifference. Fortunately his father, who never went to Communion since he left his mother's side in an old mud cabin in Ireland, was from home on business relative to the approaching election, and his mother had too much to do at home, her mind was too full of the cares of her family to keep in her memory so trifling an affair as the first Communion of her only child. The first few days of the week passed over and Johnny met with no new humiliation except what came from the preparations going on in the village for the coming solemnity, which he took good care not to mention to his good-natured mother, Nancy Slumber. Towards the end of the week, however, when the children were going and coming from the church, when everybody wore a cheerful countenance and nearly all the Catholics of the village were talking about the children making their first Communion, the news spread too far and wide to escape the attention even of Nancy. The thought of her boy being old enough and being in the class, preparing for first Communion—she heard him say so months before—got the uppermost place in her mind, and her easy disposition for a moment was thrown aside. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

ERRATUM.—In a few copies, article: "Statue of Our Lady of France," read 16 instead of 67.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. III.

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No. 2.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

We are yet in the octave of the great Feast; in the mind of the Church each one of these eight days is a new attempt to celebrate the glorious mystery of the season. At the time we write the octave is closing. Were it not that the field is infinitely rich, we might well be afraid that, a full week after it was harvested, and that harvesters without number had passed through it, but poor gleanings could be picked up in passing over it again; but even at this late hour the harvest seems scarcely to have been touched. Let us then follow the Church, and fix our eyes again upon the Crib, before we take our leave of it. Blessed crib! which contains our Salvation. Indeed one of our most venerated friends, the *Abbé de Solesmes*, seems to reproach us for having as yet seen but the outlines, or a few faint shades of the mystery. Once more, then, we will fancy that it is Christmas night, and if time permits we will afterward extend our loving homage to each one of the glorious memories that radiate so touchingly around the cradle of the Saviour.

Such is the greatness of this mystery, that the Church cannot be satisfied with one Sacrifice to celebrate it; a gift so precious, so long expected, the Emmanuel, God with us, was not to be received with ordinary homage. God the Father, in this mystery, gives His Son to the earth; the Holy Ghost works this wonder; the earth returns, by a triple Sacrifice, a triple homage to the Most Blessed Trinity. This will also serve to acknowledge the three births of Him who saved us; for from all eternity He is born of His Father in the splendors of the Saints; this night He is born of the holy Virgin; and again He is born by His divine grace in the shepherds, the first fruits of Christianity. Such is the reason why priests say three Masses on Christmas day. The first one is to honor the birth of the Son of God according to the flesh: *Et Verbum caro factum est*; the second commemorates His birth in our souls by His divine grace; and the third, His birth in the bosom of His Eter-

nal Father: *Et Verbum erat apud Deum*. The first is celebrated at midnight: Behold the hour when "the people who sat in the darkness of death saw a great light." Outside the stable, the night is exceeding dark; materially it is darkness itself; not a ray of the sun to relieve it. Spiritually, the darkness is equally profound from the sins of men who sleep in the complete forgetfulness of God, or who watch lying in wait for iniquitous purposes. At Bethlehem, around the stable, all is obscurity, and where no room has been found for the Divine Host, men rest in carnal slumber—they have not been startled by the angelic concert above.

Meanwhile, however, at the hour of twelve the virgin has felt the approach of the supreme instant; her maternal heart is suddenly inundated with unknown delights; it is soon melting in an ecstasy of love; with the quickness of lightning and by His own virtue, passing from the maternal womb, as He will later through the rock of the sepulcher, the Son of God, the Son of Mary is in the arms of His spotless Mother. The ray of light does not penetrate more promptly the pure crystal it strikes. The Virgin Mother adores the Divine Babe, who smiles upon her while she folds Him with tenderest embraces and presses Him to her heart: she clothes Him as best she can and lays Him in the manger. The faithful Joseph, too, joins his adorations with hers; the angels, as it was announced, present their homage to their Creator the moment He comes into this world. Heaven is open over the stable, and the first offering of the newborn Divine Babe ascends up to the Father of ages: His first sighs reach the ear of the offended God, and the salvation of mankind is secured.

Mass commences: with the Introit, the drama begins: The Lord hath said unto me: Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten Thee. The *Kyrie* follows as a prelude to the hymn of the celestial spirits: Glory be to God in the Highest, and peace upon earth to men of good will: *Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bona*

voluntatis. "Glory to God and peace to men!" The angels intone this canticle: there they are encircling the altar, as of old by the crib, and they sing our own happiness. They adore the inscrutable justice that gave no Redeemer to their fallen companions. They praise, though they understand not, the astonishing humiliation of Him who made both angelic and human natures, and who now leans with incomprehensible love toward what is weakest. They lend us their heavenly accents to thank and to glorify the Emmanuel, who calls upon us in this sweet and powerful mystery to fill up the seats left vacant by the rebellion and fall of the proud and haughty spirits. We too, O Divine Infant, join our voices to those of the angels, and we sing: "Glory to God and peace to men of good will." We have accompanied Thee in that long journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem; we have followed every step of Mary and Joseph through that dreary route; we have watched this holy night—waiting for the happy moment that would allow us to see the "Word made Flesh!" We recognize Thee for the promised Salvation of man, and in our poverty we offer Thee "our good will." Do Thou perfect it in our hearts that we may deserve to become Thy brothers by grace as we are now and forever by our nature.

The Incarnate Word has done even more in this mystery; He has made us "participators of the divine nature." (Peter ii, 1-4). In the order of creation we were placed a little beneath the angels; In His Incarnation, He declares us "the heirs of God, and His own joint heirs." *Cohæredis autem Christi.*" (Rom. viii, 17). As a special acknowledgement of the mystery of the day, the priest kneels down on the lowest step of the altar when the choir sings the words: *Et Verbum caro factum est.*

On that memorable night the moment of the consecration is an affecting one beyond expression: In the silence of nature, in the dead of night, the Divine Word descends upon the altar! You feel, as it were, transported to the grotto, where you behold Him in the crib raising His arms to His eternal Father, while Mary adores Him with a mother's heart, while Joseph sheds tears of love and the angels annihilate themselves in wonder.

We now perceive, but too late, that instead of a review of Christmas time we have scarcely offered any thing else than a cold introduction to the dear grotto of Bethlehem; and yet our space is nearly run out. For the present we

must postpone our homage to Saint Stephen, the Protomartyr; to Saint John, the Beloved Disciple; to the Holy Innocents, and to the heroic Martyr of England, and close our remarks with a few general features of the season. We translate literally from the *Année Liturgique*:

We would have too much to say, should we attempt to present in any degree of justice the mystical cortege which surrounds the festival of Christmas, in the liturgical cycle, from the day of the Saviour's Nativity, to the Purification of the Blessed Virgin. The most magnificent pleiad of Saints has been thrown around the cradle of the God Child, without speaking of the four bright luminaries radiating immediately around our Divine Sun from which they borrow all their splendor, viz: Saint Stephen, Saint John the Evangelist, the Holy Innocents, and Saint Thomas of Canterbury; what other portion of the calendar exhibits within the same limited space so many wonderful constellations? The apostolic college puts forth its two bright lights, Saint Peter and Saint Paul, the former on his Roman Chair, the latter in the miracle of his conversion; the army of martyrs brings out the valiant champions of Christ, Timothy, Ignatius of Antioch, Polycarp, Vincent and Sebastian; the long and luminous series of Roman Pontiffs has selected four among the most glorious names, Sylvester, Telesphorus, Hyginus and Marcellus; the sublime school of the Doctors presents Hilary, John Chrysostom and Ildefonsus, to whom are added two others, alike pastors of peoples, Julian the Thaumaturgus, and the angelic Francis de Sales. The branch of the ascetics brings forward Paul the Hermit, Anthony the Victor of Satan, Maurus the apostle of the cloister, Peter Nolaseus the redeemer of captives, Raymond de Pennafort the oracle of justice and the lawgiver of consciences. Among the defenders of the Holy Church shine forth first, Canute the pious, who met his death in her service, and that Charles whose name signifies greatness. The choir of sacred virgins is gracefully represented by the sweet Agnes, the generous Emerentiana, the invincible Martina and the loving Genevieve; at last in the ranks of the sainted widows, we venerate Paula the humble lover of the crib, and Batilda who likewise gave her holy preference to the mystery of Bethlehem.

There remains a word to be said on the colors the Church uses in this season. The white is the one she has adopted for the first twenty days, extending to the octave of the Epiphany. She deviates from it only to honor the blood of the mar-

tyrs, Saint Stephen and Saint Thomas of Canterbury, and to associate herself to the desolation of Rachel sorrowing for the loss of her children, in the festival of the loss of her children, in the festival of the Holy Innocents; with these exceptions, when she puts forth the red and the purple, the whiteness of the sacred vestments expresses the gladness to which the angels have called men, the brightness of the Divine Sun beginning to illuminate the world, the purity of the Virgin Mother, and the candor of faithful souls thronging around the cradle.

"THE MASTER IS COME AND CALLETH FOR THEE."

[Saint John, xi, 28.]

The Master comes and calleth thee, His voice, oh, wouldst thou hear,
List! in the silence of thy soul, thy God is ever near.
The Master comes and calleth thee, e calleth thee to prayer,
Seek holy solitude's repose, Jesus awaits thee there.
Thou kneelest at the sacred shrine, where dwells thy God, thy Lord,
It is the Master calls thee there, list to His heavenly word.
Thy soul, oh, 'tis the throne of God descending from above,
The Master comes to abide with thee, and bless thee with his love.
Afar thou seest a heavy cross, that cross why wouldst thou flee?
O, clasp it with thy heart's best love, 'tis Jesus calling thee.
The tempter speaks to lure thy heart, with many a wily snare,
O, heed him not! list! Jesus calls, to guard thee with His care.
Bright is the sun that o'er thee shines, undimmed thy summer sky,
Remember, clouds and storms may rise, the Master warneth thee.
Rest not thy heart on earthly joys, thy treasure is above,
There, there, the Master calleth thee, list to His voice of love.
Now sorrow's cloud bedims thy brow, but upward turn thine eye,
Thy solace seek in heaven above—'tis Jesus calls on high.
Thou seest a heart, with woes bound down, and filled with bitter grief,
There, too, the Master calleth thee; there soothe, there give relief.

Behold the sinner black with sin, the victim of despair,
O, turn him from his evil way, the Master calleth there.
Shivering with cold, the beggar comes, to ask thy charity,
O, list in pity to his voice, 'tis Jesus speaks to thee.
A faithful friend has torn thy heart, and views it bleeding yet,
Again the Master calleth thee, "My child, forgive, forget."
Thine enemy is bowed with grief, oppressed with woe and care,
Fly to his aid, embrace with love, the Master calleth there.
Thou'rt summoned to the lowly bed, of frail humanity,
O, soothe the brow and moist the lip, there Jesus calls for thee.
Thou seest the giddy worldling bow, adore at pleasure's shrine,
The Master calleth, seek to raise that heart to joy divine.
A garb of innocence thou seest, now sought by sin's dark stain,
Preserve it pure by warning words, the Master calls again.
From caverns deep, sad groanings hear, "Pity my friends on me,"
Suffrage to the departed give, 'tis Jesus calling thee.
Does health forsake thee, and give place to suffering and to pain?
O, murmur not, submissive bow, for Jesus calls again.
Death onward comes with quickened pace, or with his solemn tread,
The Master now is calling thee, in peace, oh, bow thy head.
The soul's last sigh is fleeting fast, roaming in life's faint breath,
The Master's here and calleth thee—'tis passed—thou sleep'st in death.
Thy soul now soars in realms above, thy pilgrimage is o'er,
Safe in thy Father's bosom now, the Master calls no more.

THE *Giornale di Roma*, the official journal of his Holiness the Pope, contains the letter of his Lordship the Bishop of Limerick, in which he inclosed a sum of £965 3s. 7d., the contribution of the Bishop, clergy and people of the Diocese of Limerick for the Holy Father.

LA TRAPPE AND THE TRAPPISTS.

BY THE RIGHT REV. ABBOT BENEDICT.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHOIR-RELIGIOUS.

The Choir-Religious are either clergymen or lay-gentlemen, who have received in their youth a good education which qualifies them for the special duties of the choir. They wear a white habit, and even those among them who are not priests are called Fathers. After a year of novitiate, if admitted by the community, the choir-novices make vows for a year or more (*pro tempore*), at the discretion of the Superior; and after a sufficient probation, if found to have constancy and energy of will, they are finally admitted to their perpetual engagement for life, and besides the three ordinary vows, they promise to live till death in the community they join and to advance daily in perfection. All whose age and health require no dispensation are subject to the same rule, which we can sum up thus: 1st—Assistance in choir and recitation of the canonical office, besides the daily office of the B. V. Mary, and that of the dead on all ferial days, which are very frequent in our Order; 2dly—Abstinence from meat, fish, eggs and butter; 3dly—Rising generally at two o'clock, and working four hours and a half a day from the 14th of September to Easter Sunday, and six hours from Easter to the 14th of September; 4thly—Sleeping in a narrow cell in a common dormitory, on a quilted straw mattress, in their habit or clothing; 5thly—Privation of all useless communication either by word, sign or writing,—speaking inside or outside, to Superiors, officers or strangers, being allowed only by a motive of charity or necessity, for the spiritual or temporal welfare of the community, of the religious, or of the visitors; 6thly—About four hours of spiritual reading or meditation; but no study of scientific works without special reasons and permission, and no reading of newspapers, novels, and other books foreign to the religious profession; 7thly—Eating only of vegetables, fruits, herbs, milk or preparation of milk, and cheese. The drink may be cider, beer, or such other kind of beverage as is generally used by the poor class of the country where the monastery is situated. 8thly—Subjection to private and public humiliation, in season and out of season; and it must be acknowledged that it is often the most difficult penance, for it costs more to endure humiliations with patience, to renounce one's judgment and

self-will, as our Rule requires, than to subject one's body to the practice of penance. Sometimes even it may happen that a Religious may be accused of what he was not guilty of; and yet he is obliged to suffer silently that confusion. Also, in order to renounce his own judgment, he must do what he is commanded, without reply: obey without inquiry or examination, and with a good and generous heart. Moreover, when he desires to do a certain thing, the Superior will at times command him to do quite the opposite, in order to make him renounce that self-will which is the sole cause of our damnation. But the devil, seeing that he is about to elude his grasp, will take advantage of every thing to discourage him; will make every thing appear painful, and will try to excite a kind of disgust for his new state, and for his superiors, whom nevertheless he ought to make acquainted with all his troubles and temptations.

Nota. The dispensation of fasting is granted to all and each who believe they have a sufficient reason. Hence every day not a fasting day of the Church each religious can have a soup in the morning or six ounces of bread with some fruit, or molasses, or cheese, etc., and a bottle of cider.

Also, in summer, light clothes are granted, with the use of a hat, and underclothes are changed not only once a week, but religious can change *every day* if they need.

Each religious also has two habits, one for the time of work, and the other for the interior of the house out of that time.

Neatness is a precept: and though there is a special day appointed for changing clothes, yet nobody is allowed to wear dirty and torn clothes without being liable to correction.

Feet-washing and bathing are granted to all when needed. We acknowledge that cleanliness is not opposed to mortification: we reprove only affectation and softness.

It may be well to observe, also, for those who object the great sufferings endured because of the cold of winter, that all our monasteries in this country, are provided with stoves or furnaces which give a mild temperature.

LAY-BRETHREN.

Lay-Brethren are selected from among persons deprived of the instruction necessary for the choir. They wear a brown habit of the same material as that of the Choir-Religious, differing only in the color and partly in form, and are styled "Brothers." After a year's novitiate, if admitted by the professed Lay-Brethren, the novices take the same

temporary, and finally, the same perpetual engagements as the Choir-Religious. The ceremony is not as solemn, but they make the same vows, and contract the same obligations, with the following exceptions: 1st. They are not bound to assistance in choir, and have only a short office, which they say either in the church or at the place of their work, as prescribed in their special regulations. 2d. They do not give so much time to reading and meditation, but they have a sufficient time allowed for both. 3d. They work longer than the Choir-Religious, and hence have a right to one meal a day more than they. For the rest, they are treated like the Choir-Religious; they enjoy the same privileges and follow the same rules, and thus every thing we have said in the preceding article concerning abstinence, fasting, sleeping and silence, must be applied to all Lay-Brethren not excused by age, bad health, or some other good reason.

OBLATES.

We call Oblates men who do not believe themselves called to take perpetual vows, or cannot for one reason or another comply with the austerities of the whole Rule, and who, however, wish to retire from the world, and do more penance than common Christians. They enter the Community, wear their secular garb, or their cassock if clergymen, observe the rule of silence, say the office of the Lay-Brethren, or that of the Choir-Religious if priests, work with the Religious or Lay-Brethren under the direction of the Superior or appointed officers under him; but they can leave freely when they like, and can be expelled at any time by the Superior if they do not observe their Rule, and disturb the Religious or Brethren with whom they live. Oblates have a right to their support like Religious, but earn no wages. They sleep until half past three o'clock, can eat meat on all days allowed by the Church, and after a year spent in the monastery, if the Community think proper, they can take a vow of obedience for a year. At the end of the first year, they can renew their vow for two years; at the expiration of which they can renew it again for three years more. After these three last years, they will consult with the Superior as to the best course for them to follow for the time to come.

FAMILIAR BROTHERS.

This fourth class is composed of men who wish to live out of the world, shun its snares and dangers, and lead a truly Christian life. They work as directed by the Superior's order, and have a right to working-clothes, board, lodging and med-

ical attendance as long as they stay in the monastery; but they have no other claim, and can leave at any time they like, or can be expelled when they do not comply with the rules, of which the following is a summary, and which contain the terms of their admission and stay in the house:

1st. To be admitted into the monastery, a person must intend to become a good Christian, break off his bad habits, live in poverty by manual labor and by the sweat of his brow.

2d. During the week of his entrance he goes to Confession; and afterward at least once a month: the Confessor regulates the time of Communion.

3d. On entering the house, he makes an exact inventory of what he brings with him of money and effects. He gives his money to the Superior, who returns it to him when he leaves.

4th. The Familiar Brethren live in a separate apartment from the Community. In sickness as well as in health, they are nourished and clad by the house. The Superior may give them some money, but does not bind himself to do so.

5th. They do not speak nor make signs to the Choir-Religious or Lay-Brethren. When they go to the kitchen for their food, they are to make no stay there.

6th. All conversation that would wound charity, religion or good morals; also quarrels, disputes, love of intoxicating liquors, absence from the monastery without permission, and disobedience to orders given, are cases of expulsion.

7th. The Familiar Brethren receive their work from the house-keeper. He regulates the quality of their food and the hour of their repasts. They ought to ask nothing of the cook, take nothing of themselves, nor retain any portion of what is given for the repasts.

8th. It is necessary to have permission from the house-keeper to sleep out of the house, and to be absent on Sundays or Holidays. He who, when out of the monastery, suffers himself to act in a manner not becoming a Christian, is to be expelled without mercy.

9th. Every Sunday and Holiday of obligation, they assist at High Mass, at Vespers, at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at the *Salve*, and at the sermon.

10th. They rise at five in the winter, and at four in the summer. They go to Mass at the appointed hour, say their prayers in the church, make a lecture for half an hour in the morning, make their bed, and arrange their room with care.

11th. Every evening they assist at the *Silve*, if not prevented by reason of the work; also at the prayers and lecture which is read for them by the Religious appointed by the Superior.

12th. Their work commences about sun-rise in winter, and toward five o'clock in summer.

13th. When their food is prepared, the Brother warns them by ringing the bell.

14th. At noon they are allowed an hour for dinner and rest.

15th. They are always in bed at nine o'clock.

BOARDERS.

We use this word in its usual meaning; but as a monastery is not a common *boarding-house*, it must be well understood by every gentleman, whether clergyman or layman, that all boarders who will not comply with the rules laid down for boarders in our monastery, will have to leave as soon as notified by the Guest-Master, who is bound in conscience to maintain order in the department entrusted to his care, and is not responsible for murmurs and complaints uttered by men who would not keep order. There is no appeal to the Superior, who has had to grieve more than once over the disorders of men who repaid by ingratitude and calumnies the efforts made to rescue them from a life of perdition. The same motto to each and all who come to this monastery: Either observe the rules, or go and leave us in peace.

THE VALUE OF A GOOD THOUGHT.

[Extract from the writings of Father Nouet, S. J.]

Whence comes final perseverance, on which our eternal salvation depends? From grace, which crowns a good life with a holy and happy death. Whence comes a good life? From the practice of good works. Whence the practice of good works? From good desires. Whence come good desires? From good thoughts.

A good thought is the foundation of all the merits of the saints; it is the root of all their virtues; the principle of all their good works; the source of all their sanctity. Without it, there would be no faith among Christians; no charity among the just; no purity among virgins, no humility, no patience, no constancy among the children of God.

A good thought has filled the deserts with penitents; the prisons with martyrs; cloisters with religious; the Church with Confessors, and heaven with saints.

If we believe all this, why is it we are so un-

faithful when God inspires us with a good thought? why do we fear its importunity, and close our hearts against it? or if we permit it to enter, why do we retain it so unwillingly? why seek to stifle it without apprehending evil consequences, and without reflecting, that our contempt of this good thought, or our refusal, endangers us to lose our Sovereign Lord, which privation would render us eternally miserable.

If we ask the blessed in heaven, to what they are indebted for the rich diadem of immortality that encircles their brow, they will unitedly reply: To the practice of virtues, arising from a good thought.

A good thought is the first link in the chain of our predestination. A learned theologian calls a good thought, the fortune of a Christian; because all the happiness and fidelity of the soul depend on the fidelity with which she corresponds to the salutary voice of God, who calls her first to penance, from penance to sanctification, from sanctification to the consummation of eternal glory.

Henceforth, let us listen with more respect to a good thought, let us obey it more faithfully; remembering, that the good thoughts, with which God inspires us, become useless without our consent, and fruitless, if, by neglecting to co-operate, we do not allow them to have their effect.

SAINT JOHN'S EVE.—In Two Parts.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

[CONTINUED.]

Days of quiet followed. From the Superior down to the humblest lay brother of the Community, all vied in showing me kindness. None knew my past, none imagined the antecedents of my experience. They thought me a heretic yet did not bate their kindness nor did I undecieve them, for was I not worse than a heretic? They took much delight in hearing of my country and its institutions, and I felt a certain pride in telling them how their religion flourished all over the broad extent of our free land, until in the whole Republic there was scarcely a corner where the cross did not shine from church steeple or convent spire. In return they led me into their Library where were old manuscripts, volumes, and paintings, of more worth than the ransom of ten Emperors; riches of such inestimable value that neither gold nor treasures could measure their worth. Here with the profound scholars, who had hidden themselves, but not their labors, from

the world under the white robes of Saint Dominic, I learned in calm and grave discussions new lessons of old things from the Christian stand-point of view. Opposing my natural faith in æsthetical science to their higher faith in divine and supernal agencies, the topic grew to be one of absorbing interest to me, for without betraying how my conscience and reason were being gradually influenced by their arguments, I incited them, by opposition, to greater zeal in their efforts to convince me. In this restful retreat surrounded by the wisdom of ages, and the companionship of men whose holy and innocent lives, whose minds—many of them—were filled with all scholarly and scientific lore, enjoying a simple hospitality which reminded me of that of the Golden Age, with glorious views stretching far and wide around me, and a physical tranquillity which should have crowned my longings with peace, I was still ill at ease, and tormented by a need which I would not acknowledge or relieve. But the thing would not be silenced or satisfied; like a tortured nerve in the centre of my soul, it filled my inner life with disquiet and gloom. There were magnificent paintings in their chapel, Father Cyril told me; had they been elsewhere I should have spent hours contemplating and studying them, but my gentlemanly instincts led me to avoid going for my own gratification where I declined to go to participate with my kind hosts in the rites of their religion. At length feeling stronger and that I had no farther excuse for trespassing on their hospitality, I announced my intention of leaving Mt. ———. I had received my letters of credit through my banker at Palermo, and determined to offer a handsome donation to the Convent for the use of their altar, their poor, or any thing they saw fit to apply it to, for I well knew from many things they let fall during my stay with them, that no gratuity would be accepted for what they had done for me. I arranged all this to my satisfaction, and was to leave the next day. Father Cyril—who had once been a celebrated physician of Naples—seemed particularly affected at the approaching separation—he had found me ill on the mountain, had nursed me back to life, and watched with kindly interest my restoration to health, and doubtless felt somewhat attached to the waif thrown by a wonderful Providence upon his care. To my oft repeated expressions of gratitude, and regret that I could in no suitable way prove it, he said gently:

"There is one little favor—"

"Consider it granted before naming it," I said eagerly.

"Thanks! This is the Eve of the Festival of Saint John; accompany us to Vespers in the chapel this afternoon, let us pray together for the grace of faith for the soul but a few days ago so near death: so near the dread tribunal of Christ," he replied, his countenance beaming with celestial fervor. This was the first direct religious appeal that had been made to me, although every thing breathed of religion in that holy retreat; and offered as it was, and by *him*! I had no desire to refuse it.

"I will come, my Father. Thank you beforehand for your prayers, albeit I have but small—excuse me," I added, as I saw a pained expression flit across his countenance; "I only mean that I am unworthy of prayers being offered in my behalf."

"Humility is a great virtue, my son—but there is the Refectory bell—we shall meet at Vespers," said Father Cyril moving away.

"*Humility!* Great God! did he impute humility to me? Was I a hypocrite at last? Had I—without meaning it—been assuming an air and mien amongst these good monks which have deceived them into thinking me other than I am?" I thought with bitterness.

Vespers had commenced when I entered the chapel. The organ was rolling out its solemn floods of harmony, filling the chapel with soft thunders of sound while an antiphon was being chanted. As I entered, Father Cyril raised his eyes, which met mine for an instant; a flush mantled his face, and resting his elbows on the front of his stall, he bowed his forehead in his hands. The altar with its jeweled garniture, its antique ornaments of gold and silver—the gifts of Popes, Emperors and Kings—its rare heavy lace draperies, yellow with age; its blaze of wax-lights and glow of flowers, was a thing of beauty and the most conspicuous object of attraction in the spacious and lofty chapel. All the rest, in the nave and transept, and under the arches, was in shadow except where a single sharp ray of sunlight, rosy and golden, stole through a broken, painted pane in one of the heavy moulded windows, where on every section of glass was delineated the head of martyr or saint or vivid scene from the history of the Passion. Following this ray with my eyes, I almost started from my seat at the revelation it made. It fell upon the centre of a large painting of the Visitation, bringing out from the shadowy background of mountain and palm, the blissful and awe-struck group with such marvelous fidelity, as to give them all the

appearance of life. I will describe it, for never can it be effaced from my memory. The Virgin and Saint Joseph have just arrived from Nazareth, at the stately house of Elizabeth, away in the mountain country of Judea. Elizabeth and her dumb husband, both aged and venerable, came forth to meet their guests, she in advance. She has saluted the Virgin in inspired language, her head bowed, her hands folded on her breast. Saint Joseph, with his arm resting on the neck of the mule which had borne Mary over the rugged ways of their journey, looks with reverence up at his virgin Spouse, who, standing upon the broad marble steps leading to the entrance hall, gives vent to her inspired song, with eyes and hands uplifted toward Heaven. While I gazed spell-bound upon her, almost expecting to hear her voice, so perfect was the illusion, the *Magnificat* was intoned by a voice of wonderful richness and purity. What was it that thrilled me through as with an electric shock, which caused my heart to throb almost to bursting, and, strange wonder! tears to pour from my eyes?

"Sentimental fool!" I exclaimed to myself, as I choked them back, "it is only the weakness of an emotional nature." But through the sacred hymn, I could only see *her* standing with rapt countenance whereon the glory of inspiration shone: only *her* through whom the God-in-man had wrought His first miracle: could only hear the thrilling words she uttered, coming down through the ages, and bursting in waves of thrilling awe around my soul. Yes! my soul, for I once more felt the possibility of a soul, and it troubled me with a strange yet blissful torture, which was just not despair, as the words of her, the Mother of the Holy, rang down through its long closed and silent chambers. Presently the volume of sound swelling from more than a hundred throats, was hushed and a voice of surpassing sweetness, the purest tenor I ever heard, sang these words in solemn and impressive strains; "He hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart. He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent empty away." These were the words that stormed the citadel of my haughty soul until its proud defences trembled, which rang without ceasing over and over again through brain, heart and being, while my eyes were still fastened on that picture which glowed brighter and brighter, until I thought that a light more than that of the setting sun overshadowed it. While lost in this

strange tumult, the lights were extinguished on the altar, the music had ceased, and the long procession of monks had filed out of the sanctuary. Only one remained—my old physician—who had come round from his stall, and was kneeling on the floor by my side. Confused and bewildered I arose to go. I wished to fly from the spot and also from myself. I would not—thought I—wait for the morrow; I would join my servants at the hamlet below, and start southward at once. He saw my movement, and rising also, he made his lowly genuflection toward the altar, then laying his hand upon my arm—a way he had—whispered: "Come with me," and led the way out. I followed him, then walked by his side, both of us silent, until we reached the almond grove, where he proposed we should rest.

"A very beau-ideal of Eden," I said as I threw myself along the moss beside Father Cyril who was seated on the root of an old fig tree. "Look at those Islands upon which all the lustre of the setting sun is glowing, while his rays gild the filmy mists that hang above them, and turn to beaded gold the foam that girdles their beautiful shores! How like a reflection they look of the gem tinted Islands of cloud above them! Truly I am half in love with Sicily, and fancy I should like to come back here to die—on one condition," I added.

"What is that?" asked the monk.

"If I could find somewhere under your beautiful skies, the waters of Lethe, to drink away all memories of my native land—and of my life"—I continued dreamily. The monk was silent. He had evidently too much delicacy to probe wounds which were half unconsciously revealed. Feeling the awkwardness of this silence I observed:

"You have some fine voices in your Community. I do not remember ever to have heard ritual music more grandly rendered. But I noticed one peculiarity which I do not think I ever observed in the rendering of the *Magnificat* before; for this is not the first time by many, my Father, that I have attended Catholic worship. There were two verses sung by one superb voice alone, a solo of marvelous sweetness, during which the monks all knelt, while the notes of the organ were subdued to a delicious softness which sounded like far off ærial music. That and your picture of the Visitation, upon which the sun shed a glory, were almost overpowering to an invalid whose nerves have not yet found their normal status."

"Did you also observe the antique Ostensorium in which the Sacred Host was elevated?" said Father Cyril.

"I did, and *coveted* it. I would give thousands for that relic," I replied.

"Hundreds of thousands could not buy it," said the monk. "We have a tradition which is well authenticated, that it was presented to a Convent of our Order by one of our former Kings. The peculiarity to which you allude, in singing the *Magnificat*, is to commemorate his conversion, and occurs only on the Eve of the festival of Saint John, for with the offering of his rich gift, he prayed that those words should always be sung with peculiar solemnity on Saint John's Eve, and on bended knees for the conversion of proud arrogant sinners." *These were the words that had made all the powers of my soul tremble!* Could it be that this legacy of pleading prayer, bequeathed by a superstitious old King, was capable of producing the effect which by some subtle power had made me tremble and weep? Had the good old Religious beside me, well skilled by his former profession in physical analogy, and by his spiritual force in reading with a psychological clearness, the characters and hearts of men, been reading mine? had he found out the stony barrenness of my nature; the revolt of my soul, the proud arrogant will, the haughty reticent mind: that he should have lured me—it is true by simple wiles—under these influences? These thoughts passed swiftly through my mind, while he sat motionless, dropping his beads slowly through his fingers, while his eyes were fixed on the far distance, or may be beyond it. I mused by his side until the decade was finished, thinking of the fair slender fingers which I had often seen, long ago, slipping one by one the large beads of her cornelian rosary, as with reverent mien she whispered the *Paters*, the *Aves* and *Glorias* for me. Then I asked him, feeling curious, which of the Sicilian Kings he meant.

"Robert the Good, or as some call him, the Angel. It is a holy Legend, some regard it as real; certainly it is on record in the archives of Sicily as such; others think it an allegory; others a vision; toward this, I incline: but it was wonderful, and effected his conversion in a wonderful manner—but should you like to hear it?"

"Yes," I answered, sensible of a singular interest which I could not define. "Yes, my Father, if you will be good enough to relate it."

And there beneath the almond trees, with all that exquisite glory of sky, sea, isles, wooded shores, far off mountains and the glorified pillar of cloud hanging above *Ætna*; all purpled and sparkling with aerial sparkles of golden light;

the old monk told me the Legend of Robert of Sicily, which I will translate from the manuscript which Father Cyril gave me.

But ere I begin the legend, it may rejoice the hearts of the charitable to know that, like Robert of Sicily, I at last—I devoutly believe through the prayers of Mary—found the peace that waiteth on penitence: the rest that follows true submission to the precepts of her Divine Son.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SODALITIES OF NEW YORK.

Article IV.—Parish of Holy Cross.

All communications to the Sodalties may be sent in care of Rev. Father McCarthy, Pastor.

GIRLS' SODALITY OF THE CHILDREN OF MARY, attached to the Church of Holy Cross, was organized on the Patronal Feast of the United States, 1858. The number of candidates then received was thirteen, it now numbers one-hundred.

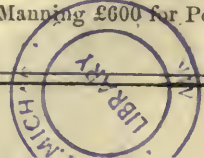
THE SODALITY OF THE GUARDIAN ANGELS, for girls, was organized on the feast of the Guardian Angels, Oct. 2nd, 1859. The number then received was thirty, it has now extended its number to eighty.

THE SODALITY OF THE INFANT JESUS, for little girls, was organized in May, 1863. The number then received was thirty, it now numbers ninety.

The Sodalties for boys attached to this church, viz: Children of Mary, Guardian Angels and Infant Jesus, were also organized on the Patronal Feast of the United States, 1865. The number of boys received into the Sodality of Children of Mary at the first reception, was thirty; that of the Guardian Angels, sixty-seven, and of the Infant Jesus, ninety-five. The first mentioned now numbers seventy-two; the second, one hundred and sixty; the third, one hundred and twenty-five members.

The Sodalties gradually enroll all the young people of the parish. It is surprising how interested even the smallest become, as any of their feasts approaches. Every one of them is anxious to have his medal to wear at the procession; and the ranks are kept on the occasion with extraordinary precision; the youthful chorus ascends before the altar in un wonted harmony.

An unknown Protestant gentleman of London recently sent Archbishop Manning £600 for Pope Pius' private purse.



CIRCULAR

OF THE

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP SPALDING ON
THE PAPAL LOAN.

In the reply of His Holiness, through Cardinal Barnabo, to the Telegram of the late Plenary Council, the following words occur:

"Moreover, His Holiness has learned with satisfaction that the Papal Loan is succeeding, also through the co-operation of the American Episcopate. He thanks them particularly for this, and now expresses the hope that such co-operation will not cease, and that thence a prosperous result may be obtained."

In accordance with this hope and wish of our beloved Pontiff, it is our pleasing duty again earnestly to recommend the PAPAL LOAN to our faithful people. The difficulties and dangers which now encompass Him, among which not the least pressing are those which are financial, are well calculated to elicit the sympathies of all Christendom, and powerfully to prompt every Catholic heart to fly to His succor. The success of this Loan is the means deemed most necessary for His present relief; and hence every Catholic, who can possibly do so, should take one or more of the Bonds, the amount of which ranges from twenty-five to one hundred dollars. By men who are skilled in financial matters, these Bonds are, moreover, deemed a safe and advantageous investment; such obligations in times past having been invariably and promptly paid, both principal and interest, by the Papal Government. But even putting the case at the very worst, and supposing—that is not at all probable—that unforeseen calamities should render it impossible for the Holy Father to pay these Bonds promptly on maturity, could not Catholics well afford to wait, or even to make Him a present of the small amount invested? We cannot entertain a doubt on this subject.

We also earnestly exhort all to pray frequently and earnestly for the Pontiff, that God may deliver Him from the snares of His enemies, and may preserve His complete independence of action, so necessary for the discharge of His high and holy functions for the benefit of all Christendom. For this purpose, We hereby enjoin that the Collect *Pro Papa* be added, till further notice, in all Masses not of the first class, whether celebrated by regular or secular priests, throughout the Archdiocese.

The Pastors of all the Congregations in the Archdiocese will please recommend this Loan to their respective flocks, in such manner, and with such arguments, as they may deem most suitable

and efficacious for securing the object in view. The agent for the Loan in Baltimore is L. J. TOMMEY, Esq.

Given from Our residence in Baltimore, on the 18th of December, 1866

MARTIN JOHN SPALDING,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

THOMAS FOLEY, Secretary.

[The AVE MARIA, though by no means rich, has made its small offering to this praiseworthy work, and only regrets that its finances prevent it from offering more.—Ed.]

NEW APPROBATIONS.

NASHVILLE, 27 December, 1866.

Very Rev. and Dear Sir: I wish to renew my subscription to the AVE MARIA, and beg to assure you that if my recommendation can contribute any thing to its success, I give it cheerfully.

I consider it a useful and most edifying publication, and am happy to learn that its circulation continues to increase.

I remain, Very Rev. and dear sir,
Yours, faithfully, in Christ,
P. FEEHAN, *Bishop of Nashville.*

DUBUQUE, 28th December, 1866.

Very Rev. and Dear Sir: You are entirely welcome to my humble sanction. I am very happy indeed to hear of the success that has already crowned your efforts. I am confident it will continue to increase.

Please enroll my name in the list of subscribers to the AVE MARIA, whose circulation will I hope become daily more extensive.

I remain, Very Rev. Dear Sir, with great regard,
your most obedient servant in Christ,

J. HENNESSY, *Bishop of Dubuque.*

DEATH OF MISS A. J. MCCARTHY.

PEORIA, Dec. 20, 1866.

To the Ave Maria:

Died, on Thursday evening 13th ult., at seven o'clock, of consumption, Ann Jane McCarthy, aged nineteen years, five months and twenty-six days. She was born at Boston, Mass. After having received all the consolations which our holy Mother the Church bestows on her children at the hour of death, she expired, embracing the image of our Divine Lord. During her whole life she was a model of true piety, and her devotion to the Blessed Mother of God knew no bounds. Her conver.

sation, while living, was always a great source of edification. During twelve long months of sickness she bore her sufferings with Christian fortitude and submission to the holy will of God.

If she had lived, it was her intention to become a religious, but such was not the Divine will. It is true that her death pierced the hearts of her fond relations with the sword of sorrow, yet they are consoled by the thought of the happy dispositions in which she died. Her interment did not take place until the fourth day after her death. On the morning of her burial no change whatsoever could be discerned, nor did her body give any offensive smell. Truly, she died as she lived, teaching the fair sex of her holy religion how to live and how to die.

IN MEMORIAM.

Yes! she sleeps the peaceful sleep of the blest,
And the weary soul is gone to its rest.

Now the struggle is o'er, the bourne is passed,
And the long looked-for crown is won at last.

Tho' heavy the cross, and bitter the strife,
They have gained her the victory—eternal life.

She renounced the world, with its pleasures, its
pride,
To walk in the steps of the Crucified.

She bore her cross with a willing heart
And, like Mary, chose "the better part."

She has taken her place by the Virgin's side,
And is hailed by the angels, her Saviour's bride.

M. A.

OBITUARY—Died.—At the Convent of the Sisters of Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Sister M., of St. Aubin, on the 29th December last.—*R. I. P.*

ORDINATIONS.—On the 19th inst., Rt. Rev. Bishop Domenec visited the monastery of St. Vincent's, near Latrobe, for the purpose of conferring the Sacrament of Ordination. On that day he gave Tonsure and Minor orders and Subdeaconship to Augustine Niemann, and Subdeaconship to Agathon Stubinger, O. S. B., to Suitbert Demarteau, O. S. B., and Gabriel Gursier, O. S. B. On the next day, all the above Rev. gentlemen, with Rev. W. F. Hays, were ordained Deacons; and on the 21st the Feast of Saint Thomas, Apostle, W. F. Hays, A. Niemann, and A. Stubinger, O. S. B., were raised to the dignity of the priesthood.

ANNALS
OF OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

We begin by the sinners and sick, who are the most frequently of all recommended to the prayers of the Associates of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Besides, we recommend to their prayers:

The triumph of the Church, the august person of its venerable Head and Chief, Pius IX, Right Rev. Bishop of Bourges, and all the religious and charitable works of his Diocese, the Most Rev. Archbishops and Bishops of France, the Missions, the Propagation of the Faith, and particularly:

6,134 Conversions.

478 Heretics, Schismatics, Jews or Apostates.

2,169 Sick.

32 Bishops.

50 Dioceses.

18 Seminaries.

215 Parishes.

424 Pastors and other Ecclesiastics (Seminaries included).

75 Religious Orders.

518 Communities.

75 Novitiates.

143 Superiors or Superioresses.

542 Religious.

643 Vocations.

374 Houses of Education.

87 Re-openings of Classes.

1,427 Students.

877 Students in vacation.

228 Good Works.

253 Missions or Retreats.

45 Confraternities.

118 First Communions or Confirmations.

2,033 Special Graces.

1,422 Families.

746 Fathers.

697 Mothers.

1,136 Young men.

2,134 Young women.

2,284 Children.

101 Travelers.

126 Soldiers or Sailors.

264 Reconciliations.

1,435 Personal Recommendations.

1,075 Persons afflicted or tempted.

558 Persons for their perseverance.

646 To obtain a good death.

1,585 Deceased.

1,176 Temporal graces.

276 Undertakings.
 72 Commercial Houses.
 52 Examinations, to be undergone.
 71 Regions of Country.
 682 Novenas.
 3,242 Intentions.

35,637 Recommendations, instead of 21,258, the number of the preceding month.

By this it is easily seen that the increase is rapid. The reason of this difference is, that the recommendations of five Sundays, instead of four, are included in the above, as happens generally every three months; but independently of that circumstance we would have had 30,000 recommendations, which is 9,000 more than in the preceding month.

We again recommend in general the numerous intentions which we receive by thousands every day.

For these intentions each Associate should recite the *Memorare* of the Sacred Heart, etc.

Graces Obtained by the Powerful Intercession of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

At the beginning of January 1866, the number of acts of thanksgiving for blessings received, amounted to 1,352.

At the beginning of February,	1,735
March,	1,889
April,	2,092
May,	2,324
June,	2,540
July,	2,862
August,	3,272
September,	3,682

On the twenty-second of October, the date of the last Bulletin, the number was beyond 4,700.

On the twenty-second of November the number is 5,220.

On taking from this number, the 1,352 acts of thanksgiving, given in before the first of January 1866, there remains 3,868 for the year 1866, up to the twenty-second of November.

This shows at least 300 acts of thanksgiving acknowledged per month.

During the seven weeks from the second of September to the twenty-second of October there were more than one thousand.

FIVE THOUSAND acts of thanksgiving in two years and a half! this result should rejoice the hearts of all the Associates; but we should bear in mind, that the figures just mentioned far from being exaggerated, are much below the reality. The power without limit which JESUS has given to MARY,

over His Heart, could not be contained in such narrow bounds.

How many favors have been received that have not been made known to us! And among those that have been reported to us, how many comprise an indeterminate number of favors in one report! how many persons write to us in the following terms: "I have received *many* favors;" "I have received *numberless* favors; I could not attempt to detail them."

Let us rejoice that Our Lady of the Sacred Heart bestows so many graces that only She, after God, knows the number.

CHRONICLE.

DEDICATIONS.—On the 16th ult., a Catholic Church, was dedicated to God under the patronage of St. John, in Tidioute, Warren county, Pennsylvania, diocese of Erie, by Y. R. John D. Coady, administrator of the diocese.

The meeting house of the Baptists in Kendallville, Noble county, Indiana, having been bought by the Catholics, was dedicated to God as a Catholic Church on the 25th of November last. Rev. A. B. Aechtering is pastor of this young but flourishing, and fast increasing congregation.

Saint Stephen's Church, New York, was dedicated on Sunday, Dec. 23d, by the Most Rev. Archbishop, who also preached on the occasion.

In New York, on the 16th ult., the Church of the Holy Innocents, recently purchased from the Episcopalians, was dedicated to Catholic worship by the Most Rev. Archbishop McCloskey, who preached the consecration sermon.

The Catholic Cathedral, now in course of erection at Columbus, Ohio, will cost \$175,000.

BURNING OF A CATHOLIC CHURCH.—St. Peter's Catholic Church, in Jersey City, an elegant structure just completed, took fire early on Saturday morning from some unknown cause, and before the flames could be subdued, was badly damaged. The magnificent organ, in process of construction, was nearly destroyed by the fire and water. The loss will probably reach \$20,000.

On the 22d ult., the Rt. Rev. Bishop Domenee paid a visit to the Convent of St. Xavier's, and received the holy vows of profession from Sister Mary Baptist, and Sister Mary Columbana, of the Order of Sisters of Mercy. The Rt. Rev. Prelate preached an appropriate sermon on the occasion.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

SWEET NAME OF MARY!

Sweet Name of Mary!
 Gift of God's grace,
 Light of the weary,
 Smile of His face,
 Ray of His Pity,
 Chord of His Lyre,
 Moon of God's City,
 Warmth of Love's fire!

Sweet Name of Mary!
 Given to earth,
 Mark of the care He
 Had of Thy birth,
 Dawn of the morning
 Of the new Law,
 That, in her mourning,
 Fallen Eve saw.

Sweet Name of Mary!
 Hope of our race,
 Flower of Life's dreary,
 Sad, desert place,
 When our hearts sighing
 At the last hour,
 Tremble at dying,
 Show us Thy power!

FIRST COMMUNION.

BY REV. F. A. SHARKEY.

[CONCLUDED.]

Johnny was placed on the witness stand to bear testimony of himself and with a firm look and a stern attitude she heard his blundering defense, scolded down his whimpering and in a torrent of boiling anger bravely passed sentence of condemnation against him for his laziness, his stupidity, his trickery, and finished with an eloquent rebuke to his talent for letting himself be outdone by that little Jemmy White, and a most doleful appeal to his honor for disgracing forever the Slumber family.

Poor Johnny's worst had yet to come. If his mother, whom he deceived so often, could give him so severe a castigation with her tongue, what would be the effects of the lash in the hands of an enraged father? It was drawing late on Saturday evening, when the honored sire, Captain Slumber, entered the hall door and ushered into the drawing-room a middle aged man, pigeon-

toed, with a humped back, thin face, long nose, and a pair of suspicious, squinting eyes. He was a politician, hacked and worn, who never could rise higher than a country speech, and who on this occasion honored Mr. Slumber by sharing his hospitality for the night, on his stump speech tour. He was formally introduced to Nancy, who became too elated by the honor of his visit to allow her to give more than a hint to her husband of the disgrace brought on them by their son, in failing to keep up with his class in their preparation for first Communion. Johnny also was delighted to think that under cover of the stranger's presence he might escape the first fury of an angry father. He came into the drawing room, and though he bore an air of diffidence, his boldness was equal to the occasion. He walked up to his father and welcomed him home. He was complimented by the sleek stranger for his high forehead, his sparkling eye and his firm manly figure. The father was no less pleased with the compliment than the son, who was dismissed for the night with the remark that he hoped he would never bring disgrace on the honor of his family, and poor Johnny hurried off, delighted with his fortunate escape; went to bed without saying his prayers, but could not drive the thoughts of the morrow's scene in church from his mind. The procession of his classmates winding round the green lawn came before him, sadly contrasting with the sorry figure he was to cut himself. As he lay rolling about in bed, unable to sleep, he grew feverish and sick, and tossed away the long night.

The next morning the sun rose clothed in all his native splendor, and little Jimmy and Nancy were as early, as innocent and as bright as the sun. The day was well chosen by Father Joseph, and Heaven seemed pleased with the rich offering of so many guileless, spotless hearts. The long procession, formed by the smallest of the little girls taking the lead, started from the vestry and sweeping around in a semicircular line, closed up by the boys in the same order. The front of the procession was ready to turn for the church door as the last of the boys got fairly clear of the vestry. There on that beautiful lawn, in the soft light of the morn, bathed in the contemplation of the tremendous mystery about to take place, those happy children, with radiant countenances and eyes modestly cast on the green sward, the delight of their parents, relations and the congregated village, fairly rivaled the adoration of the angels, who smiled on them as they went along. Father

Joseph looked on that long procession of the innocent children, and that single glance fully repaid the long year's holy zeal.

Hidden in a crowd of Protestant boys gaping with astonishment, stood poor Johnny Slumber. His heart weighed heavily within him; confusion and shame covered his face and a single tear rolled down his cheek. Poor boy, he was created for that happy scene, but the over indulgence of careless Catholic parents, who neglected the practice of their religion, left him without the ring, and far away from Jesus. He followed, however, into the church and took his place behind the door, that he might escape being seen.

Father Joseph commenced Mass in a more subdued tone and with a more collected air than usual, which clearly indicated the deep emotion and solemn awe which rose to the surface of his seraphic soul. In regular order, guided by their teachers, the little ones knelt at the rail, and as the Priest turned round, holding up our Lord—the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world, every eye in the church was calmly diffused with tears and every heart bent down in silent adoration. Even poor Johnny Slumber concealed behind the door, was not, let it be hoped, insensible to the inspiration of the moment. During the Communion he was observed by those near him falling on his face to the floor. The attitude was worthy of a saint, wrung from sin and bent down with gratitude and remorse.

Let the sweet mantle of charity cover the sins of that unhappy young boy. The hand that touched him to raise him up found him dead, and the cold remains of poor Johnny Slumber lay at home before the eyes of his parents, who hung over his corpse with broken hearts, whilst yet the young hearts of the other children glowed with the fire of divine love, as they humbly made a devout thanksgiving to their dear Jesus who at that moment breathed within them.

OUR MOTHER'S MESSAGES.

SOLITUDE OF NAZARETH,
Eve of the Epiphany.

DEAR CHILDREN: When May commences, with its bright sunshine and flowers, all hearts rejoice, in the sweet thought that it is the month of Mary! Stern January also, though it offers us no bright flowers, nor singing of birds to charm us, bids us likewise rejoice, for it lays claim to the beautiful title of the month of Jesus. Yes dear children,

during this entire month the holy Church, by her hymns and prayers, engages us to linger around the crib of the Infant Jesus, with thoughts and prayers of loving adoration.

Though all are invited to this blessed crib, it is the privileged place of little children, and for them the Child Jesus reserves his sweetest smiles. This is why I would beg of you to come with me once more, to fair Bethlehem. Last time we accompanied the good Shepherds on their heavenly mission. As the church is about to celebrate on the Epiphany the Magi's visit to the Infant Jesus, let us join ourselves to them in our imaginary pilgrimage. I am sure we could not have more holy companions; while their name itself assures us that they can teach us many things of this beautiful festival. But first of all, we must make their acquaintance. Authentic tradition, will help us here as it can tell us many things of these Wise Men. The Magi who were invited to the crib, were powerful princes, but who made the study of the sciences their principal occupation, they were as pious as they were great and learned.

They bore the names of Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthassar. Nor were they all from the same country, as you might suppose. One dwelt in far Persia, another in the sunny clime of Arabia Felix, and the third on the confines of learned Egypt and Ethiopia. You see, dear children, how impatient was the heart of the Divine Babe to manifest the wonders of His love to all mankind, for he called the Wise Men from distant countries, so that on their return to their homes, they might more widely spread the joyful tidings of Salvation, which by an unspeakable privilege had been revealed to them.

You know my little ones, that the Magi were not of the chosen people of God, but belonged to the heathen or gentile race; for God found faithful servants even there, such as patient Job, and a few others of whom we read in the Bible.

These pious princes among many other things, had studied the Holy Scriptures, and were therefore instructed concerning the promised Messiah. Astronomy also seems to have been the favorite science. This is why, when God wished to draw the attention to our Saviour's birth, he hung a strange star in the Heavens. But what could that tell them of the Child Jesus, you very naturally inquire? The prophecies made mention of a miraculous star in reference to the Messiah, dear children, and that grace must have whispered in their hearts, and told them what this

star meant, at the same time that it inspired them to follow its Heavenly guidance.

Many things are told of the magnitude, brilliancy and beauty of this wonderful Star. Some even say that in it was the form of a little Child, be it as it may, we may be sure that it was a very holy and a very heavenly Star since it announced and led to Jesus. No sooner had the Wise Men seen it than, with the promptitude of the shepherds, they immediately prepared to go and seek the new-born King, whom it proclaimed; quite regardless of their personal interest they were neglecting, and of the remonstrances of their friends and families, who must have blamed them very much for so seemingly vain a journey. It is said that the Magi were mounted on camels and that they traveled as Princes always do, accompanied with numerous attendants, while several other camels were laden with rich presents destined for the Infant King. These little caravans moved on separately at first, but at the junction of three roads all met: you can think how joyfully they all united, when each had explained the aim of his journey. As they proceeded, they found the way often cold and dark, leading now over many bleak, rugged mountains and then through burning, desert plains, yet they were cheered by the sight of the bright and beautiful Star. Grace also must have filled their hearts with a heavenly joy, for happiness is ever with those who are seeking Jesus. Always following the Star, the Wise Men arrived at length at the gates of Jerusalem; but when obedient to its guidance they entered the proud city, the star disappeared. Perplexed though not discouraged, they now repaired to the royal palace where dwelt wicked Herod, who was then governing for Cæsar over the people of Israel. These pious princes naturally supposed that nowhere was the new-born King so likely to be found, as in the palace of His august forefathers. But they were mistaken; for Herod and his courtiers knew nothing of the birth of the Christ, and desired it still less, although in their wicked craft they pretended to be much interested in the Divine Child, and besought the Magi to bring them back word when they should have found Him.

But you know, dear children, how the angel warned the Wise Men to return to their country by another way, and thus saved the dear Child Jesus from the cruel death Herod had plotted for Him. Finding no sympathy in impious Jerusalem, the Magi hastened to take leave of it. No sooner had they cleared the gate than to their great

joy the beautiful Star reappeared, leading them onward towards humble Bethlelem. At last the low stable was gained, and the heavenly guide having completed its sweet mission stood over the place where the young Child was lying. Beautiful Star! it makes me think of our dear guardian Angels, who accompany us ever through all the toils and dangers of life and never leave us till, their holy task accomplished, they place us at the feet of our Heavenly Father.

Let us pause here for a moment dear children; we have not been disappointed in choosing the Wise Men for our companions; see what beautiful lessons of generosity, fidelity and perseverance they have taught us on the route. How happy we would be if we would imitate them throughout our lives, which should be a continual seeking of Jesus in the practice of his lovely virtues. But the Magi are about to teach us a still more beautiful lesson, it is that of their heroic faith. They were princes themselves, who came to pay homage to a King whose sovereignty they acknowledged, a King whose power and grandeur, extolled by the Prophets, had filled all the world with admiration and awe. He was to be the Son of God as well as the Son of man not only the King of the whole world but the Sovereign of Heaven as well. What grandeur and magnificence should the Wise men have naturally expected to find around the cradle of this glorious Babe; nor had they been forewarned like the shepherds that they would find the young child wrapt in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger; and yet when, at the termination of their long and tiresome journey, they found for a palace a poor stable, for a throne a mean manger, for courtiers dumb animals, for the royal parents an apparently humble artisan and his unassuming spouse, their faith wavered not; but prostrating themselves at the feet of the Divine Babe, they offered him not only their costly presents of gold, incense and myrrh, but also the homage of their profound love and admiration. This lesson of humble faith is the most important of all to us, dear children, for Jesus has never ceased to say: "learn of me to be meek and humble."

Let us now cast a glance on our dear Mother; what sweet emotions must have flooded her maternal heart when she beheld these pious Princes, at the feet of her adorable Son! she to whom the glory of Jesus was all in all, and who had pined so bitterly over the ungrateful world's cold neglect of its loving Redeemer. What wonderful things she must have told them of the Divine

Nativity; and how earnestly she must have solicited them to proclaim everywhere the love and mercy of the Infant Jesus. Dear Saint Joseph also must have shared the sentiments of his holy spouse,—he to whom it had been given to partake so largely in her sweet mission towards her dear Son. And the Infant Jesus Himself, think, dear children, with what tender love His Sacred Heart must have received these faithful servants; with what a sweet smile He must have welcomed them, and how precious must have been the graces He lavished upon their souls; and yet, dear children, all the favors our Saviour was lavishing on them He was conferring on us at the same time. It was we He was blessing in the Person of these Wise Men. We had our part in the calling of the Jews, but were called to the light of faith with those poor Gentiles, who represented all the nations of the earth, save the Jewish.

Yes, Jesus held us all in His heart at that moment, dear children, and measured out for each of us the manifold graces which He has since been pleased to shower upon us. This is the reason our Holy Mother, the Church, in thanksgiving for these inestimable benefits of our faith, celebrates so solemnly the festival of the Epiphany. She wishes our gratitude to equal that of the Magi, since our part in the graces of that glorious day is not less than theirs. What heart could refuse to conform to her just desire? Not yours, I am sure, dear children.

Now I must tell you that in the East almost every thing is emblematic; therefore it is not at random that the Wise Men chose their gifts for the Infant Jesus. By gold, which is considered the most precious of metals, they wished to acknowledge His royalty; by the frankincense, which is an emblem of adoration, His Divinity; and by the myrrh, the most bitter of herbs, they paid homage to His humanity. Our holy religion also has its emblems, and in regard to these mysterious gifts they are very practical for us. Here gold is the emblem of clarity, frankincense of prayer, and myrrh of mortification. Could you not, dear children, during this month of the Infant Jesus form, each day, several acts of these virtues to place, in the caskets of your hearts, at the feet of the Child Jesus? Be sure that this mark of your gratitude would be most sweet to our dear Saviour, who will repay your efforts a hundred fold, in giving you in return His most precious graces.

As to the star, you too have your stars to lead you to Jesus. First of all we behold, so bright in the firmament of our holy religion, Mary, who is called

the Morning Star. We have but to raise our eyes to her to be guided to Jesus. Then there are our guardian angels, other beautiful stars, leading us ever towards that same holy goal. As much may be said of the soft whisper of conscience's voice. Ah! if we were only as faithful as the Wise Men we would draw, each day, nearer to Jesus.

I think that my little mission among you is accomplished now. It is, if I mistake not, the example of the generosity, the fidelity, and above all, the gratitude of the Wise Men that our dear Mother wished to offer to your imitation to-day. I hope, dear children, you will profit by these lessons. Indeed, your love for the Child Jesus and His holy Mother assures me of it. This month, you see, is to be a time of prayer. I trust among all the fervent *Ave Marias* that you will repeat, the one in my intention will not be forgotten.

This is just the proper time to obtain the graces which we solicit,—the Octave of the Epiphany. Don't be offended that I reiterate this, my demand. I don't doubt of your good hearts; but it is your memory, rather; little heads are so giddy. There, in wishing to mend matters, I have said something worse; so I think I had better break off immediately.

Then, dear children, adieu, or rather, *au revoir*.

SOCIETY OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

I hope all you young readers of this department are members of the glorious Society of the Holy Childhood and if you are, you receive the beautiful and interesting *ANNALS* that are published every month. For fear, however, that some of you have not yet become members, I give you a few charming little extracts from the *ANNALS*, and I am *sure* you will like them so well that you will all join the Holy Childhood right off:

Some Chinese boys are brought up at Venansault, in the diocese of Lucon. One of them, *three years* old, goes to the Director and offers him a cent. "What do you want me to do with your cent, my little friend? Keep it to buy sugar." "No, I want to buy a little brother." "What will you do with that little brother?" "I will baptize him, and afterwards he will go to heaven."

Our Association had just been introduced into Plouer, in the diocese of Saint-Brieuc. But a good little girl, very poor, of the name of Jeannette, had nothing except a pretty cat, which shared with her a piece of brown bread, and was the companion of her poverty. After long reflections and hard struggles, Jeannette makes up her mind to sacrifice puss. She casts on him a last sad look of tenderness, takes him in her arms, and goes in search of a customer—Her subscription to the Holy Childhood was paid for two years.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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THE RETINUE OF THE NEW-BORN KING.

Saint Peter Damian opens his beautiful sermon on the Festival of Saint Stephen as follows:

"We hold yet in our arms the Son of the Virgin, and we seek to honor with our caresses the infancy of an Incarnate God. Mary led us to the venerable crib: fair, above all the daughters of men, and blessed among all women, she presented us the fairest among all men's children, and more than all of them filled with unspeakable blessings. She removed from before us the veil of prophecies, and showed us God's eternal designs accomplished. Who could detach his eyes from the wonder of such a bringing forth? While, however, the new-born Babe bestows on us the most winning marks of His tenderness, and holds us in astonishment with prodigies so great, suddenly Stephen, 'full of grace and fortitude, did wonders and miracles among the people.' Shall we leave our King to fix our attention upon one of His soldiers? No, certainly not, unless the King Himself bids us do so. But behold! the King, the Son of the King, arises of His own accord and comes out to assist at the struggle of His servant. Let us hasten to a spectacle at which Jesus Himself is to be present, and let us behold the standard-bearer of martyrs."

From the divine office of this day we translate literally the opening of another rich piece of eloquence of Saint Fulgence on Saint Stephen's Festival:

"Yesterday we celebrated the temporal birth of our Eternal King; to-day we celebrate the glorious passion of His soldier. Yesterday our King, clothed with the garment of the flesh, came forth from the spotless womb of His Virgin Mother, and deigned to visit this world of ours; to-day the fighting hero leaves the tabernacle of his body and ascends in triumph on high to Heaven. The former, while preserving the majesty of His eternal divinity, has put on the shield of the flesh, and entered upon the battle-field of

the world, there to fight the good fight; the latter, laying aside the corruptible envelope of the body, has ascended to the celestial palace, to reign in it for evermore. The first descended under the veil of the body; the second ascended on the laurels bedewed with his own blood. The one came down amid the joyful accents of the angels: the other ascended from the midst of those who were stoning him to death. Yesterday the angels sang in gladness: 'Glory be to God on high!' this day they have received in jubilation Saint Stephen into their company. Yesterday Jesus was for us wrapped up in swaddling clothes; this day Stephen is clothed by Him with the robe of immortality. Yesterday a narrow crib received the Infant Christ; to-day the immensity of Heaven receives Stephen in his triumph."

"Thus," says the learned Abbé de Solesmes commenting on the above brilliant passages, "the divine Liturgy blends the joys of the Saviour's Nativity with the delights inspired by the triumph of the Protomartyr: nor is Stephen the only one who is to share in the honors of this glorious octave. Next to him we celebrate the memory of John the beloved Disciple; then the Holy Innocents; then comes Thomas the Martyr of the liberty of the Church: and finally, Silvester the Pontiff of peace. But in this brilliant retinue of the new-born King, the first rank, the place of honor, belongs to Saint Stephen, the chieftain of the army of martyrs, who as the Church sings, returned to the Saviour the death which He had suffered for him. Thus was martyrdom to be honored, that sublime testimony which abundantly repays even divine justice for all favors ever granted, and seals with man's blood the truth which God has revealed to the earth."

"To understand this well," continues the venerable Abbé, "it is necessary to consider attentively the divine plan of the salvation of mankind. The Word of God is sent to teach men; He raises His Divine Word, and His works render Him testimony. But after His sacrifice, He returns

to Heaven and sits on the right hand of His Father, and His testimony, to be received by those who neither heard nor beheld the Word of life, needs a new testimony. Who will give it? The martyrs! not only by the confession of their lips, but by the effusion of their blood. The Church will rise by the word and by the blood of Jesus Christ; nay more, it will maintain itself through ages, continually extending its boundaries and overcoming all obstacles, by the blood of martyrs, Christ's members, and their blood will be mixed with that of their Divine Master, in the same sacrifice.

The martyrs will bear a perfect resemblance with their august King. They will appear like lambs among wolves. The world will be fearfully strong against them; in its presence they will be exhibited weak and disarmed; but in this unequal struggle, the martyrs' victory will shine forth the more brilliantly. The Apostle tells us "that Christ crucified is the power and wisdom of God;" the martyrs immolated, and yet the conquerors of the world, will testify by a testimony the world itself will understand, that the Crucified One they have confessed, is truly the 'power and wisdom of God.' Therefore it is meet they should be associated to all the triumphs of the Man-God, and that the Liturgical cycle should honor them, as the Church does, while she places their sacred relics under the altar stone, that, as often as the sacrifice of the triumphant Head is offered, they also be offered in the unity of His mystical Body."

Now the glorious list of the martyrs of the Son of God opens with Saint Stephen; there he shines by his significative name, which means "a crown." Under the Crucified, he commands the "white army" praised by the Church, for he was first called, even before the Apostles, to give his testimony, and we know how nobly he responded to the appeal. He rendered a strong and heroic testimony to the Divinity of the Emmanuel in presence of the Synagogue; this solemn declaration offended their incredulous ears, and brought upon him a storm of deadly stones. He faced the storm, stood erect, and yielded not; one might have thought, as Saint Gregory of Nyssa remarks, that a light and soft snow fell upon him, or again, that a shower of roses gently refreshed his head. But in the midst of stones clashing against each other, a celestial brightness shone forth, and Jesus for whose sake the martyr was dying manifested Himself to his enraptured sight; another and last testimony to the Divinity of the Emmanuel boldly

issued forth from the lips of the hero. And now to render the sacrifice complete, the generous martyr, after his Master's example pours forth a last prayer in behalf of his murderers: "And falling on his knees he cried with a loud voice saying: Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!" There all is consummated, and the type of martyrdom is shown to the world to be copied and imitated through all generations.

Thus Saint Stephen merited to stand first and at the head of the guard keepers of the cradle of his King, as the chieftain of the valiant champions of the Child-God of Bethlehem. To him we pray, with the Church, to aid us to approach the humble crib in which lies the sweet Babe, and by which the fairest of Mothers kneels in adoration. We beg of him to initiate us into the mysteries of that divine Infancy which we adore in the Infant Saviour. In the simplicity of the crib, he did not count the number of his enemies, he trembled not in presence of their fury, he fled not from their blows, he sealed not his mouth before them; he forgave their hatred, and his last prayer was for them. O faithful imitator of the Child of Bethlehem! Indeed, Jesus had not exterminated with His thunder the inhabitants of that city who denied a shelter to the Virgin Mother at the hour she was to bring forth the Son of David. Neither will He deign to prevent the hateful design of Herod, who will soon seek Him to put Him to death; He will sooner fly into Egypt as an exile from before the face of a petty tyrant; but among all these apparent evidences of weakness, He will show only the better His Divinity, and the God-Child will be the Omnipotent One. Herod shall pass away, and his tyranny too, but Jesus will remain, greater in His crib, from which He makes a king tremble, than that prince clad with the Roman purple—nay, greater than Augustus Caesar himself, whose colossal empire is only destined to serve as a footstool to the Church which is to be created by that child so humbly enrolled in the books of Bethlehem.

SAINT JOHN WHOM JESUS LOVED comes next after the Prince of Martyrs, and occupies the second place of honor near the crib. It was just that the first rank should be given to him who had loved the Emmanuel even to the shedding of his blood: greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends; martyrdom was always considered by the Church as the greatest and last effort of charity. But after the sacrifice of blood, the noblest, the most heroic, the one that gains above all the heart of

the Spouse of souls, is the sacrifice of virginity. In the same manner as Saint Stephen is recognized as the head of martyrs, so likewise is Saint John acknowledged as the prince of virgins.

John had the honor to descend from the house of David, was related by blood to the Blessed Virgin, and consequently to her Divine Son. In the prime of youth he left not only his net and father, but also his betrothed, at the moment he was preparing for the celebration of his chaste nuptials. He followed Christ and looked not behind. Hence the tenderness of the sentiments with which Jesus regarded him; while the others were called Disciples and Apostles, he was the Beloved of the Son of God. Of this singular privilege no other reason has ever been given than that Saint John offered Jesus the sacrifice of his virginity. No comment is needed on the words of the Gospel: "The Disciple whom Jesus loved." Peter was chosen to be the Chief of the Apostles: he was more honored, but John was more loved; it was only just that virginity should receive the manifest preference of Jesus, the lover of pure souls.

Purity of heart and of the senses brings those who practise it in closer contact with God; hence at the last Supper John was placed near Jesus Himself, and in those final outpourings of the love of the Redeemer, this beloved one was permitted to rest his head on the bosom of the Man-God, whence he drew that abundance of light and love that commends him so especially to the admiration of the whole Church.

When the Infinite Wisdom wished to manifest the mystery of the Word, and trust to writing the secrets which no human hand had ever penned, John was chosen for the great task. Peter had died on a cross, Paul had been beheaded by the sword, the other Apostles had all sealed their teachings with their blood: John alone had been left. Heretics had already commenced to blaspheme the apostolic doctrine, and sought to blot out the Divine Word they refused to acknowledge for the Son of God, consubstantial with the Eternal Father. John was invited to speak, and he did speak in a language wholly from above. To him alone God had reserved, as a privilege of his purity, to write with his own hand mysteries which the rest of the Apostles had been called upon only to teach: the Eternal Word made flesh, the infinite love of God for man. Eagle like, he soared up to the Divine Sun, by whose splendor he was not dazzled, because the purity of his soul had rendered him worthy to face the uncreated

Light. Hence the name of Theologian, given him by an unbroken tradition.

Last of all, Jesus reserved for him a favor truly worthy of the virginal Disciple whom He loved. While dying upon the Cross, the Saviour was leaving Mary upon earth; some years before Joseph had breathed forth his pure soul to the Lord: who, then, would watch over this sacred trust? who would be worthy to receive it? would He send His angels to guard and console His Mother? From the Cross Jesus perceives the Beloved and virginal Disciple: all is settled; John will be a son to Mary and Mary a Mother to John. The purity of the Disciple has fitted him for this precious legacy. As Saint Peter Damian beautifully remarks, Peter will receive in trust the Church, Mother of men, but John will receive Mary, Mother of God; he will love her as his own Mother, and will be loved by her as a son. With her he will take the place of Jesus.

Thus the Beloved Disciple became the ornament of mankind and the glory of the Church. See what a number of titles have been assigned him! Related to Christ by blood, he is called Apostle, virgin, the Friend of the Spouse, Divine Eagle, Sacred Theologian, Doctor of Charity, Son of Mary; Evangelist, from the Gospel he wrote of his Divine Master; Sacred Writer, from the three Epistles he penned under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost; Prophet at last, from his mysterious Apocalypse, in which are contained the secrets of time and eternity. What has been wanting? the palm of martyrdom? Not even this: for if he did not consummate his sacrifice, he nevertheless drank of his Divine Master's chalice when, after a cruel scourging, he was plunged into a boiling cauldron of oil, at the Latin gate, in Rome.

Such is Stephen's companion by the crib, where all our sentiments have centered these few weeks, in company with our divine Babe's sweet Mother. If the Protomartyr shines forth by the purple of his blood, does not the virginal whiteness of Mary's adopted son outshine the whiteness of the snow? Cannot the lilies of Saint John blend their delightful snow colors with the red roses of Saint Stephen's crown? We will sing glory to the new-born King, whose court is illuminated with colors so sweet and fresh. This heavenly company formed itself, as it were, under our eyes. At first we saw Mary and Joseph alone in the stable by the cradle; the army of angels soon appeared with their melodious accents; then came the shepherds with their hearts as humble as they were artless; then came Stephen the crowned hero, then

John the beloved; others again are hastening to approach, even before the Magi, to increase the splendor of the pomp, and gladden the spotless Mother's loving heart and our hearts. What a birth is our God-Child's birth!

Beloved Disciple of the Child newly born to us, how great is your happiness! how admirable the reward of your love and of your virginity! In you the words of the Divine Master have been fulfilled: "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." Not only have you seen the God-Man, but you have been His friend, and have rested on His bosom. John the Baptist trembled to raise up his hand to pour the waters of Jordan upon His head; Magdalene, assured though she was by our Lord of a pardon as immense as her love, dared not look to His face, but knelt at His feet; Thomas awaited His orders ere he ventured to put his fingers in the wounds of His hands and of His feet—and you, before the whole college of the Apostles, take the place of honor! you rest your mortal head upon His bosom! Not only do you enjoy the sight and the possession of the Son of God, but because your heart is pure you fly with the eagle's swiftness and fix your unquivering eye upon the Sun of Justice, without any veil, even to the center of the inaccessible light in which the Son dwells eternally with the Father.

"Finally, O son and guardian of Mary! Present us to your Mother, who is also our Mother. May she, at your request, communicate to us something of that tenderness with which she watches by the crib of her Divine Son. May she recognize in us the Brothers of that Jesus who was born of her, and associate us to that maternal affection she felt for you, the fortunate depository of the secrets and of the love of the Man-God!"

With this pious appeal of our venerable friend we close our article.

Gentle reader, you will have to bear with us once more; for while we part regretfully with this loving character we look joyfully to the 6th of May, when we shall commemorate among the joys of Christ's glorious Resurrection the generous confession in Rome of him whom Jesus loved. We feel that in speaking of Saint John we wander not from our main subject; for one of the privileges we admire most, we were going to say: *que nous lui envions d'avantage*, is the one he received from the dying Saviour when He said to him: "Behold thy Mother!" and from that hour the Disciple took her to his own. O Blessed Legacy!

For the AVE MARIA.

NAZARETH.

Fair mother! shrines are to thee wrought
This hour, from grand illumined thought,
With airy arch, and gleaming spire
Ascending ever high, and higher,
E'en to the sunset's porch of fire—
But I to thee, in prayer and praise,
Can but this way-side altar raise
Of grassy earth, unskillful planned,
And piled with hot and hurried hand;
But pause a moment, looking back
Along the slowly darkening track,
To see ascending to the skies
Its faint blue smoke of sacrifice!—

Ah! we have bent, with foreheads wet,
Amid the dews of Olivet,
Have clung impassioned to the Cross,
Through shadowed hours of pain and loss;
But ever with each passing breath,
Through drifting clouds of change and death,
We seek thy threshold Nazareth;
We seek that holy Hidden Life,
Through all our hours of inward strife—
Mysterious hours! wherein we fight,
Like Jacob wrestling in the night.

When o'er us fainting by the way,
This "World's Dark Prince" doth stand,
With eyes that flash, and plumes that sway,
And strong and jeweled hand;
And while his evil beauty there
With mortal languor fills the air,
And half in glow, and half in trance,
We thrill and tremble in the glance;
It comes, the angel's shining spear,
And smites that darksome crest of fear,
It comes, a flood of purer light,
And, as from dance and song,
From some wild revel of the night,
Some flushed, and fevered throng,
We rush, upon a silent lawn,
To meet the white and holy dawn,
So rush we from that air of death
Into the dawn o'er Nazareth.

And when the sluggish heart and brain
Have neither throb of thought or pain,
And in that dull and vague unrest,
Life hath no purpose, in the breast,
What fills that aching void of thought?
We Mother! come to thee
And hide, e'en as a weary child,

Our faces on thy knee,
There learn the meaning of our task,
There know that life had naught to ask
More sweet than this, to feel thy breath
Beneath the vines of Nazareth.

And when alone and late we tread
Along a silent way,
When from the darkening hill hath fled
The last pale flush of day,
When from the shadows we can feel
The night's dark spirits round us steal,
And see upon the distant heights,
The starry gleam of household lights,
When e'en the night-flowers scented sigh,
The winds that wander restless by,
The distant glory of the sky,
Oppress us with our lonely lot,
Of all the happy world forgot;
Then with what eager love we turn,
And how our flying footsteps burn
Until we fall, with panting breath,
Within thy threshold, Nazareth!

There, resting at the Master's feet,
The winds have changed to music sweet,
Each flower uplifts a scented urn,
The stars with newer meaning burn,
And near, and bright, their watches keep
Above our safe and sheltered sleep.

There, Master! give us strength to fly,
When life and time are fleeting by,
Upon our mother's breast to die!
Yea! with the arrow in our side,
To come through warring wind and tide,
To come, though desert paths divide;
Escaped from rough, detaining hands,
Escaped from Passion's prowling bands,
No more to tempt the lonely ways,
Through haunted nights, and fevered days,
No more to tremble, and to shrink,
On mortal peril's dizzy brink;
But feel our Lord's embrace in death,
Beneath the roof of Nazareth.

REJOICINGS FOR MARTYRDOM.—An act of great courage is related in the *Ordre et la Liberté* of Caen. The father of Mgr. Daveluy, the bishop who has suffered martyrdom in the Corea, on hearing of the glorious end of his son, gathered together all his family to chant a *Te Deum*, ordered the following day a thanksgiving Mass, which he attended dressed in white, and has forbidden the wearing of mourning for the death of his son.

THE DELIVERY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

We find in the *Rosier de Marie*, a beautiful quotation from Saint Thomas of Villa Nova, very much in accordance with various passages we transferred, at this time last year, to our columns, from other equally respectable sources; and as we are yet in Christmas time, we beg to call the attention of our pious readers to the exquisite scene which it represents, as if it were before us.

At last, says our Saint, the sacred hour arrived, that hour so memorable, so sweet, so wonderfully blessed above all others, the hour prepared from the beginning for the consolation of the world. The night had reached the middle of its course; when, on a sudden, the countenance of the Virgin totally changed; her cheeks became incarnate; her face naturally pale assumed the liveliest roseate colors; it might have been compared to lilies interwoven with roses; and withal her blessed soul was animated with an unknown fervor, and as it were liquified in unspeakable ardors; a universal trembling agitated her whole frame, her blood seemed to boil, her delicate and tender bosom heaved, now unable to subdue the pressure of the jubilation that filled it to overflowing. O, Virgin blessed! are these the sorrows of your sacred bringing forth? are these the excruciating sufferings, the pangs, the nervous convulsions which all women in labor experience?

She, the privileged Mother, knew in advance the approach of her hour; and filled with the spirit of God, rapt into ecstasy and melting in love, with her hands and eyes lifted up to heaven, kneeling on the ground, she awaited God's holy will and pleasure. Joseph too knelt by, stupified and ravished; he was praying and waiting in silence for the issue of this marvel—when suddenly sallied forth from the virginal womb, the ravishing Child, now lying on the bare ground, palpitating and weeping. Wonderful Child! admirable and all-powerful Child! "in whom are hidden all the treasures and wisdom and knowledge of God." Little Child and God Infinite! as from the purple bosom of the aurora emerges the resplendent sun; as the rays of light penetrate the crystal and injure it not; as the star sends forth its splendor, and the spring rose exhales its sweet perfume; thus the fair Virgin produces from her stainless womb the Saviour of mankind, the Eternal Son of God. Instantly she adores the Son she has brought forth; and in ecstatic awe, she contemplates the wonder of her being the Mother of her Creator, and yet remaining a Virgin.

REASON AND RELIGION---NO. 4.

BY DR. O. A. BROWNSON.

In asserting that religion is an act rather than a sentiment, an act of the rational soul rather than an affection of our own sensitive nature, it is not implied that religion in the subject is a dry logical process, or a cold calculation of interest. Undoubtedly no act of the creature can be more logical or conformed to the reason of things, and certainly none can be more for our highest interest; but the act is not purely an intellectual act, far less an act of pure ratiocination, and its object is God, not self, nor simply our own good. Hope is indeed one of the theological virtues, and we know from the decision of the Holy See that an habitual state in which the soul is indifferent to her own good is not possible in this life. Fears of hell and hopes of Heaven are proper motives of action, but only when we fear hell as the loss of God, and hope for Heaven in the possession of God as our supreme good. There must be on the one side a fear of losing God, that is, of sinning, and on the other, a hope of possessing God, that is, of finding our good in Him—less of disinterestedness would not bring us within the sphere of Christian virtue.

It should also be remembered that what the Church censured in the *Maxims of the Saints*, by Fenelon, was not the disinterested love of God, or the pure love of God for His own sake, without which there is no Christian perfection, or distinct acts of pure love, but the state of indifference to our own good, as an habitual state of the soul in this life—a fact sometimes forgotten. The regenerated soul can, and does, make distinct acts of pure love or charity, and of perfect contrition, which is a contrition motivated by pure love, only in this life we cannot attain to that state in which hope and fear are excluded. But we must love God with our whole mind, heart, soul and strength, and our good, as our neighbor's good, in Him, and for His sake. But it is, as Montesquieu remarks, an admirable fact that Christianity, while it bids us live for the world to come, secures us the best goods of this world. "Seek first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you," so we may say that in loving and serving God for His own sake we secure our supreme good both here and hereafter.

Yet is there no religion when the motive of our conduct is a simple calculation of interest, because in such a motive we take ourselves exclusively as

our end, and there is no love of God at all, and there would be no reason why, in this case, we serve God rather than the devil, if by serving the devil it were possible to secure our supreme good. God in such love and service counts for nothing in the respect that He is the supreme good itself, and is regarded only as the supreme good for us. Practically, we cannot in our love and service separate God as He is in Himself from what He is to us, for He is our supreme good only because He is the supreme good in Himself, or, as Plato would say, "the good in itself." They who attempt to do so fail, and really love and serve God not at all, and are what the Scriptures and the common speech of mankind call hypocrites—a very disreputable but a rather numerous class of sinners, whose hope is sure to perish.

Now both reason and will may be, and are, used in the service of pure self interest, as well as in the service of our sensual appetites and passions: and of all men the cool calculating sinner, whom neither passion nor generous impulse ever diverts from the one object of his life, is the meanest and most despicable of men. There is every day more intellect, more reasoning employed to gain purely selfish objects, wealth, place or power, than, if rightly directed, would be needed to gain the Kingdom of Heaven and convert the earth into a paradise. To say nothing of great merchants and manufacturers, whose brains are constantly exercised to the fullest possible extent, we can see it in burglars, forgers, thieves and swindlers. These criminals often show rare powers of mind, extraordinary ingenuity, skill, and dexterity, and tax their understanding far beyond what is needed to attain to eminence in religion and morality, and their gains are really only losses. These men are slaves to their sensual nature, in point of fact, as much as those who are wedded to vicious habits which tend to deaden rather than strengthen the intellect. But in both cases the will, properly so called is weak, and wants firmness to will the higher good, and the intellect is employed only in the service of ingenuity. In both, the higher lowers the lower, and the result is sin and misery, both for the individual and for society.

Yet religion, subjectively considered, is an act, an act of the intellect and will, not a sentiment, understanding as I do by sentiment an internal affection of the sensibility or sensitive nature. But this does not deny it to be love. The Greeks recognized two loves, called in their mythology *Eros* and *Anteros*, and I suppose all cultivated nations do the same in principle. There is love

as an act, and love as a sentiment. The sentimental love, which depends on the sensibility, according to modern psychology, mimics or imitates the rational love, as the sensible always mimics or imitates the intelligible, and hence called by Plato, Clemens Alexandrinus, St. Athanasius, and some modern writers, *mimeris*, a Greek word signifying imitation, or representation, as representing or symbolizing a higher reality than itself. But the two loves are in reality widely different. In the one the person is passive, or subjected, in the other the person, *le moi*, is free and active. Hence we are told to make an *act* of love, as I have already shown. It is an act of free will: and an act of free will is not an impulse nor an emotion, but an act of the will from a rational motive, therefore in creatures with limited intellect like man, an act of deliberation. God has free will, and creation is an act of free will, as are all His acts *ad extra*, but in Him there is no deliberation, because His being is perfect and all His attributes are infinite; He has no imperfection, therefore no need of deliberation.

But it is not necessary to suppose that the rational love, because an act of free will and from a rational motive, is therefore cold or dry, in which the heart has no share, or that it is the product of pure intellect, without any affection of the soul. A sentimental love for God, His Blessed Mother, or the Saints in glory, is not possible, for He is never an object of sense, and they are no longer so. God is spiritually, not sensibly apprehended, and efforts by imagination to work up in ourselves a sort of sentimental love for Him or for them are vain. To do our best we can only conjure up and embrace an empty shade. The sentimental love is possible only in cases of objects that can be sensibly represented. God who is spirit, and glorified Saints who are spirits, can be loved only with a spiritual or rational love. This love may or may not be accompanied by sensible emotions and delights, but whether so or not, it remains unaffected, and equally acceptable. What our spiritual writers call sensible devotion is no part of the prayer or worship, and is neither to be sought nor rejected. We are never to be elated as if more pleasing to God when we experience it, or depressed as if unacceptable to Him when we experience it not. It is no assurance, as Methodism fondly imagines, that we are in favor with God when we have it, and no intimation that we are out of favor with Him when we have it not. Perhaps its absence rather than its presence is the mark of divine favor, for it is through this satan

operates, and puffs up the soul with spiritual pride, checks the growth of grace, and ends by ruining the soul. The greatest Saints are, perhaps, those who suffer the most from aridities in prayer.

Yet sentimental or sensible pleasures are not the only pleasures the soul can taste, nor its highest, but its lowest pleasures. The rational love of God gives a joy, a rapture to the soul that it never experiences from any sentimental love. The bliss of all love is in proportion as it rises above the sentimental, and rests in the rational, or as it becomes an act of reason, an offering of free will. The sentiments all originate in the wants of the soul, and love as a sentiment is rather the need the soul experiences of loving or being loved, than love itself. It is a craving, not a satisfaction of the soul, and hence marriages prompted by sentiment alone prove unhappy, unless followed by mutual esteem and respect, or what I call rational love. God does not bless such marriages, because they are not made in Him, and imply no rational love. St. Theresa for eighteen years, it is said, found no sensible consolation in her prayers, but she persevered, loved God with her reason and will, gave Him her noblest faculties, even herself, and I am far from believing those eighteen years were years of misery. Her happiness was far greater and more joyous than she could have derived from every sensible delight. The suffering and sorrow of the Saints are joy in comparison with the highest pleasures ever experienced from sensual delight. There is a rapture in loving and serving God even when He hides His face from us, and tries us in the furnace of affliction.

I conclude, therefore, by reasserting that religion or piety is a rational act, and therefore that it demands not ignorance, but intelligence, for the will cannot act without intelligence, and the greater the intelligence, other things being equal, the greater, the more enduring the piety, and the richer its rewards.

ORDINATION.—On the 21st of December the Right Rev. Bishop Henni, of Milwaukee, conferred the Holy order of priesthood on Rev. Messrs. Thomas Carry, Joseph Moder, Joseph Katzer, James F. Kinsella and N. Moes, for the diocese of Milwaukee, and Rev. H. Groll, for the arch-diocese of St. Louis. The ordination took place in the chapel of Saint Francis' Seminary. —*Guardian*.

SAINT JOHN'S EVE.—In Two Parts.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSET.

[CONTINUED.]

PART II.—LEGEND OF ROBERT OF SICILY—THE
MAGNIFICAT.

King Robert of Sicily, the brother of Pope Urban, and of the Emperor Valimond, was a prince of great valor and renown, but he was so proud, haughty and impatient, that he would not bend his knee in adoration, even before Heaven itself, but would sit while others knelt, twisting and twirling his beard between his fingers, and looking from one side to the other, with the most indifferent air during the most solemn services of the Church.

One evening, on the Feast of Saint John, the King, attended by his Chaplain and a number of his courtiers was present, in the cathedral, at Vespers. He was engaged as usual, toying with his great beard, and in gazing impatiently about him, when his attention was suddenly arrested by certain words of the *Magnificat* which were sung by the choristers more sweetly and impressively than the rest of the solemn hymn. The words were these: *Deposuit potentes de sede: et exaltavit humiles*. As the King was too great a soldier to have a knowledge of Latin, he asked his Chaplain, who was near him, the signification of those words, who forthwith told him.

"It is a beautiful expression," he said, with a scornful smile; "but no better than an old song, since it is not easy, for instance, to lower a man like myself, and put into his place one of those miserable creatures, called humble."

The Chaplain, without doubt, through pure astonishment and horror, did not answer him, but with a sigh resumed his devotions, while the King, tired of the service, overcome with the heat, and wishing to get rid of the rest of the sacred office, went to sleep. After awhile, he who sat "upon the seat of the mighty" was aroused as he thought by the noise of the organ, but in reality by the buzzing of a large fly in his ear, and awoke in a more impatient humor than ordinary, and was preparing to give furious vent to his displeasure, when he perceived, to his astonishment, that the cathedral was empty. His majesty was alone; every one had gone away except an old, deaf woman, who was turning the cushions and dusting the chairs. He called to her, but finding that she paid no attention to him, he shouted an-

grily and loudly to her, but in vain. Then, as well as his rage and surprise would allow him, he began to endeavor to see if he could leave the cathedral alone and without being preceded by a dozen dignitaries of his court; but when the old woman, who looked up at the moment and saw him, perceived what he was after, she shouted: "*Thieves! thieves!*" and ran out, shutting the great door after her. King Robert looked at the iron-mailed door in silence; then his eyes wandered all around the empty cathedral; last, he looked at himself, and saw that not only was his ermine mantel gone, but the jeweled diadem from his brow, and the magnificent gems from his fingers. "There have indeed been thieves here," he murmured, while he became pale with rage and shame. "It is a conspiracy, a revolt! It is the work of that holy traitor, the Duke. Ho! without there! open the door for the King!" he cried in furious tones.

"For the high constable!" said a jeering voice from the other side of the door: "You are a jolly subject for him!" The King did not speak. "You think," continued the voice, "to escape by using the name of the King, after having hid here to steal his treasures; but I will prevent that; you are my prisoner."

The King said nothing; and the voice continued to rail at him: "I see you there under the great arch. The faces you make are like those of a rat in a trap. How do you find yourself?" Now we do not know whether King Robert was of the blood of that Norman Chief who threw the horse of his foe to the earth by a single blow of his sword, but this is certain, that the only response that he made to the voice was to throw with fury and force his enormous foot against the door to force it open in the face of his enemy. The Sacristan (for it was he) felt as if a horse had given him a blow in the face, and vanished, while the King, as soon as his sense of dignity permitted, started to go home to his palace, which was very near.

"Well!" said the porter, "what do *you* want?"

"Get out of the way, insolent wretch!" vociferated the King, thrusting open the door with the strength of a giant.

"Go to the devil!" cried the porter, who was also very strong, and he repulsed the King without farther parley. The King, however, was too strong for him. He threw him upon the ground stunned, and rushed into the palace followed by the irritated officials. "Seize him," shouted the infuriated porter, recovering himself.

"Touch me at the peril of your life," vociferated the King. "Look at me, insolent wretches! Who am I?"

"An enraged beast and a fool; that is what you are!" cried the porter, advancing towards him; "and you're as good as a dead man, because you have come into the palace intoxicated, and because you have struck the servant of the King." Just then the guards arrived, led by an officer who had come to pay a visit to his sweetheart, and who had curled his hair before a glass. He held the small mirror in his hand.

"Captain Francavilla," said the King, "is all the world gone mad? Do you conspirators even pretend not to recognize me? Go before me, sir, to my royal apartments;" and as he spoke he shook off his assailants as a lion would a parcel of troublesome dogs, and moved forward, leaving them nearly speechless with fury. But Captain Francavilla touched the King softly with his finger to stop him, then looked fixedly in his face, and said gently: "A madman!" King Robert snatched the glass from the Captain's hand, and looked at his own face. *The face was not his own.*

It was the face of a stranger, very red, very vulgar, with something in it, at the same time, of melancholy and foolishness.

"By the living God!" cried Robert, "this is sorcery! I am transformed into the brutal likeness of another!" And for the first time in his whole life a sensation of dread came over him, but this new feeling was not so strong as his rage and fury. It was the fashion of those times to believe in sorcery, therefore King Robert was not singular in ascribing to the powers of sorcery that which he could not comprehend; but for those around him, who also believed in the black art, they did not impute what was going forward to any other cause than drunkenness or insanity, having seen enough of both to know their symptoms. Besides, had they not seen with their own eyes the King come from church as usual, attended by his retinue, and they were ready to burst out laughing at the assumption of this madman, who pretended to be his royal majesty.

"Bring him hither! bring him hither!" exclaimed some one from the royal apartments to which the noise had ascended: "The King wishes to see this pretender to his throne!" With shouts of derision they conducted Robert to the presence chamber, and amidst deafening peals of laughter he found himself face to face with another King Robert, who was seated upon his throne, and who

looked as much like what he had been as he resembled what he now was.

"Hideous impostor!" cried Robert, rushing forward to attempt to pull the King from his throne. But while the guards restrained him, the court laughed louder than ever to hear the word "hideous" applied to their handsome Sovereign by such a monster in human shape, for never had he looked more nobly beautiful than at that moment. Again Robert sprang forward, but as if a sudden paralysis had struck him, he stopped and endeavored to give vent to his rage, but he could not speak. The personage upon the throne looked fixedly at him, and such was the strange and commanding power of his eyes, that Robert thought he was a sorcerer, but he felt more hatred than fear, because he possessed indomitable courage. But instead of a sorcerer, this personage, upon whose brow sparkled the diadem of Sicily, was AN ANGEL. But the angel had no intention of making himself known then, or for a long time to come. However, he conducted himself on this occasion as a man of ordinary opinions and sentiments, although there was a calm and gentle dignity blended with every thing in his demeanor, which no one had ever observed in the King of Sicily before. Some of the courtiers attributed it to an instinctively royal nature, which was excited more to pity than wrath by the pretensions of the impostor; but others had seen, to their great surprise, the King stop suddenly as he was coming from church, before the shrine of Saint Thomas, as if he had been struck by God for his pride and incredulity. The news spread in a few moments, and was confirmed by an order which came from the throne as soon as the angel was seated upon it, to make an offering of unheard-of value to the shrine itself.

"Seeing thou desirest so much to be a King," said the new Sovereign, addressing Robert, "and as thou art in truth the King of fools, thou shalt be crowned. A fools-cap shall be thy diadem, a straw thy sceptre, and thou shalt be my court-fool!" Robert's tongue was not yet loosened. He endeavored in vain to utter his disgust and defiance, and behaved so truly like a fool, not speaking, and making ridiculous signs with his fingers, pointing right and left, and thrusting them into his mouth in the vain endeavor to make them understand his silence, but which only excited fresh bursts of laughter.

"Bring the fools-cap!" said the King, "in order that the King of fools may be crowned.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BEATIFICATION OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

Letter of his Eminence Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, addressed to his Holiness, praying him to introduce the cause of Christopher Columbus.

We take from the *Propagateur Catholique*, N. O., the following letter of one of the most learned and influential members of the French Hierarchy. It may surprise those who have learned all they know of the great Servant of Mary, Columbus, from Protestant writers. We have in English some well written books on Columbus; books that will always hold a high place in the esteem of Americans, and in which the authors give to Columbus the full meed of praise that they could bestow, but in spite of the well known ability of these writers, every Catholic in reading their books has perceived that they did not comprehend the grand character of the discoverer of America. Nor can we blame them; they could not comprehend it without faith—no more than could a blind man comprehend what he hears about light. And though they cannot help alluding to the tender devotion of Columbus to the Blessed Virgin, and to his sincere and simple Catholic faith, they keep them in the background, and, as the Cardinal Archbishop remarks even of some Catholic writers, they study how to lessen his size.

We hope some of our enterprising publishers may bring out the life of Columbus by Count Roselly de Lorgues, alluded to in the letter of his Eminence.

MOST HOLY FATHER:

As a compatriot and contemporary of the Venerable Curé of Ars, I had the satisfaction of furnishing some interesting details in the inquest opened for his Cause, before the Sacred Congregation of Rites. I had already had the happiness of seeing the heroic virtues of a simple country girl consecrated—Germaine Cousin who edified the region of country adjoining to my archdiocese; I associated myself earnestly to the beatification of Benedict Labre, that voluntary mendicant who gave alms to those poorer than himself. To day I ask myself if it would not be desirable that the Church, after having glorified the humble, should save from forgetfulness the grand and holy examples given to the world by those in the highest places. Without speaking of Urban V, of whose memory France has so many reasons to be proud; of an Archbishop, Pierre Berland, whose memory Bordeaux preserves so religiously, and whom the eyewitnesses of his life and death have long since

canonized; shall I be permitted to call the attention of Your Holiness to the illustrious and providential man, who devoted his existence to the discovery of the New World, and doubled the extent of the empire of Jesus Christ?

The History of Christopher Columbus, by Count Roselly de Lorgues, already known to Your Holiness, has come out, and now, for the first time, shows in their true light “the evangelical heart, the indefatigable zeal, the grand character of this Messenger of Salvation.”

Most Holy Father: since the foundation of the Apostolic See, no Pope, before your Beatitude, had crossed the Ocean. In former days, attached to a far distant Nunciature, you traversed the breadth of the Atlantic, and braving the tempests of Cape Horn, you penetrated even to the Pacific Ocean. It may be said that a particular design from on high was preparing you, by this navigation, to understand the labors of Christopher Columbus. This voyage, which forms a memorable event in your life, furnishes you with the occasion of repairing a great injustice to history and to the Church.

Up to our days, no Catholic Author had completely treated either of the discovery of the New Continent, or of the rôle of the man whom God made use of for this great work. They take possession, as it were, of Christopher Columbus, and seem to endeavor to lessen his stature. As his virtue was too Christian for these writers, they had the design of diminishing the grandeur of his acts; they labored to find in him a mixture of paltry devotion, of cunning, and of human weakness. Not content with concealing from us the sanctity of the end he had in view, which was the secret of his strength, they have travestied him as a covetous and hypocritical man. They have dared to attribute to him vices of which his contemporaries never had the slightest suspicion. Such like calumnies reproduced by learned Societies, by Academies, prevailed in public opinion, and laid down the law in this matter. Religion thus found herself excluded from all participation in an enterprise which was her own work. The discovery of America, then, should be told, with its causes and the means employed in accomplishing it, omitting nothing, changing nothing, and respecting all the rights of truth. And it is a great honor for my country, Most Holy Father, that you have deigned to approve a work on this subject, due to the pen of a Frenchman.

This book has rendered a double service to Catholicity. From the stand-point of science and

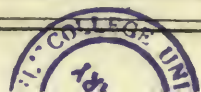
erudition, we owe to it the correction of numerous errors, the reparation of involuntary forgetfulness, or premeditated omissions, the rectification of dates and facts badly known and badly appreciated, the solution of questions, until then uncertain, which have admirably cleared up the history of this epoch. In a religious point of view, this work places in full light the superiority of the Church, her tutelary foresight, the fecundity of her action, by demonstrating that the discovery of the New Continent was the triumph of Catholic inspiration. For the Church, in all the grades of her hierarchy, took under her blessed patronage the person and ideas of Christopher Columbus. She gave hospitality, accorded her friendly mediation, and even lavished material aid on him who was repulsed by *servants*, courtiers and associations of cosmographers.

The first support of the illustrious Genoese, were the Religious of Saint Francis and Saint Dominic; then mere Ecclesiastics; soon after, the Bishops; an Archbishop; the Nuncio of the Holy See; finally the Sovereign Pontiff himself. Three Popes in succession, encouraged and blessed his undertaking. Since then, at divers times, fourteen Cardinals have been the inspiring advisers and patrons of the writers who have extolled this great servant of God. Thanks to the Sacred College, Italy did not forget him when his memory had almost disappeared from the rest of Europe. The part which Religion has taken in the discovery of the New Continent can never henceforward be a brought in doubt. But if her direct action upon this event turns to the glory of Catholicity, on his side, the rôle which Columbus played is as glorious as it is edifying.

There is nothing more affecting than the destiny of this man. Nowhere do we find a vocation better characterized, a thought more vast, an aim more apostolic. The discovery of the New World, which was said to have been the sole object of his efforts, was not the supreme end he proposed to himself. For him the success of his undertaking was only the means of carrying still further the name of Jesus Christ, and of gaining for all the faithful access to the Holy Sepulcher. He even hoped to assure them of its possession by buying it with the treasures which his conquests were to furnish him; he was, moreover, perfectly resolved, if the Mussulmans rejected his offer, to deliver it by force of arms, like Godfrey de Bouillon and Tancred. He would then have placed the Holy Land in the hands of the successor of the Prince of the Apostles.

Evidently, Most Holy Father, the man whom God charged with placing the Old World in communication with the New, was worthy of that mission. And so Providence who had so manifestly protected him during his first voyage did not abandon him in his ulterior enterprises. Its hand was shown in such an obvious manner that the most prejudiced minds were obliged to recognize it. The signs of his mission were so evident that its origin could not be contested. There are but few lives in which the supernatural and marvelous are united in such an admirable manner as in the life of Columbus. And, on the other hand, how little soever we penetrate into the depths of this soul, how many astonishing virtues! It was to a heroic degree that this man was patient, chaste, austere and merciful. Who more than he, ever practised humility, obedience, resignation, forgiveness of injuries? Who ever, more generously than he, assisted the poor, the prisoners, the sick whom he took care of with his own hands? His last letter was an act of charity; he solicited the pardon of two condemned persons. All that he suffered happened to him from his love of duty. He was persecuted for having defended the interests of the lowly and the feeble. The haughty hidalgos would not pardon him for protecting the Indians, for making them the children of the Church, for withdrawing them from their oppression in the name of Christian equality. His most ardent enemies were the employes whose conduct he watched over, and whose misdeeds he punished. Not only did he pardon his enemies, the mutinous seamen who threatened his life, but when they, deprived of their wages by the Government, were groaning in misery, his generosity came to their aid. Forgetting their ingratitude, and only recalling their misfortune, he implored the mercy of the Court for them, borrowed money and assisted them in spite of his own destitution. Each trait of his character is a subject of admiration. The virtues of this Servant of God attained a degree so elevated, that the simple word virtue is not sufficient to satisfy the opinion that has been conceived of this extraordinary man. The need of finding another for this assemblage of superhuman qualities is felt—it is reserved for Your Beatitude to give it.

For six years already, Most Holy Father, this book has been spread by translations in various languages. Opinion has had time to manifest itself. It is general among Catholics of all nations. Persons of every condition, theologians, chiefs of Orders, bishops, members of the Sacred College



all recognize in him the characteristics of heroic virtue.

As Archbishop of a Church which so many interests bind to the New World, and which counts in its metropolitan jurisdiction the bishoprics of the Antilles; almost at the gates of that Spain to which so many precious relations attach me; being the first of the members of the Episcopate that has given an approbation to the last work published on the life of Christopher Columbus, should not I be permitted to place at the feet of Your Holiness the expression of the wishes of a great number of the faithful?

NOTICE OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

A GENERAL HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH: From the commencement of the Christian Era until the present time; by M. l'Abbe J. E. DARRAS. First American Edition from the 1st French. With an Introduction and Notes by the Most Rev. M. J. Spalding, D. D., Archbishop of Baltimore:

At any time we would welcome a history of the Church written in English. Up to this we have had none, and we owe a great debt of gratitude to Mr. O'Shea for this publication. We American Catholics have felt the effects of the lack of a good Ecclesiastical History in English. We have felt it, individually, whenever we have wished either to read for our own instruction, or to refer to a history in confirmation of something we may have advanced; we have been obliged to have recourse either to bigoted misrepresentations of the Church, expressed in English, or to reliable histories in French or Italian.

We have felt it when speaking to others, especially to our non-Catholic brethren, many of whom are prejudiced against the Church by the reading of spurious histories. Many of them have acquired a vast amount of badly presented facts, when they thought they were stowing their minds with historic truths. And this happened because all the histories in English were full of misrepresentations. Their reading and study of history, which should have made them acquainted with the Church, with her life-long struggle against error, with her labors for the civilization of the nations of the earth, have simply confirmed them in their previous false notions of the divinely-founded Church, and in many cases destroyed the favorable opinion they had of Catholicity from their intercourse with Catholic friends and acquaintances.

We would be rejoiced if this history were to have a wide circulation among our Protestant and

non Catholic brethren, many of whom are our warm personal friends. We think that the natural disposition we have, as Americans, to give every one fair play, and to do justice to all, will place this reliable History of the Church on the library shelves and in the hands of our intelligent reading brethren who are still without the fold.

Perhaps we are too sanguine in supposing that what we know some of our non-Catholic friends will do, will be done by Protestants generally, and that the History will be extensively read, not only by Catholics, but by Protestants. But, be that as it may, no well-informed Catholic, who is able to buy the book, should be long without it. In every family where there are children growing up, this reliable history should be found, to counteract in their minds the impressions made by the misrepresentations and false statements which they meet with in the many so-called histories, in magazines, reviews, and almost every publication, down to "Our Correspondents" of the daily press.

Every young Catholic tradesman, clerk, physician and lawyer, should read this History,—nay, more, pore over it,—not only to correct some of the views they may have embraced from their previous reading of unreliable books, but to be able to "hold their own," and on high grounds, in any conversation or discussion in which the Church is brought in question. If any there are who are not able to purchase the book they should at least procure it from a public library. As for Catholic Colleges, Catholic Institutes and Confraternities, which have libraries connected with them, they cannot, of course, be without several copies of this able work. No words of commendation from the AVE MARIA are necessary. We have merely to state that the learned author, the Abbé Darras, has received a letter of encouragement from the Holy Father, who, in the midst of his afflictions, never fails to find out and encourage every undertaking for the good of religion. We may add that the original work has met with an unanimous approval in Europe, and is highly esteemed both by clergy and laity.

The translation, as published by Mr. O'Shea, has an advantage over the original, in being enriched by an Introduction from the able pen of the Most Reverend Archbishop of Baltimore, the perusal of which we particularly recommend.

The four volumes are printed on good paper, with large type that renders the reading, even for poor eyes, as we can testify, agreeable; the binding is solid and presents a fine appearance,

either on centre-table, or on the shelves of a book-stand.

Mr. O'Shea has lately published several other works, of which we hope to speak in the next number of the AVE MARIA. They are:

The Spirit of Saint Francis of Sales, translated from the French of Bishop Camus. P. O'Shea, 27 Barclay Street, New York.

The Manual of the Immaculate Conception: Approved by the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York.

Rosa Mystica; by Marie Josephine. P. O'Shea, 27 Barclay Street, New York.

THE NORTHWESTERN CHRONICLE.—The sixth number of this new Journal is the first we have seen, although it is no fault of the Editor of that paper that the previous number did not reach us, and in welcoming this re-inforcement to the Catholic press, we have to offer our excuses to M. Devereux, the well-known enterprising intelligent Editor, for not noticing it before.

This paper, edited by a Catholic, has a genuine Catholic tone; and at the same time gives all the general news of the county. The interests of the farmers, the brave pioneers of our Western Progress, are particularly attended to, and the paper merits the patronage of every family in the great Northwest. Minnesota should be proud of her Catholic paper; and as the interests of one part of our great Union are, or should be, the interests of all, the circulation of such a live Catholic paper will not, we feel assured, be confined to the Northwest.

ON Monday morning at 10 o'clock the funeral obsequies of the late Rev. E. P. Corcoran were celebrated at the Cathedral. Rev. Mr. Gillmore sang the Requiem Mass; Revs. Driscoll, Callaghan and Hally acting as Deacon, Sub-Deacon and Master of Ceremonies, respectively. A number of the priests of the diocese, Rev. Dr. Pabisch, and many of the Seminarians from Mt. St. Mary's occupied places in the Sanctuary.

After Mass, Right Rev. S. H. Rosecrans performed the funeral rites, after which he preached; speaking in the highest commendatory terms of the many good qualities and virtues of the deceased; depicting the high responsibilities and duties of the good priest, and the merited gratitude and reverence of the laity for him; and stating that such was the character of Father Corcoran. He said he had intimately known him both before and after his ordination, and recognized in him a good Christian and a zealous and perfect priest. Without exaggeration or a departure from the truth, said he, it can be asserted that he has, in the flower of his age, died a martyr to his duties. *Requiescat in pace.*—*Cath. Telegraph.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

For the AVE MARIA.

TO MARY.

BY PATRICK MOHAN.

Mary, Mary, Mother most holy,
Refuge of sinners humble and mild;
Mary, Mary, strength of the lowly,
Look upon me your penitent child;
With thee, O Mary, fain would I be,
Sancta Maria, Ora pro me.

Mary, Mary, pattern of meekness,
Virtue's reward, dispenser of grace;
Mary, Mary, pity my weakness,
Guard me from sin, my troubles displace;
To thee, pure Mary, fondly I flee,
Virgo Virginum, Ora pro me.

Mary, Mary, Heaven's bright portal,
Succor I pray thee bring unto me;
Mary, Mary, hear a weak mortal,
Prostrate in prayer, he calls upon thee;
Where thou art, Mary, there would I be,
Janua Celi, Ora pro me.

Amen.

CULDAFF, Ennishowen, Co. Donegal, Ireland.

SAINT ANNE D'AURAY.

No one has ever been in Brittany and not brought away with him a great veneration for the Mother of the Blessed Virgin, dear SAINT ANNE; and as you have gone as far as Guingamp, where I left you praying some time ago, I do not want you to leave Brittany without having your devotion to good Saint Anne considerably augmented.

I think I am doing you justice to suppose that you will make the pilgrimages in spirit as well and as piously when you go from place to place by rail or in stage-coach, as you would were you to take the pilgrim's staff and go on foot.

Now, as many of you as can conveniently stow yourselves away in a French stage-coach may get ready and come with me from Guingamp to Saint Brieuc; the rest may remain at Guingamp until we get back. An hour's ride will bring us to that antique-looking modern city. As the train stops we see a number of caps and bonnets and broad-brimmed hats looking over the railing that separates the outside world from the railroad track. They are looking for friends who are to arrive by this train, I suppose. As we make our way with the other passengers through the

little gate, where a polite, gentlemanly, smiling employé takes our tickets, every body is saying how d'y'e do to somebody, and shaking hands and embracing. We take one of the coaches waiting there—the one for Napoleonville or Pontivy. That coach has a fine driver; he is the pink of drivers, and the way he starts off his team from before the Hotel du Lion Rouge, is an example for stage drivers in general, a source of admiration to the stable boys, and a warning to all the pigs and dogs to clear the track as expeditiously as possible.

He has a jaunty air—he has—and his name is Mathurin; and Mathurin can make the long road from Saint Brieuc to Pontivy seem short, very short, indeed, and when you get to your journey's end, you almost regret you have not still some miles to go—although your bones ache from the jolting on the way.

Mathurin sees at a glance that we want a coach; and with a pleasant smile and a crack of his whip, he indicates his stage, at the same time mentioning its destination and the intermediate villages and towns. We get up on front with Mathurin; we can see the country better from that seat than we could from the inside; and besides we can talk with Mathurin; and he knows every house and dog along the road.

"Is it that the gentlemen will go all the way to Pontivy?" he asks of us. "All the way, and further too," we reply. "Ah! the gentlemen intend to take the train at Napoleonville?" "Yes, we are going to Saint Anne d'Auray." "It is well—the gentlemen will have a fine voyage, and will see a beautiful shrine. I have been to St. Anne d'Auray several times."

This dialogue is going on as we rattle over the paved streets of St. Brieuc from the depot to the hotel, and we have to roar out at the top of our voice in order to make ourselves heard above the rattling of the wheels over the rough stones.

Mathurin draws up his bays in fine style before the hotel; other passengers get inside, and off we start: the baker, with a paper cap on his head, standing in his door and looking at us; and a lot of little boys clapping their hands, and exciting a little dog to renewed activity in the efforts he is making to head off the horses, by running before them and barking viciously. The horses never mind him, they know that that is a favorite joke of the little dog; and he and they are great friends, and that's the way the little dog takes to wish his big friends, the horses, a pleasant time and *bon voyage*.

Outside of the town—city, I should say—we fortunately leave the paved streets behind us, and drive on a smooth, even road. And here Mathurin, after sobering down his horses to a regular stage coach trot, resumes conversation; while he lays aside his whip, takes out his *blague*, and fills a short pipe with rather strong smoking-tobacco.

"Gentlemen have no objection to smoking?" says Mathurin, as he rubs a match on the leather cover he has drawn over his knees, and looking at us, as who should say: I hope it will be disagreeable to no-one, but I know it will be agreeable to one, and that's number one! We have no objections, as we are in the open air, and though we do not use the weed, we have no objection to the odor.

"Is it that the gentlemen would wish to have cigars? Pierrot sells very good ones—Pierrot at Montcontour, where we shall soon arrive. If the gentlemen should wish I would stop at his shop." But no, we do not want cigars, and as Mathurin has his pipe well lighted, he pours forth a double stream of words and smoke, interrupting his conversation with us to say *bon jour* to every wayfarer that passes by, and to give an unearthly "*ye-imp*" to his horses, or gently touch them up with his whip which he also uses to cut away at every dog that dares to approach within cutting distance.

"And so you have been at Saint Anne d'Auray?" we say to him, when conversation about the houses along the road and the families that live in them begins to flag. "*Mais oui*, of course I have, sir! every good Breton—and every bad one, too, for that matter—makes the pilgrimage to good Saint Anne. We Bretons would think we could not be saved if we didn't go at least once." This he says with a smile, and yet more than half seriously; for though he knows that what he says is not an article of faith, yet he really thinks that if any one were to shew such coolness in his devotion to Saint Anne, as not to go to her chapel at Auray, there would be every probability of his being so remiss in all his Christian duties that there would be, in fact, but little hope of his salvation.

"My own native village," he continued, "is Plunet, only a few leagues from Saint Anne, and the whole Parish goes to Saint Anne in procession. I was but a little boy, very young indeed, when my good mother, who is now with Saint Anne in heaven, took me with her—it was most pleasant, the pilgrimage. Monsieur le Curé would announce several days before the Feast of Saint

Anne, that if the crops were all gathered in, and secured from bad weather, our parish would go to Saint Anne. Not that it was necessary for M. le Curé to announce it, for every body knew it as well as he, and all we little ones at home had been talking to know which of us would be permitted to go, and which should have to stay at home to mind the cows and horses.

"Then on the morning of the Festival we assembled in the Church to say morning prayers, and then the little choir-boys put on their red cassocks and white surplices, and one boy, bigger than the rest, carried the Cross. He went at the head of the procession, with a little *gar* at each side of him. And then M. le Curé intoned a hymn, and the big Sacristan, with a bass voice, that sounded as if it were coming out of a cider barrel, struck in, and then all the people sang together, and thus singing they formed into procession; the Vicairé going about here and there, getting the boys into their ranks, and pushing this old man into his place, and that girl into her place, and singing at the top of his voice the whole blessed time."

"You must start early to get to Saint Anne's for Mass." "Why, yes sir—though for that matter, as we had the Curé along with us, they could not begin Mass till we got there. We started very early, and you know in the fine summer morning of July it is light very early indeed, and we would arrive at Saint Anne's at least by eight o'clock. Then M. le Curé said Mass for us; and all except the little ones who had not yet made their first Communion, went to holy Communion; then M. le Vicairé said the Mass of thanksgiving, and after that we gathered around the fountain, and took our breakfast in the open air—I used to think that so nice.

"After breakfast we loitered around the booths where they sold pictures and medals. My mother always took me to the Scala Sancta, and afterwards to the court-yard behind the Church, where there is the Way of the Cross, and we made the Way of the Cross in remembrance of Jesus. Towards evening we returned to our village, and every soul of us felt happy and rejoiced at having made the Pilgrimage to Saint Anne d'Auray."

Here Mathurin gave a smart cut of his whip to the horses, who had taken advantage of his long account to slacken their pace.

"It is a beautiful story," he continued, "the appearance of Saint Anne to Yves Nicolazic. In the long winter evenings when we all used to gather round the kitchen fire after supper, my

father often told us how Saint Anne appeared to Nicolazic, and about the many miracles that Saint wrought in Keranna." "*Ker Anna*—what does *ker* mean?" "*Ker*, Messieurs, means village; *Ker Anna*—the village of Anna. Ye-ioup! you beasts! get along! here we are at Montcontour! there you see the town on that high hill to the left. My horses are very thankful, no doubt, not to be obliged to draw us up there—we do but go around the base of the hill, where we will change horses, and leave the mail."

After changing horses we start off again. Mathurin with another pipe of tobacco in full blast, which he smokes to replace the cigars which we did not buy. Having settled himself well down in the seat, he takes up his interrupted story.

"The village of Saint Anne is in the parish of Pluneret, about three leagues from Vannes, which you know is the chief department of Morbihan, where Monseigneur lives, and which long ago was the residence of the Dukes of Brittany. About a league from Saint Anne is the town of Auray, where, if you stop, you will see the ruin of an old castle; it was in this town there was a great battle between Jean de Montfort, and Charles de Blois, in which battle Charles lost his life, and Jean de Montfort gained a complete victory. My father used to tell me about the battles that took place when Brittany was a Duchy, and before it was united to France; and later still there was a battle where many were killed, and a monument has been erected to them near Chartreuse,—those who were killed then are called the Victims of Quiberon.

"Many years ago there was a chapel erected to Saint Anne in this place, and that is why it is called Keranna. You gentlemen who have read history know well that the Gospel was preached in this country in the first ages of the Church. Monsieur le Curé often told us that Saint Clair, the first Bishop of Nantes converted the inhabitants around Auray, in the third century, and about a hundred years after Saint Patern was made first Bishop of Vannes. It must have been at this time that the devotion to Saint Anne began in these parts, and that a chapel was built at Keranna; but towards the end of the seventh century, at the death of the good King Judicaël, the country was ravaged by bands of rude soldiers and the chapel was destroyed.

"The Chapel remained in ruins until the seventeenth century, and at that time—that is in 1622—my father often told us children the story—in 1622 something wonderful happened in these

ruins. They were in a field which the people call Bocenneu or Bocenno, and though it was easy enough to dig the field up and hoe it, it was impossible to plow it. They had tried to plow it hundreds and hundreds of times, and always the horses or oxen would get scared, would turn around and try to run away, and if they were forced to go on they would turn back and kick, and break plow and harness.

"This field was cultivated by a good man whose name was Yves Nicolazic; he was very pious, and had great devotion to the Blessed Virgin and to Saint Anne. Whoever met him on the road always found him saying his beads; and he was always chosen to settle any disputes that might arise among his neighbors. Now one night—it was midnight—Yves saw a bright light in his house, which seemed to come from a wax candle, carried by a hand, and no other part of a body but the hand was visible. He saw it but a short time—about as long as it would take to say two *Paters* and two *Aves*. Six weeks after, on a Sunday, after sundown, he saw the same light in the field called Bocenno; but this time he could not see the hand, and the light did not remain so long a time. Yves Nicolazic thought that this light was to warn him to pray for the repose of the soul of his mother, who had died some time previous; and as he was very zealous in praying for the souls in Purgatory, he prayed still harder for his mother. But one night he found out what the light really meant. That night both he and his brother went out into the field to look after their cattle; neither knew at first that the other was out, but both as they came back had to drive their cattle over a small stream coming from a spring where now there is the fountain of Saint Anne. There they met, and were just going to speak to each other, when all of a sudden their cattle became frightened and turned and ran away. What was the matter? they could see nothing from where they were; they went forward and separated the branches, and there, right before their eyes, they saw a noble lady, of great beauty and majesty, who was looking towards the fountain. She was dressed in a robe of dazzling whiteness, and was surrounded by a soft, clear light. At first Nicolazic and his brother were frightened, and they both took to their heels and ran away. But they soon became ashamed of their cowardly behavior, and as they were two, they plucked up courage enough between them to go back, but when they got to the spring the beautiful lady had disappeared.

"For fifteen months after this, Nicolazic saw this light from time to time, and never more than three weeks ever passed without his seeing some apparition. Every time he would return from the fields after sunset, he would see by his side a wax taper that lighted his way, and when the wind blew the flame was not disturbed.

"Saint Anne often appeared to him. Sometimes at the fountain, sometimes in his house, or near some stones which Nicolazic's father had taken from the ruins of the old Chapel. When she appeared to him she was always clothed in a robe of dazzling white, she held a taper in her hand, her feet rested on a cloud; she did not speak, but looked upon Nicolazic with an air of mingled majesty and benevolence. At two different times Nicolazic heard sweet music coming from the ruins, and saw them at the same time illuminated by a soft, brilliant light that extended over the village.

"One night—it was the 25th of July 1624, the eve of the festival of Saint Anne—Nicolazic was returning from Auray, where he had been probably to go to Confession, and to consult the Capuchin Fathers, who had lately established a house of their Order in that town. As he was walking along in the dark night, saying his beads, he arrived at a stone cross, which has since always been called "Nicolazic's cross," he saw Saint Anne, as usual in the brilliant robe, surrounded by light, and carrying a wax taper. He continued his route, and the Saint followed him, lighting his way until he arrived at his house, when she disappeared.

"The length of time that this Apparition appeared to him, made him wish more than ever to know what it all meant; and his mind was full of all these strange things that night, as he watched over the wheat that had just been gathered in and threshed. All at once, about midnight, a strange sound caught his ear—he listened, and heard distinctly the steps of an immense crowd, a confused murmur of many voices; it was evidently a great number of persons coming and going here and there, hither and yon. Perfectly amazed he went out of the barn, to see what was the meaning of such a crowd of persons; he looked around—but could discover nothing; he listened, but all was still and silent. He went out into the fields, the fields were deserted; the night was perfectly calm; a deep silence reigned, and he could scarcely hear the slight breeze stirring the leaves of the trees and bushes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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No. 4.

OTHER BLOODY SATELLITES ENCIRCLING THE RISING LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

In a previous article, we spoke of the retinue of the Divine Child at Bethlehem; we beg leave to return once more to the Holy Crib; for beside the Prince of Martyrs and the Eagle of Patmos, two other beautiful memories encircle it, and call for at least a brief notice, if we wish to form in our minds a comprehensive view of the sweet scenery presented to our delighted gaze at the dawning "of the true Light, which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world."

On the third day, the cradle of the Saviour appears to us surrounded with a most graceful band of little ones, clad in snow-white robes, and holding in their hands green palms of victory. The Emmanuel smiles upon them: He is their King; and all this little court smile also upon the Church of God. When we first entered this new court, it was to admire the fortitude of the Protomartyr, and the fidelity of the Beloved Disciple; now, the innocence of a host of dear little witnesses invites us to approach and to listen: their history is not long, but thrilling. The Evangelist tells it in three verses: "Herod, seeing that he was deluded by the Wise Men, was exceeding angry; and sending, killed all the male children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the borders thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently inquired of the Wise Men. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by the Prophet Jeremias, saying: a voice in Rama was heard, lamentation and great mourning: Rachel bewailing her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not."

Herod intended to envelope the Son of God Himself within this immense slaughter of children. Bethlehem heard the lamentations of the mothers; the blood of the new-born babes over-

flowed the country, but all those efforts of a tyrant could not reach the Emmanuel; all they could effect was to prepare a strong guard of martyrs around the couch of their King. Those children were unconscious of the honor conferred upon them until the moment that immediately followed their immolation, and revealed to them eternal joys, far above those of a world they had passed through, without knowing any of its dangers. The God of mercy asked of them but a momentary suffering, and they awoke in the bosom of Abraham, for ever free from man's cunning and all trials. Their death is therefore a martyrdom, and the Church honors them under the beautiful name of "Flowers of the Martyrs," on account of their tender age and innocence. The society of these young lambs was not to be met in this guilty world, but with the Lamb who taketh away the sins of the world; like the dove of old, who, finding no place whereon to rest her foot, returned to the Ark. Thus our merciful God dealt with the Holy Innocents as He does daily in our midst in the Sacrament of Regeneration, so perfectly applied to those little ones who are no sooner baptized than they fly off to the bosom of their Heavenly Father. O parent whose heart on such occasions would not be comforted because those dear ones "are not," where is your faith? The darling child whose loss you lament is now with the Holy Innocents, for ever happy. For naught in this world would he return to your fond embrace. Had he been left to your affection, what would you have done with that child? What are you doing with his brother, with his sister? It is not enough to love them much, unless you love them well; for the poor dumb beast loves too, and would expose its life to protect its little ones. A Christian parent's affection for his children ought to be as far elevated above nature as Heaven is above this valley of sorrows; at least, murmur not against the most precious favors of your Father who is in Heaven.

Thus the holiest affections of the human heart are continually exposed to changes as sudden as

they are overpowering. In the same hour a whole family will often touch the two extremes of happiness and desolation; at such hours of trial let us bear in mind that whatever tempests may assail a Christian on this dangerous sea of life, calm resignation to God's holy will is a duty, and if no human hope remain, then it is that our anchor should be cast upward, in the bosom of the Infinite Mercy.

But after pointing to Heaven, the Church, who ever deals with us as a tender Mother, condescends to sympathize with our human weakness; and in this very instance of the Feast of the Holy Innocents, she bids us, by her own example, to feel for the poor human heart under the pressure of overwhelming pain. Her maternal ear has caught Rachel's lamentations; she respects her affliction, and as an earnest of her deep sympathy, she stops, in a great measure, all manifestation of the extraordinary joy which inundates her heart during the octave of the Saviour's Nativity. She prefers to abstain, in her sacred vestments, from the red color of the martyrs, for fear of reminding the desolate mother of the blood which the soldier's sword spilt even upon her bosom; she abstains, likewise, from the white, which is the symbol of gladness, and therefore ill suits such poignant sorrow. She adopts the purple color, the emblem of sadness and mourning. She even lays aside, in her office of the day, the *Gloria in excelsis*, so dear to her in these days when the angels intoned it upon earth; she suspends, likewise, the joyous Alleluia at Mass; in fine she shows herself as ever full of that sublime and Christian sympathy, of which her Liturgy is a most admirable school. But while Herod the tyrant sealed his fate by this cruel effusion of innocent blood, like all other oppressors of human rights whom the hand of a just God always finds in due season; while the voice of so many victims cried to Heaven for vengeance, Mary, the holy Mother of the Blessed Child whose life alone was sought, deeply sympathized with their momentary sufferings, and likewise with the afflicted mothers' sorrows.

SAINT THOMAS OF CANTERBURY,

a new martyr, claims his place around the cradle of the Infant God. He belongs not to the first age of the Church; his name is not written on the pages of the New Testament, like those of Saint Stephen, Saint John, and the children of Bethlehem. Still he occupies a conspicuous rank in that legion of martyrs which has never ceased to recruit itself in each century, and which testifies

to the fecundity of the Church and to the immortal vigor with which her divine Founder has endowed her. This glorious martyr did not shed his blood for the Faith: he was not brought before Pagans or Heretics, to confess dogmas revealed by Jesus Christ and proclaimed by the Church. Christian hands took his life; a Catholic King pronounced his sentence. He was abandoned and cursed by the majority of his brethren in his own country: how then is he a martyr? how comes he to bear Stephen's palm? He was a martyr of the Liberty of the Church. But this is of too much importance, especially at an epoch when unavoidable analogies are to be found between not a little of what history tells us of the English Archbishop in the twelfth century, slain in his Cathedral for the defense of the exterior rights of the Church, and another great figure of our own days, seated on a throne higher than that of the Primate of Catholic England. This, we say, is of too much importance to be treated hurriedly at the end of a dull and prosaic article. We shall return, before long, to this illustrious name, which we have mentioned only to show our readers that we remember our promise. We close by an interesting reference to an incident of later date: "The sixteenth century," says Dom Gueranger, "added not a little to the glory of Saint Thomas, when the enemy of God and men, Henry the Eighth of England, dared to persecute with his tyranny the martyr of the liberty of the Church even to his splendid shrine, in which for four hundred years, he had received the homage of the Christian world. The sacred remains of the Pontiff, slain in hatred of justice, were snatched from the altar; a monstrous process was entered against the Father of the Country, and an impious verdict declared Thomas guilty of high treason. His precious remains were placed upon a funeral pile, and in this second martyrdom the flames consumed the glorious relics of the man alike simple and invincible, whose intercession secured for England the favors and protection of Heaven. It was just, that a country then on the brink of a sad shipwreck in the Faith through an appalling apostacy, should not retain a treasure no longer appreciated; furthermore the See of Canterbury was desecrated; Cranmer was seated on the chair of Augustin, Dunstan, Lanfranc, Anselm, and of Thomas; the holy martyr, looking around, perceived none among his brethren of that generation, but the solitary John Fisher, who would follow him even to martyrdom. But this last

sacrifice, illustrious as it was, saved nothing. The Liberty of the Church was banished from England: Faith sank and disappeared."

Despite all impious efforts, the Church holds Thomas of Canterbury as a glorious martyr. She cherishes Saint Anselm's precious maxim, viz: "that God loves nothing more in this world, than the Liberty of His Church."

The world despised the inoffensive victims it sacrificed; and yet how admirable they appear when viewed in their proper light! "Behold," says Bossuet, "what heroes volunteer their services to defend the Church in her weakness; see how well grounded is her own declaration: *"cum infirmor, tunc potens sum,"*—when I am weak, then I am powerful. Such is that blessed weakness that gives her those invincible helps, and that arms in her defense the most valiant soldiers, and the most powerful conquerors of the world: I mean the Holy Martyrs. Whoever spares not the authority of the Church, let him fear this most precious blood of martyrs, by which she is consecrated and protected.

Now, all that heroic strength, all those victories of our noble martyrs, spring from the cradle of a Child-God; hence the meeting of Thomas and Stephen by the Crib. To open the eyes of men to the nature of true strength, the greatest manifestation of humility, of constancy, of weakness, according to the flesh, was necessary, viz: God made flesh—as it were, annihilated. Hitherto no other power had been dreamed of than that of conquerors by the sword, no other grandeur than that of riches, no other joy than that of triumph; but no sooner has the Child-God entered into this world, unarmed, poor and persecuted, than all is changed. Generous hearts will be found by hundreds, by thousands, who, with a will, with an unknown strength, will love the annihilated Babe of Bethlehem, who from the arms of His tender Virgin Mother, begins so powerfully to draw all things to Himself; and in the meditation of Jesus and Mary's unspeakable humility in the stable, they will learn the secret of that heroism, which the world itself is forced to admire.

Therefore it was just that the crown of Saint Thomas and that of Saint Stephen should appear as two trophies, to deck the cradle of the Child of Bethlehem. As to the holy Archbishop, Divine Providence has marked his place on the calendar of the Church, in permitting his immolation to take place on the day following the Feast of Holy Innocents. Let him then, adds Dom Guéranger, keep that place so glorious and so dear to

the whole Church of Jesus Christ; and let his name remain to the end of time, the terror of the enemies of the Liberty of the Church, the hope and consolation of the true lovers of that Liberty which the Emmanuel purchased by the effusion of His Blood.

For the AVE MARIA.

TO THE HEART OF JESUS.

Oh dear Heart of Jesus, sweet fountain of love!
Enkindle in ours one spark from above!
Burning Heart! on our altars a furnace of fire,
That concentrates the flames of the seraph's desire!
Oh Heart that attracts with its ardors divine
The cold stony heart in this bosom of mine!
Pure life giving source of all grace, of all bliss!
What more do we want in earth's exile than this?
Shall we pine for the land of our birthright on high?

Shall we gaze on the home of the Saints with a sigh?

Shall we envy the spirits who bathe ever more,
In the light of the Lamb at whose throne they adore?

No, no, we have also the throne and the Lamb,
His temple, his altar, so silent and calm;
Here, ever, the ardors of charity glowing,
Here, ever, its fountain perennial flowing,
For the meek Heart of Jesus is ope night and day

To heal every wound, every tear wipe away;
"Come hither, ye burdened and weary," says he,
"Ye sad and disconsolate, hasten to me,
"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, far whiter than snow
"The blood that is streaming upon them shall flow,
"Come hither! my Heart is capacious for all,
"Not one shall unheeded, unhelped on it call;
"Come look at my wounds, and look at my side,
"Lift the shadowy veils under which I abide,
"Come, sinners; come, just, approach unto me
"With the children of men my delight is to be!"

Yes, yes, dearest Lord I obey Thy command:
At the door of Thy Heart for admittance I stand,
Oh Heart that was opened by the spear on the cross,

To be our asylum, our refuge in loss!

Oh Heart! that to save us so sorrowed and bled!

Remember the tide upon Calvary shed!

And by the deep anguish thou then didst endure,

One drop of that ransom upon us now pour,

Remember the anguish Mount Olivet saw,

When that Heart with the vision of sin was at war;

And oh! by the cry of distress it constrained,

By the cold, bloody sweat that Gethsemane stain'd
By the plaint to thy Father such agony wrung
When thy soul o'er the gulf of the dark passion
hung,

Look, look on thy creatures it suffered to win
From the dread doom of hell, from the bondage of
sin!

For us it pulsated in grief on the cross,
It pleaded our cause, deprecated our loss;
It beat and it panted in agony's throce:

Our own was its joy, our own was its woe!
Oh sweet Heart of Jesus, love's ocean so vast!

Ourselves in thy boundless abysses we cast!

Our troubles, our fears, our ills and our all,

In thee we confide, on thee do we call!

And aye, as a spark in the sea that is quenched,
Will our sins in that ocean of mercy be drenched.

Oh sweet Heart of Jesus, our bosom's sole treasure,
Say who can the depths of thy tenderness measure?

Say who shall distrust thee, who shall despair?

Not I, Heart of Jesus! not I, I declare!

Thy Heart is my strength and my talisman sure,

Thy Heart is my home and my haven secure,

Tho' armies confront me in battle array,

This fortress of Zion is stronger than they,

'Tis my light, my salvation, my balm and my joy

No darkness can dim, no reverses destroy,

Tho' legions unnumbered should hover around,

This Heart shall my confidence never confound,

Mid the shafts and the shadows of death and of
hell,

If still in the sweet Heart of Jesus I dwell,

What foe shall assail, what arrow pass through?

What danger appall, what harm dares pursue?

Then in life and in death, forever shall be,

Oh sweet Heart of my Jesus! my refuge in thee!

In thee may I live, in thee may I die

In thee Heart of Jesus! breathe out my last sigh.

CHILD OF MARY.

WE are sorry to hear that one of the most illustrious of the French Prelates is dead; one who for many years has been known for his profound piety, his great learning, his devoted attachment to the Holy See, and his zeal for the interests of the Church in France, and particularly in his own diocese.

His Eminence, Cardinal Gousset, Archbishop of Rheims, died, we see it stated, on the 22d of December last, at the age of seventy-four years.

Not only France, but the Holy Father, who loses in his Eminence a staunch and able Prince of the Holy Church, will deeply regret his loss.

SAINT AGNES.

Want of room prevented us last week from any attempt to praise the holy virgin whose glorious name the Church brings a second time in her cycle on the 28th of January. We cannot resist the desire to present to our readers, at least in part, the admirable sketch which Dom Guéranger has drawn of her in his *Année Liturgique*.

Five days after the martyrdom of the heroic virgin Emerentiana, the parents of the courageous and saintly Agnes came, at night, to pray and weep over her sepulcher. It was the eighth day since she had suffered. They were sorrowfully revolving in their minds the circumstances of that cruel death in which she had won the palm, while she was snatched from their fond love.

Suddenly, Agnes appears to them, crowned and sparkling with light, in the midst of a numerous cortege of virgins, dazzling with beauty and splendor. At her right side was a lamb of surprising whiteness, under whose form the Divine Lover of Agnes manifested Himself.

The triumphant virgin most tenderly turned toward her parents and said: "Weep no longer over my death, but congratulate me upon the happy society that surrounds me. Know that I now live in Heaven with Him who alone possessed all my love here below!"

To commemorate this glorious apparition, the holy Church returns once more to-day to the sweet memory of Agnes, under the name of *Sanctæ Agnetis, Secundo*—"of Saint Agnes a second time."

From the end we pass now to the commencement:

The splendid constellation of martyrs inscribed on the ecclesiastical calendar of Christmas times, is not yet exhausted. Yesterday Sebastian; tomorrow Vincent, who carries victory in his own name. Between these two strong palms appears to-day, interwoven with lilies and roses, the gracious crown of Saint Agnes. It is to a child of thirteen years to whom the Emmanuel has given the courage of a martyr, which has enabled her to walk into the arena with a step as firm as that of the valiant chief of the Pretorian cohort, or that of the fearless Deacon of Saragossa. They were the soldiers of Christ; she is His chaste lover. Such are the triumphs of the Son of Mary. As soon as He manifests Himself to the world, the noblest hearts turn and fly to Him, as it is written: wheresoever the body shall be, thither will the eagles also be gathered together. Admirable fruit of the virginity of His Mother, who raised

the fecundity of the soul far above that of the body, and opened an ineffable way by which chosen souls rapidly mount up even to the Divine Sun, whose rays their purified gaze contemplates without a vestige of cloud, for He has said *Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God.*

Immaculate glory of the Catholic Church, who alone possesses in her bosom the gift of virginity, the principle of all devotedness, because virginity proceeds from love alone. Sublime honor for Christian Rome to have produced Agnes, that Angel of earth, to whom cannot be compared the vestals of Pagan Rome, whose virginity surrounded by favors and riches was never proved by fire and sword.

What glory is comparable to that of this child of thirteen years, whose name shall resound unto the end of ages, in the sacred canon of the Universal Sacrifice! The traces of her innocent footsteps after so many centuries, are still imprinted on the Holy City. Here, on the ancient circus, rises up a sumptuous temple with its rich cupola, and gives entrance to those vaults, once consecrated to vice, but now sweet with the perfume of the virginity of Agnes.

Farther on, beyond the walls of Rome, in an elegant basilica, built by Constantine, rests the chaste body of the virgin martyr, under an altar covered with precious stones. Under ground, all around the basilica, extend the vast crypts in which Agnes had reposed until the days of peace, and where thousands of martyrs surrounded her as her guard of honor.

Nor can we pass in silence that most beautiful homage which the Roman Church yearly offers to our illustrious virgin on her festival day. Two lambs are placed upon the altar of the basilica, where they recall both the meekness of the Divine Lamb, and the mildness of Agnes. When blessed by the abbot of the religious who have charge of the basilica, they are taken to a monastery of virgins consecrated to God, who raise them with care, and their wool is used to weave the palliums which the Supreme Pontiff sends, as a mark of their jurisdiction, to all the Patriarchs and Metropolitans of the Catholic world. Thus the simple ornament of wool which these Prelates wear upon their shoulders, as a symbol of the sheep of the Good Shepherd, and which the Roman Pontiff takes from the altar of Saint Peter to send to them, carries to the very extremities of the Church, in a sublime union, the sentiment of the strength of the Prince of the Apostles and of the virginal sweetness of Agnes. Hear St. Ambrose:

Saint Agnes was only thirteen years old when she suffered martyrdom. Detestable cruelty of the tyrant who does not spare even such a tender age! but still more wonderful power of faith, which finds witnesses of such tender years! Could a place be found for wounds in such a small body? Scarcely could the sword find room to inflict a wound, and yet Agnes had within her that which overcame the sword.

At that age young girls tremble at the angry look of a mother, the prick of a needle makes them shed tears; but Agnes intrepid in the blood-stained hands of her executioners, remains unmoved by the clanking chains that weigh her down. Still ignorant of death, she is ready to die, and presents herself before the sword of a furious soldier.

When they drag her unwilling to the heathen altars, she stretches out her arms to Christ through the fires of the sacrifice, and her hands form, even upon the sacrilegious flames, that sign which is the trophy of her victorious Lord. She extends her wrists to receive the fetters they wish to put on her—but no fetters can be found small enough to clasp them.

A new kind of martyrdom! The tender virgin has not yet arrived at the age of suffering, and yet she is ripe for victory—not yet ripe for the combat, she is capable of bearing off the crown. Against her are the disadvantages of her youthful age, and already she is the teacher of virtue. The spouse hastens not more quickly to the nuptial couch, than this virgin, full of joy and light of step, to her martyrdom; adorned not with hair artistically arranged, but by Christ; crowned not with flowers, but with purity.

All were in tears, she weeps not. All wonder that she gives up so willingly a life which she has scarcely tasted; that she sacrifices it as if it were already exhausted. All wonder that she should be the witness in favor of the Divinity, at an age when she had not the power of disposing of herself. Her words would have had no value in bearing testimony for a mortal, and all believe the testimony she gives of God. And in truth, the strength which is above nature can have no other Author than God.

What intimidations did not the executioners employ to terrify her! What caresses to gain her! How many would have wished to espouse her! But Agnes exclaimed: "The betrothed does an injury to the Spouse if she tarries. He, alone, shall have me who, first, has chosen me. Why, O executioner, dost thou delay? May this body

perish, which can be loved by eyes I like not!"

She presents herself, she prays, she bows her head. You could have seen the executioner tremble, as if it had been he who was condemned to death; his hands were agitated, his countenance pale, when he viewed the danger of another, while Agnes, without fear, saw her own peril!

Here, then, in one victim, behold a double martyrdom—the martyrdom of chastity, the martyrdom of religion. Agnes remains a virgin and becomes a martyr!

AN EXPLANATION AND DEFENCE OF THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE OF THE SAC- RIFICE OF THE MASS.

BY CLONFEKT.

[NOTE.—To account for the essay-like scholastic shape of the following papers it is necessary to remind the reader of of the circumstances in which they were written. The above heading was proposed as the subject of a prize essay to the theological students of one of the largest ecclesiastical Colleges in the world. The number of pages was limited. Hence the following, to which the prize was awarded, was composed in the form of a scholastic essay; and in as concise a style as possible in order to enable the author to take in the whole subject within the space allowed.]

Like many other doctrines of the Catholic Church, the doctrine of the Eucharist Sacrifice has been much misrepresented, because it has been little understood. It has been called "a blasphemous fable" having no foundation in Sacred Scripture, which makes void the Cross, engrafts upon the Christian stem the most rejected branch of the Jewish ceremonial law and revives within the temples of the Catholic Church the worst part of Pagan worship. These are high charges; and to use the words of an eminent Protestant divine, "It is a serious thing to make them, and it concerns those who do so, to be well aware of the grounds on which they rest."

"It is a serious thing" to attack a form of worship practiced by the patriarchs, prescribed by the Deity to His chosen people and sanctioned by the immemorial usage of the Christian Church long before the light of the Reformation had dawned upon it. "It is a serious thing" to attempt an experiment untried in the history of religion,—the creation of a mighty ministry without a priesthood, a temple without an altar, a worship without a sacrifice. The Protestant, who has never known the consoling presence of the Christian Sacrifice, cannot estimate the benefits, of which he

is deprived in its absence. But the Catholic, who views the cold and naked outlines of the reformed service in comparison with the fair proportions of his own worship, feels in the presence of a body, from which the spirit has departed. The outward features may be the same as they were before the ever-shifting atmosphere of Protestant opinion had yet time to decompose them: but they are cold and lifeless. The same ritual might be substantially retained; but the closest link has been riven, that binds the Church militant in this life to the Church suffering and the Church triumphant in the next. The material temple may remain; but the altar, on which the Emmanuel of the new dispensation dwelt with his people, has been overturned. And we are sadly reminded of the prediction of the prophet Daniel: for the rail has been pulled up, the sanctuary laid waste, the sacrifice abolished, and confirmed desolation reigns in the Holy Place!

Truly "it concerns those, who have done these things to be well assured of the grounds on which they rest!" Nothing but the positive voice of God's revelation can justify them. If they do not produce his testimony, we are bound to look upon them as false prophets, who have endeavored to dry up the greatest fountain of grace and to make that which should yield the waters of life become the cup of destruction!

And yet when we come to examine the grounds, on which the apostles of the new Evangel, promulgated in the fifteenth Century, have effected these changes, the arguments by which their apologists endeavor to justify them, we find them all resting on gross misunderstanding of the inspired word and grosser misstatements of Catholic doctrine. They tell us the Mass is the resurrection of the "types and shadows," whose condemnation they have read in the light of revelation. Yet, reading by that same light, I purpose to show that the Mass was foreshadowed and foretold in the old law, that it was promised and afterwards instituted by Christ, and spoken of by the Apostles and early Fathers, as an usual ordinance of the new dispensation. But first it will be necessary to explain what is meant by *Sacrifice*; and secondly what is the Catholic doctrine regarding the Sacrifice of the Mass.

First. In what does a true and proper Sacrifice consist?

A sacrifice like a sacrament may, in a wide sense be said to be a sacred *sign*. By a *sign* is generally meant some external act, or object, by which the human mind is led to the knowledge of some-

thing else connected with it. As in civil society there are certain outward marks of respect, by which we acknowledge the dignity of the supreme ruler, so in religious society there are certain signs, by which we acknowledge the supreme excellence of God: and of these the first and noblest is sacrifice. But it does not, of its own nature, lead the mind to the knowledge of the thing signified, as the ascending smoke leads the traveller to the knowledge of the fire from which it proceeds, or as the oozing ore to the hidden mine. But, sacrifice is a sign which expresses to the eye as language does to the ear a certain meaning attached to it by the currency it has obtained. In order to determine its true meaning with accuracy it would be necessary to search backwards through the different religious worships, and see what is the nature of that outward act of worship called sacrifice. A slight examination will suffice to show that it is—"a sign by which is acknowledged with more, or less significancy the supreme power of God." This may be set down as a centre-piece in all the definitions of Sacrifice given by the Theologians. Starting from this in order to arrive at a sufficiently explicit definition, there are two lines of inquiry to be pursued; the first of which will lead us to the knowledge of the precise thing signified, of the purpose for which it is directly offered: and the second to an accurate notion of the thing signifying, that is, of the nature of that which is external in and constitutes the sign itself:—

1. I have said that a slight investigation of the different religious worships will show that sacrifices were always offered for the purpose of signifying in some way the supreme power of God. But that power is many-sided: and as no mind can conceive, no word express, so no outward act can signify at once its various phases. It is a power by which He created the heavens and the earth; by which He conserves them in existence; by which He makes the planets roll on their silent wheels in the same unceasing order; by which He imprisons the struggling ocean within its bounds; and sends the seasons in fixed succession to breathe upon and impart life and strength to the bosom of the earth. In its highest sense it is a power by which He holds the keys of life and death: this is its first and noblest relation to creatures. Now Sacrifice is the first and noblest of those signs, which mark the various relations of the divine power and excellence: it therefore indicates particularly that relation, which is its highest and noblest in regard to crea-

tures, its relation to life and death. Hence the thing signified by a true and proper Sacrifice may be said to be:—"the supreme power, majesty and excellence of the divine nature, His dominion over all creatures, particularly that by which He is Lord of life and death." This is the primary object, for which Sacrifice is offered. It may at the same time be offered for other purposes; for instance, in thanksgiving for favors received, in petition for their continuance; in atonement for sin; as an acknowledgement that we hold our lives from God and are willing, if He so permit, to resign them in order to attest His high supremacy over all things and their dependence on Him.

2. What are the constituents, the component parts of the thing signifying, or outward sign in sacrifice? An investigation of the Pagan, Jewish and Christian sacrifices shows that it requires, *firstly*, the presence of a host, or victim; *secondly*, the external oblation thereof; and *thirdly*, a legitimately appointed public minister to make this oblation, with the view of signifying and honoring the power of God, in the sense above explained. Let us understand these conditions.

Firstly, The presence of a host, or victim. The word *victim* is here used in a generic sense for *oblation*, or the thing offered, and requires to be something permanent, obvious to the senses, (*sensible*), and to undergo some change by being sacrificed. It must be permanent; that is, it must not pass away at once like the sound of the voice, or like the echo it awakes, or like the thought which flashes through the mind, or the lightning through the sky. It must be, therefore, in some sense a substance. Again, it must be obvious to the senses: that is, must be made manifest to the eye, or to the ear, or to the touch, or to the taste, to one or more of our corporal senses, by the form, color, and other outward qualities, or accidents in which it is clothed. Observe that no substance material, or spiritual, is made palpable to the bodily senses in itself. Hence metaphysicians are in the dark as to the essence of matter, whose nature and composition unreflecting readers may imagine they well understand. No; we do not see it in itself. We see only the garment, in which it lies concealed; the shape, the taste, the extension, etc., which invest it. This observation it will be useful to remember. Finally the thing to be offered must undergo some change in being sacrificed: this change entitles it to be called a *victim*. What change is required? The most eminent Fathers and Theologians assert that a moral change suffices; that is, a change which consecrates it by a

religious rite, which thereby causes us to regard it as a sacred thing that can no longer be applied to those profane uses to which, of its nature, it was previously destined. Others require for sacrifice, properly so called, a *physical* change in the victim; that is, a change which, in some way, affects its substance, which may be perceived, like the *moral* change, not only by the eyes of the soul, but by the eyes of the body also. So much for the meaning of the word *host*, or *victim*.

Secondly, for the outward sign is required an oblation: which means that the proper minister must by his act cause that state of change, or immolation which indicates to the public eye the thing signified by sacrifice properly so named. In other words, he must place upon the altar the external sign, which, owing to the meaning and sanction it has received, honors God's universal empire over all beings.

Thirdly, for sacrifice it is necessary that the offering be made by a proper minister, by one sufficiently empowered and commissioned to offer for the community. This power and commission can, of course, be only had from one having authority over it.

These, then, are the three conditions essential to the constitution of the outward sign. Combining them with the explanation already given of the *thing specified*, the following definition of a true and proper Sacrifice (*verum et proprium*) results, viz: *The outward oblation by a legitimately appointed public minister of something permanent, obvious to the senses, thereby morally or physically changed with the view of God's supreme excellency and dominion, particularly His dominion over the life and death of creatures.*" Hence:

1. As the Catholic Church teaches that there is offered in the Mass a true and proper Sacrifice; she thereby teaches that there is present in some part or parts of it a true and proper victim, a true and proper oblation, a true and proper priest to offer.

2. As she teaches that there is but one true and proper Sacrifice, offered in each Mass—[*singulare sacrificium*—Council of Trent]—she thereby teaches that there is but one true and proper victim present in it.

3. As she teaches that Christ instituted this Sacrifice, and ordered His apostles to offer it, in commemoration of Him to the end of time, she thereby, teaches that He delegated them, and their successors in the priesthood to act as His representatives, and offer it in His name.

What then is the nature of the victim, and the oblation? who is the priest that offers in the Sacrifice of the Mass? [TO BE CONTINUED.]

ADORATE SCABELLUM PEDUM EJUS.

In these days consecrated to honor the Divine Infancy, we are often bid to adore our new-born King "on His throne." From the inspired Scriptures, we learn that the Lord is seated on the Cherubim in Heaven: here on earth, at the time of the Law and of figures, He selected the ark of alliance for His seat. But the Psalmist had revealed another place where the Lord God was seated. "Adore His foot-stool!" This adoration, which was required no longer for God only, but for the place upon which His Majesty rests, appeared almost a contradiction to many other passages of the Sacred Book, in which the great God shows Himself ever jealous to reserve all adoration for Himself exclusively. Now, however, the mystery is solved. The Son of God has deigned to assume our flesh; He has united it to His own divine nature, in one and the same person: He requires of us to adore that Humanity Itself, that Body, that Soul like ours, of which He has made the throne of His glory, His own sublime footstool.

But that humanity has its throne. Behold, the most pure Mary takes the Divine Child from the cradle. She presses Him to her heart; she places Him upon her knees, and the Emmanuel appears to us seated, resting His sacred feet lovingly and majestically upon the Ark of the New Covenant. How far behind is left that living throne erected unto the Eternal Word, upon the wings of the Cherubim! How insignificant does not the ark of Moses now appear, although made of an incorruptible wood, plated with gold and containing the manna, the rod of wonders, and the Table of the Law, in presence of the holiness, of the dignity of Mary, the Mother of God!

How great Thou art on that throne, O Jesus! and at the same time how amiable and accessible! Thy little arms open to sinners, the smile of Mary, that loving throne, all attracts and draws us; we feel a special happiness to be the subjects of a King so powerful and so meek. Mary is the seat of Wisdom, now that the Wisdom of the Father rests upon her. Be Thou for ever seated on that throne, O Jesus! Be Thou ever our King! Do Thou reign over us, as David sings, by Thy glory, by Thy infinite beauty, by Thy meekness. We are Thy subjects; to Thee we present our homages, our love; and to Mary, whom Thou hast given us for a Queen, our devotedness and all the tenderness of our hearts.

SAINT JOHN'S EVE.—In Two Parts.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

[CONCLUDED.]

PART II.—LEGEND OF ROBERT OF SICILY—THE
MAGNIFICAT.

Robert felt constrained to submit to what seemed to him the power of the devil, and began to have some faint glimmerings of an idea of the great advantage it would be to him now, had he only the friendship of Heaven. But rage and indignation overpowered every other emotion, and notwithstanding the servants lifted up his head and decked him in mockery with the fools-cap, inflicting many sharp indignities upon him, so far from feeling humiliated he was revolving in his mind projects of a terrible revenge. What exasperated him most of all, after the indignity of being shaved, was to see that those who had flattered him the most when he was King, were now the strongest in their expressions of contempt. Even at the moment when the fools-cap was put on his head, a pompous nobleman, whose voice was very loud, continued to deride him, and laugh when all the others had ceased, and who continually called for fresh peals of laughter by his own noisy, senseless mirth. This was so exasperating to Robert, whose strength and voice were restored to him for the occasion, that he shook his fist at the grinning wretch and exclaimed: "Thou beast of Terranova!" This only increased the laughter of all except him to whom the words were addressed. Then the King commanded that the fool be taken to sup with the dogs. Robert was stupefied, but he was very hungry, and though sorely against his will, he was glad to gnaw the bones left by his noblemen of the court.

In this way, this proud and fiery King lived for two years, always inflamed with rage,—always in an ill humor. He was subjected to all the indignities his old friends could inflict upon him, for towards him alone did the new monarch appear unjust: he had all the humiliations without any of the privileges of the court-fool, and was certainly the saddest and most stupid fool that was ever heard to speak. The only attention the King ever paid him was to ask him, from time to time, in the presence of the whole court:

"Well, fool! art thou still King?"

Robert, for some weeks, always declared, in a loud voice, that he was; but finding that this

answer was only the signal for shouts of laughter, he spoke no more, but maintained a haughty silence and royal attitude. Then he remarked that this pantomime excited them to greater mirth, and he assumed a mien which expressed neither submission nor defiance, when the King would sometimes allow him repose from the usual exasperating treatment he was in the habit of receiving. During this time all the world blessed the new—or, as they thought—the reformed King, for the entire administration of the government was changed, the taxes were lighter, the poor were blessed with abundance; labor was considered honorable; they even heard that the princes of the royal household worked as well as they; that they studied and took religious care of their dependents when they were sick or in trouble; that they traveled into foreign countries and brought back with them new books, wise ideas of men and things; besides, a thousand elegant trifles which contributed to improve the taste and refinement of the people. One portion of each day throughout all Sicily was given to labor, the other to healthy and intellectual enjoyments, so that before long the Sicilians became, at the same time, the most valiant, the most tender, the gayest and most studious people in the world; and best of all, wherever the King traveled they loaded him with blessings. The fool saw and heard all this, and began to wonder how the evil one could assume so much virtue, and perform so many marvelous actions, which won for him the applause of high and low, who were equally benefited by the results! Thus he lived among men, hating them; they despising him; and ever filled with astonishment and rage at all that was happening.

At the expiration of two years the King announced his intention of making a visit to his brother, Pope Urban, and to his father, the Emperor, the latter having consented to come to Rome to meet him.

The King departed with a grand *suite*, all clad in the most magnificent manner, except the fool, who was arrayed in skins ornamented with the tails of foxes, and they placed him side by side with an ape dressed like himself. The people ran from their houses, the fields, and their vineyards, to see and bless their King as he passed by; the ladies strewed the road with flowers, and the peasants held up their ruddy-cheeked babies that he might look upon them, which seemed particularly to please the King. The poor, wandering fool came after the pages of the court, by the side of the ape; and many were astonished into think-

ing how a King, who was so sweet and so indulgent towards all the rest of the world, could show himself so hard towards a poor fool. But they were told that this fool was very wicked and insolent towards the good King himself, and then, though their astonishment was scarcely lessened, they were full of indignation against the unfortunate fool, and loaded him with insults and contempt. Thus it seemed that the fierce King Robert was the only stain and curse of the Island, as he now was certainly the only disfigurement of that magnificent and goodly throng. The fool still cherished a hope that when he came into the presence of his Holiness, the Pope, that this cunningly-devised artifice of sorcery would be broken up; for although he had no religion, he had conceived something of a superstitious faith in the power of the Holy See. But the Pope, his brother, came, and knew him not; nor did the Emperor; and when Robert saw the undisguised looks of admiration and tenderness which they cast upon the beauty and noble bearing of the King; and when he thought of all the popular devotion which had been offered to him, and remembered that they only regarded himself with scorn, aversion and contempt, a feeling of humility for the first time entered his heart. Instead of going away as far as possible from his companion, the ape, he drew nearer and nearer to him, so that he could hide himself under his own insignificance, and felt a sentiment of sympathy, and a desire to possess in him—if not a friend in the world—a companion who was not an enemy. It happened that this day was the Eve of St. John. It had been precisely two years since that, on the same eve, Robert had heard and scoffed at certain words of the *Magnificat*. He was in a grand basilica, where Vespers were being sung in the presence of the Pope, the Emperor, and the King, whose retinue attended him. The fool, strangely softened by those unwonted emotions of humility, which he could not comprehend, crouched behind a pillar, seeking to hide from the eyes of men while the sacred service was chanted. Soon, in more mellow tones, and with more thrilling sweetness, music and voices united, and in strains of thrilling harmony, Robert heard once more these words: *Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles*; heard them, but with what different feelings, and with how true a significance! His eyes filled with tears, and those of the court who could see him were lost in astonishment to see the fool, who had been up to that time so sullen, stupid and ill-tempered, join his hands in prayer, while

tears flowed in torrents over his rugged cheeks. Something more than ordinarily holy possessed the hearts of all present that day. The Chaplain had delivered a discourse upon the text which declared that of the three virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity, CHARITY was the greatest. The Emperor began to think that men could, in truth, be his brothers. The Pope wished that a new council of the Church would authorize the new and great Christian Commandment to be placed above those of the Old Law, and blazoned in letters of gold, so that all who ran might read: "Behold I give unto you a new commandment, which is, Love ye one another."

In a word, Rome felt on this day as Sicily had felt for two years under the reign of the Angel-King.

When the sacred services were over, and the sovereigns had retired to their apartments, the conduct of the fool was reported to the King, who himself had witnessed it, but had made no observation upon it. But now the angelic usurper announced that he intended to give the fool some better employment, and sent his courtiers to search for him and send him to his presence, and finally dismissed every one from the apartment, and alone waited the coming of the fool. Robert entered, arrayed as usual in all the insignia of a court-fool, and with his eyes cast down stood afar off from the great and charitable unknown. In his hand he clasped that of the ape, whose friendship, after patient efforts, he had at length gained, and who attached itself to its companion in a manner that would have been ridiculous to a Roman, but which was touching to the angel.

"Art thou still King?" asked the angel, but without using the word fool.

"I am a fool, and not a King!" replied Robert with humility.

"What dost thou wish, Robert?" asked the angel in a sweet, solemn voice. Robert trembled from head to foot and replied:

"Your wish is mine, O good and powerful stranger, whom I know not what to call, and upon whose face I hardly dare to look." The unknown placed his hand upon Robert's shoulder, who instantly felt an inexpressible calm diffuse itself throughout his being. He threw himself on his knees and folded his hands together, that in this lowly attitude he might thank the stranger. "Not unto me, not unto me," interrupted the angel in a grave, sweet tone, as he knelt by the side of Robert and whispered, as if before the altar of some sacred Church: "Let us pray." In silence Robert

and the angel prayed; but soon Robert raised his eyes, and lo! he was all alone. Then did he know that the stranger, in whose service, and under whose merciful discipline he had dwelt, was in truth an angel. And Robert regained his own form without regaining the least of his pride; and after a long and blessed reign he died, having revealed his history to his afflicted nobles, and begged that for the edification of men they would have the strange history recorded in the Sicilian Annals.

AVE MARIA---NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

Nos. 45, 46, 47 and 48.

[From the National Quarterly Review, New York.]

To most Protestants the title of this journal would suggest the idea of superstition, or, at best, of undue reverence for the Mother of Christ; that is, a degree of reverence which is due only to the Saviour Himself, as co-equal with God. Our own impression of it was that it was designed chiefly, if not exclusively, for those who devote their lives to religion; but, heretic as we are and have been, we could never regard it as superstition to reverence the Mother of Christ; on the contrary, we have always thought that those who do not reverence the Mother cannot be said to regard the Son as their Saviour. As for those who treat her with disrespect and contumely, we could never consider their Christianity as otherwise than spurious. There is scarcely any human being so depraved but that it would be offensive to him to speak disrespectfully of his mother; and can we believe that Christ has less esteem for his mother than the human malefactor?

Now that we have carefully examined four numbers, we find that we were mistaken in supposing that the work was designed only for those devoted to religion. The journal is, indeed, essentially Catholic; but it is not more exclusively religious than other Catholic papers of the best class; in other words, it is not less interesting as a family paper. Without making any invidious comparisons, we could wish that many religious journals, belonging to different denominations, which occasionally reach our table exhibited as much taste and culture in their contents as the "AVE MARIA."

But the conductor of this journal is no ordinary editor. The Very Rev. E. Sorin, who has established it, and under whose auspices it has, we understand, attained a wide circulation, has also established, or, at least, has been mainly instrumen-

tal in establishing, the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, which has already become one of the most flourishing Catholic institutions in this country. Although Father Sorin is a gentleman of high literary, as well as scholastic, attainments, he is not dependent on his own efforts for the success of the "AVE MARIA," for we perceive that the ablest Catholic writers in America are among his contributors. We understand that its pages are not unfrequently enriched by contributions from His Grace the Archbishop of Baltimore, author of "History of the Protestant Reformation," &c.; and we are sure that Dr. O. A. Brownson, the eminent reviewer, writes for it occasionally, if not regularly.

Had we seen no published statement on this subject we should have had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion, from a careful perusal of some of the articles, that they were the contributions of experienced, intelligent, and thoughtful writers. We do not mean to say that all the articles in the "AVE MARIA" are of this character. It contains a department for children; and what could be more unsuitable for early youth than profound reasoning? May it not be doubted whether such would be suited for the majority of the ladies? Without any disrespect to the sex, we think not; and accordingly we like the journal all the more, and think it the better adapted for family reading, for the miscellaneous lighter pieces which it contains. But before we lay down the journal let us give a passage from its contents, which will enable the reader to judge for himself whether it is to be regarded as a superstitious publication. We need not go beyond the last number we have received—that for the week ending December 1, 1866. Turning over the pages of this we find a paper entitled "Reason and Religion," which, we perceive, is intended to be the beginning of a series. We can only make room for the first two paragraphs; but even these will give an idea of the enlightened and liberal spirit in which the principal papers in the "AVE MARIA" are written.

[We omit the extracts.—Ed.]

It is creditable to the dignitaries of the Church that they do not appreciate the ability with which this journal is conducted anything the less for being published in an obscure corner of Indiana; if, indeed, any place can be said to be obscure which has the benefit of a University like that of Notre Dame. Even the Pope has honored the learned editor with an autograph letter, in the Latin language, in approbation of the work,



concluding as follows: *Benedicimus opus incaptum et omnes co-operatores et Dominus N. I. U. opus perficiat solidetque*: "We bless the undertaking and all the co-operators thereunto, and may our Lord Jesus Christ perfect and strengthen the work."

The journal has another characteristic which we must not omit to mention. The proceeds of it are not designed to enrich any individual or firm; in other words, it is no business speculation. We see that it is intended for the benefit of the "Home of aged and invalid Priests who are unable to discharge any longer the laborious duties of the Sacred Ministry." If the journal had no other recommendation than this it would have afforded us pleasure to call attention to it; and we are convinced that many Protestants as well as Catholics would subscribe for it if for no other purpose than to contribute to the comfort of men who are proverbial for their kindness and benevolence wherever their true character is known, when they are no longer able to secure comfort for themselves.

SODALITIES OF TOLEDO, OHIO.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.

Very Rev. E. Sorin:

VERY REV. SIR: Inclosed you will find five dollars and forty cents for two year's subscription and postage to the AVE MARIA, to be sent to the Sodality of Saint Patrick's Church, Toledo, Ohio, care Rev. F. Hannon. Although many of our Sodality are already subscribers, it is the general wish that a copy should be procured for the use of the Society that a portion of it may be read at our meetings every Sunday evening.

As several very interesting accounts have appeared in the AVE MARIA from Sodalities in this country, which must, to say the least, be pleasing to all Catholics, particularly to the special children of Mary, I too wish to say a few words of our

SODALITIES OF ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.

This Sodality was organized in May, 1863, by Rev. Father Damen, S. J., under the directorship of Rev. Father Hannon, with the title of the Assumption of the B. V. M. and under the patronage of Saint Francis Xavier.

Our number when organized was not more than fourteen; now we are over forty Sodalists, and several postulants. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered for the members once a month, and

the members go to Holy Communion in a body the second Sunday of each month. They meet every Sunday evening, and spend one hour in spiritual reading and the recitation of the Little Office of the B. V. M., and then after saying five Paters and Aves for the souls of deceased members, they all proceed to Vespers in a body. The place of meeting is a small neat chapel, in rear of the church, which is dedicated to the Holy Virgin and kept in a very neat and orderly manner, and the altar beautifully decorated for the regular meetings and especially for the principal festivals, by the good Sisters of Mercy who have charge of the schools of the parish, and to whom all praise is due for their untiring zeal and devotion in the cause of religion and education.

There is also in the parish

THE SOCIETY OF THE SCAPULAR,

which numbers some four hundred members who go to Holy Communion the first Sunday of every month and who meet once a month in the church to recite the Holy Rosary, hear an instruction from their Pastor and receive the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

We have also another Society organized, which is perhaps as important as either of the above-mentioned. I mean the

TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,

which is in a very flourishing condition at present, numbering two hundred and fifty members. This Society reflects great credit on its members, and commands the respect not only of the Catholic population of the city but also of those who are outside the Church. They approach the Table of our Lord, once in three months, and hold monthly meetings at which there are lectures delivered, new members admitted, etc.

In conclusion I venture to say that nowhere in the United States are there to be found established, in so short a period, such facilities for religion and education as have been in this parish within five years: a splendid church has been built, also a chapel, a temperance hall, and an academy which, like the church, is dedicated to Saint Patrick, besides a beautiful residence for the teachers. After God, to the zeal and perseverance of our good Pastor, Rev. Father Hannon, may be attributed all these blessings, and that in good time he may hear those consoling words of our Divine Saviour "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; because thou hast been faithful over a few things I will set thee over many," is the heartfelt wish of

A SODALIST.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

For the AVE MARIA.

REPOSE.

BY ANNA PEYRE DINNIES.

When Eve her purple twilight flings
 O'er cliff and turret, vale and rill,
 The wearied Birdling folds her wings
 And on her chosen bough is still.
 No more the notes that hailed the morn
 Are heard amid the silent glade ;
 The gentle songster, weak and worn,
 Has sought the forest's quiet shade.
 There, brooding o'er the day just past,
 Night finds her free from every care,
 And darkness, gathering thick and fast,
 Awakes in her nor gloom, nor fear.

Thus, when the shaded evening hours
 Steal softly on Life's well-spent day ;
 The world-worn spirit seeks the bowers
 Of Peace, remote from noise away—
 The scenes all filled with toil and care,
 Where erst it dwelt have ceased to lure ;
 The haunts of Pleasure, once so dear,
 Can charm the thoughtful mind no more.
 Night with her stealthy tread comes on
 Unfeared, for Faith her trust has given ;
 The struggling heart a boon hath won,
 And turns, in hope and love, to Heaven.

NEW ORLEANS.

SAINT ANNE D'AURAY.

[CONCLUDED.]

"He went back into the barn, took out his beads, and began reciting the Rosary with great fervor. A new wonder happened : the barn was suddenly brilliantly lighted up, and he heard a voice asking him if he had never heard that there was formerly a chapel in the Bocenno field? Before he had time to answer there appeared to him, in a brilliant light, a majestic lady, who, with great sweetness, said to him, in the language of that part of the country : 'Yves Nicolazic, fear not ; I am Anne, the mother of Mary. Go and tell your Pastor that in the field called Bocenno there was formerly, even before the village existed, a celebrated chapel, the first that was ever built in my honor in Brittany. Nine hundred and twenty-years and six months ago it was destroyed, and I wish to have it rebuilt by your care ; God wishes

that my name may be honored there.' So saying she disappeared. And here we are at Pontivy." Mathurin whips up his horses so as to enter the town in a becoming manner.

From Napoleonville we go by railroad to Anray, where we stop for half an hour only, and then keep on to the station of Saint Anne which is about a mile and a half from the chapel ; at the station there are omnibuses to take pilgrims to Saint Anne : we throw our carpet-bags on top of a 'bus, and go on foot to the chapel.

On both sides of us there extends an immense dreary plain ; but poorly cultivated, when cultivated at all, for the soil is by no means rich, and is but niggardly in the crop that it gives to the hard labor of the peasants.

In the distance we see the tall tower of the church ; and as we walk along we beg of Saint Anne to make our pilgrimage to her holy shrine, a source of blessing for us. On arriving at the village, which consists of a few houses, we find that the old church of Saint Anne is nearly hidden by the walls of a new church which they are building around it ; with the intention I suppose of taking down the old church on the completion of the new, though it may be that the old one may remain, like the Holy House of Nazareth in the Basilica of Loretto, and the Portiuncula at Angeli near Assisium.

The walls of this church are covered with votive offerings of those who have received graces through the intercession of Saint Anne.

In one corner is the humble grave of Yves Nicolazic, who was chosen by Saint Anne to rebuild the chapel. Honest Nicolazic had a great deal to contend with against the prejudices and worldly prudence of many of his neighbors, the rector of his parish being at first one of those most strongly opposed to the erection of the chapel. But Nicolazic with his simple faith and his singleness of purpose, assisted by Saint Anne, overcame all obstacles, and the rector became his greatest friend. The Capuchin Fathers assisted him a great deal ; and soon, the means of building the chapel came pouring in from all sides.

I would like to tell you of the perplexities of Nicolazic, of all the opposition he met with, and how he overcame them all ; but really, I must deny myself the pleasure, and leave you here to pray to Saint Anne, while your companions are still up at Guingamp saying their beads at the shrine of Our Lady of Good Aid. May our Lady and Saint Anne watch over you and all the readers of the AVE MARIA.

CONFIRMATION.

CHAPTER I.

The rival crowns of Castile and Aragon, united under Isabella, daughter of John II of Castile, raised Spain to a position of importance hitherto unknown in the annals of that kingdom. The people, no longer distracted by the internal feuds and strifes which had devastated that beautiful country, under the reign of the weak-minded sovereign who had preceded her,—who died lamenting “that he had not been born the son of a mechanic, rather than King of Castile,—turned their attention to commerce and navigation.

The arts and sciences, under Isabella's inspiring influence, were assiduously cultivated. Peace smiled once more within the borders of sunny Spain. And while Isabella was careful to promote the internal welfare of her Kingdom, by every means in her power, she sought no less to aggrandize it abroad by placing her children on foreign thrones, and thus securing alliances with the most powerful of the neighboring nations. In this she was eminently successful. Her eldest child, Isabel, was married to Emmanuel, King of Portugal. Her son John, whom she had destined to succeed her, and upon whom she had bestowed every care, was betrothed to Margaret, daughter of Maximilian, Emperor of Germany: and at the same time it was settled that her third child, Joanna, should marry Philip, Maximilian's son and heir. There now only remained Catherine and Maria to be disposed of, and of those who presented themselves as suitors for the hand of the former, none appeared more unexceptionable in every way, than Arthur, Prince of Wales, and heir-apparent to the English throne. And if Isabella's pride was elated by the brilliant future which seemed to await her child, as the sharer of one of the most powerful thrones of the day, her maternal heart was no less gratified at seeing her the wife of a prince, in whose praise all Christendom united. Happily she did not live to see the sorrows which fell thick and fast around her child and bowed her proud spirit to the dust, which left her, not the sharer of a throne, but the repudiated wife—the wronged and outraged mother, and “if coming events cast their shadows before,” dark indeed must have been the shadows that gathered around the pathway of Catherine of Aragon.

CHAPTER II.

There was unusual bustle and confusion in the

Convent of Saint Francis, in Spain, for the Princess Catherine, betrothed some two years since to Prince Arthur, heir-apparent to the English throne, was concluding the retreat which she had commenced preparatory to becoming his wife, and was about to receive, together with her friend Irene de Gonsalvo, the Sacrament of Confirmation from the venerable Archbishop of Toledo.

Queen Isabella, with that warm interest which she ever evinced in the welfare of her children, had announced her intention of being present at the sacred rite, and the good nuns made every preparation to receive her with the respect due to her exalted rank. But apart from the bustle and confusion, in a small room in a distant part of the convent, sat Catherine and Irene, with the venerable Superioress of the Order, Mother Teresa, a distant kinswoman of Isabella, and the counsellor and guide of Catherine's youth. Both girls were engaged in working a large cross on canvas, destined for an altar-cloth in the little chapel below; and as the sacred device seemed to grow beneath their skillful fingers, and at length was finished just as the convent bell rang out the Angelus upon the summer air, Mother Teresa drew Irene to her, and kissing her affectionately, said: “go now, my child, to the chapel, and prepare your heart for the reception of that Divine Spouse, to whom you are about to be consecrated. I do not doubt,” she added, glancing at the costly fabric, which to show to better advantage Catherine had placed at the opposite end of the room: “that He will bestow His choicest graces upon you who have decked with such beauty His earthly shrine. I will keep Catherine with me until the arrival of our royal Lady, for counsel and advice.”

The girls embraced each other, and then as Irene withdrew from the apartment, Catherine seated herself on a cushion at Mother Teresa's feet, and clasping her hands in hers, looked in her face with an expression in which love and reverence were blended. “Well, my child,” said Mother Teresa, at last breaking the silence which had reigned since Irene's departure, “are you less apprehensive of the future, than before your retreat, or rather, are you willing to leave it *all* to God?”

“Less apprehensive about my own happiness,” replied Catherine, “but, oh! how I shrink from the fearful responsibilities which will rest upon me as an English Queen.”

“Fear not, my child; united to a noble consort, one in faith with you, you will give to England an example of what a Catholic Court *should* be,

even as your royal mother does in Spain. And entering upon this contract as you do, not seeking selfishly your own happiness, but in obedience to the wishes of your parents; in compliance with the advice of your Confessor, and, I doubt not, in conformity with the will of God, do not fear that as He has special graces in store for Irene, as His chosen spouse in the seclusion of the cloister, He will leave you unprovided for amid the glittering temptations which surround the throne. Nor will we be altogether separated, my child; for our good Bishop has yielded to your pious request, and to-morrow, after you have received that Sacrament which will *confirm* you in the Faith, he will invest you with the Cord of Saint Francis. So that, you in the world, and I in the cloister; you on the throne, and I in the cell; you at the feast, the *joust* and the tournament, and I in fasting, penance and prayer, united under the habit of Saint Francis, animated by his spirit, and protected by his power, may attain the same happy end."

CHAPTER III.

It was a gala day in merry England. In city and hamlet; in castle and cottage; throughout the length and breadth of the land, all was peace and joy. Prince Arthur, the pride and hope of all England, was to espouse on the morrow, the lovely daughter of Spain—Catherine of Aragon.

Never perhaps, in all the annals of English history, was a marriage contracted under more favorable auspices, and we may turn many a page in that same history, before we find one with so sad a sequel.

The bride, springing from a royal race illustrious for their piety; and educated under the direct supervision of a mother whose name was synonymous with every thing that is good and noble, seemed endowed with every grace and virtue. While Prince Arthur by his unobtrusive piety, his singular sweetness of disposition, and his profound erudition was a consort every way worthy of her. And while Elizabeth, his royal mother, welcomed with maternal fondness the daughter of Isabella, the *Catholic*, to England; Henry, and the statesmen and politicians of his Court, hoped to secure, by this alliance, a powerful friend in Spain.

It is idle, perhaps worse than idle, to speculate more on what might have been, had Arthur and Catherine been spared to rule jointly over England; but one can hardly suppress the thought that if they had, England would not have been left to-day without an altar, or a sacrifice. But

though every thing and every one conspired to do honor to the young Princess, her heart was sad and lonely. Henry himself met her at Dogmersfield, and conducted her and her retinue to the castle which had been allotted to them; and here for the first time she was presented to Prince Arthur—her future consort. It is true they had been betrothed some two years previous at Bewdly, but Catherine was represented there by the Spanish Ambassador; and it was not without fear and trepidation that she suffered herself to be decked in royal robes to meet him. And though Arthur received her with every mark of respect and affection, and, yielding to her wishes, refrained from seeing her again till the morning of their marriage, still the formality and reserve of the English manners seemed to her indicative of coldness or indifference. Retiring early from the festivities which had been prepared in her honor, she sought, in the privacy of her own apartment, by prayer and supplication, for grace and strength to carry that cross, which our Divine Lord had sent to her in the shape of England's crown.

She was interrupted in her devotions by a gentle tap at the door, and hastily brushing away the tears which she could not altogether suppress, she turned to greet the Princess Mary, Arthur's youngest and favorite sister, a beautiful child of some ten or twelve summers, who was to act as one of the bridesmaids on the following morning, and who had been sent now with a message from Arthur.

"Why are you so sad, sweet sister? are you pining for home and friends?" said the affectionate child, twining her arms around Catherine's neck: "or do our northern manners seem cold and proud? if they do, our hearts are warm, and Arthur loves you right well, sweet sister, and you will love him too, for he is in every way good and noble. He is not selfish, like Henry, nor passionate like me, but kind and loving; even our grand-dame, though nowise easy to please about religion and the like, can find no fault in *him*. See what he has sent you to wear in your bridal veil to-morrow; jewels and gems by royal messengers, to deck his queen; and a simple flower, by the hand of his little sister, but becoming his chosen bride." And as she spoke she disclosed to view a beautiful lily, which filled the room with the sweetness of its perfume. "Is it not a right royal gift, sister? there are none like it in England; it has bloomed but once before, on Lady-day, and when it blossomed this time, Arthur kept the flower for you."

Catherine could not but be touched by this mark of devotion on Arthur's part, and taking the beautiful exotic from the child's hand, she kissed her affectionately, and said: "Thank you, sweet one, for your kindness, and tell Arthur I will wear and prize it for his sake."

CHAPTER IV

The royal nuptials were conducted with all pomp and magnificence, and immediately after the royal couple repaired to Ludlow castle, in Shropshire, where they spent some time in retirement before entering upon the duties of active life.

If Arthur was captivated by the beauty of his bride, he learned to admire her still more for the goodness of her heart, and the example of piety which she gave to the royal household—which was indeed a model for the whole kingdom. Both assisted daily at the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and the hours set apart for prayer and meditation were never infringed upon by either; while the recreations and festivities in which they indulged, were such as became Christian sovereigns. Among other pastimes with which they spent the time, was that of hunting; and it is related of Catherine, that losing her way in the forest, she was captured by a robber, who, moved however by her prayers, restored her in safety to the castle. Some time afterwards Arthur's retainers, annoyed by the depredations committed by the banditti, sallied forth and capturing the ring-leader, brought him in triumph to Arthur; but Catherine recognizing in him her generous preserver, besought Arthur's clemency; and he, yielding to her solicitations, spared him, to be in after years, her tried and trusty friend.

It was thus, while in the hey-day of their prosperity, the summit of their happiness, that Arthur was attacked with a dangerous, and, as it proved, fatal illness, and Catherine tasted of that bitter cup which she was afterwards to drain to the dregs.

At first no serious apprehensions were entertained, and it was hoped that with the return of spring, health and strength would return too; but as day after day glided by, it became evident to all, even to Catherine, who watched beside him with unwavering care, that, "his days on earth were numbered;" but as his bodily weakness increased, his mind seemed to grow clearer and stronger, and those who were gathered around his bedside listened with astonishment to the words of wisdom which fell from his lips, and no pang of suffering however sharp, no sorrow however deep elicited one complaint from him.

It was evening: and the royal household were gathered in the chapel, reciting prayers for the dying, for the physicians had announced that Arthur could not survive the night. Old men who had grown gray in his father's service, and who had hoped to see his heir on the throne, ere they were called away; young men, friends and companions of his youth; the poor, who had experienced his bounty; and the rich, who had benefited by his example: all were gathered there, by that one tie of sorrow which makes the whole world kin.

In the chamber above, a temporary altar had been erected, and Arthur had the happiness of assisting at Mass, and receiving that morning the Holy Communion which was destined to be his Viaticum. His father sat apart from the others, his face hidden in his hands; while his mother knelt by the bedside, clasping his thin, attenuated hands in hers, and gazing on his countenance as if she would impress the loved lineaments on her heart forever.

Yet not on his father's silent agony, nor his mother's sad face uplifted to his; nor yet on the bowed figure of his young wife who knelt at his feet, did his gaze linger: but on the image of the Crucified, which was placed before his dying eyes.

The evening sun gleamed with a softly subdued radiance, through the crimson hangings, on the sweetly upturned face of the dying youth, and touched cheek and brow with a beauty not of this world. Slowly, slowly twilight deepened into night; and slowly, slowly life faded out with each fluttering breath, and Arthur turned away from all the brilliant honors which awaited him on earth to possess the imperishable glories of heaven.

A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE ALLEGORY.—A humming-bird met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me and called me a drawling dolt." "Impossible!" exclaimed the humming bird; "I have always entertained the highest respect for all such beautiful creatures as you are." "Perhaps you do, now," said the other, "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a bit of advice; never insult the humble, as they may perhaps some day become your superiors."

It is one of the good marks of chastity to be fearful; fear is its fortress and its ramparts.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. III.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 2, 1867.

No. 5.

THE FEAST OF THE PURIFICATION.

The Evangelist does not invite us to-day to go over to Bethlehem, and see the Word that has come to pass; but the Church, our mother, herself exhorts us to accompany the Blessed Mother of God to Jerusalem, and to enter with her into the Temple, there to witness a ceremony full of mystery, such as was never yet seen in the Holy City. Therefore, *eamus et nos, et videamus*: let us go over and see, and profit by what is going to pass before our eyes.

At last the forty days of Mary's Purification had elapsed: the moment had arrived when she was to go up to the Temple of the Lord to present Jesus, her First-born. But before we follow the Son and His Mother through that mysterious journey to Jerusalem, let us pause a while and prepare our minds for "what the Lord is going to show to us."

The Law prescribed for Jewish women that they should stay away from the tabernacle forty days after their delivery, and then, to purify themselves, they should offer a sacrifice. This sacrifice consisted of a lamb to be consumed in holocaust, to which a dove or a pigeon was to be added, according to the rites of the sacrifice for sin; and in case of great poverty, the mother was allowed to substitute for the lamb a second dove or pigeon. Another divine commandment declared all the first-born the property of the Lord, and prescribed the need of their redemption. The price was five sicles in the measure of the sanctuary, equivalent to twenty farthings. Mary, a daughter of Israel, had brought forth: Jesus was her First-born; did the respect due to such a bringing forth and to such a First-born permit the fulfillment of the law?

If Mary considered the reasons why mothers had been commanded by the Lord to purify themselves, she saw plainly that the law was not made for her. What was there common with

the wives of men, and the most chaste Spouse of the Holy Ghost, Virgin in the conception of her Divine Son, Virgin in her Divine Delivery: ever pure, but purer than ever after carrying within her chaste womb, and giving to the world, the God of all sanctity. But if she weighed the sublime quality of her Son, that majesty of the Creator and Sovereign Lord of all things, who had deigned to be born of her, how could she realize that such a Son should be subjected to the humiliation of a redemption as a slave who is not his own master? Still the Spirit who resided in Mary prompted her to accomplish this double law. Regardless of her august quality of Mother of God, she mingles with men's common mothers that ascend from all parts toward the temple to recover a purity they have lost. This Son of God and man shall be considered in every thing as a servant, and in this humiliating capacity he must be redeemed as the least of the children of Israel. Mary profoundly adores this supreme will of God, and submits to it in the fullness of her heart.

What an admirable journey was that of Mary and Joseph going from Bethlehem to Jerusalem. The Divine Babe is in the arms of His Mother; she carries Him nestling on her heart the entire length of that fortunate road. The Heavens, the earth, and all nature are sanctified by the sweet presence of their merciful Creator. As she passes, some look upon her with total indifference, a few with interest, but none dream of the mystery by which they will be saved.

Joseph is charged with the modest offering which the holy Mother is to present to the Priest. Their poverty permits not the offering of a lamb: but is not the celestial Child whom Mary holds in her arms the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world? The law has designated the pigeon or the dove to replace the lamb, when the mother is poor; innocent and lovely creatures, the former of which represents chastity and fidelity, while the latter symbolizes innocence and simplicity. Joseph also carries the five sicles,

the redemption price of the First-born: for He is truly the First-born, the only Son of Mary, who deigned to make us all His brothers, making us even participants of divine nature by the adoption of ours.

At last the Holy Family is in Jerusalem. The name of the Holy City signifies "vision of peace," and the Saviour comes to offer to Jerusalem in His presence that peace which no one else could give her. No one should fail to notice the remarkable progression in the names of the three cities with which the life of the Saviour is connected. He was conceived at Nazareth, which signifies Flower; for He is, in the words of Scripture, the Flower of the Fields, and the Lily of the Valleys, and His divine odor greets us all. He was born at Bethlehem, which is the House of Bread, in order to become the food of our souls. He was offered in sacrifice on the Mount at Jerusalem, and through His blood He restored peace between heaven and earth; peace among men; peace in our own souls. On this day He will give the pledge, the security of that peace.

But while Mary, the Living Ark, ascends the steps of the temple, carrying her Divine Treasure within her folded arms, we must be attentive, for one of the most famous prophecies is being fulfilled, and one of the principal features of the Messiah is now declared. Conceived of a Virgin, and born in Bethlehem, according to Scripture, Jesus entering into the new temple acquires a new claim to our veneration.

This new temple, that could scarcely bear any comparison with the temple of Solomon, had received the promise from the prophet Aggeus that its glory should outshine the glory of the first; for "in it peace shall be given, saith the Lord God of hosts."

The hour had arrived for the fulfillment of that oracle. The Emmanuel had come out of his rest in Bethlehem. He had come into this world. He had come to take possession of His earthly dwelling, and by His presence alone, in this second temple, He raised its glory far above the glory of the first temple of Solomon. He will return to it again; but this first entrance of the Child in His Mother's arms, fulfills the prophecy; and from this moment the figures, the shadows, which fill up that temple, begin to be dissipated at the rising and approach of the Sun of Truth and Justice. For some years to come the blood of the victims will yet sprinkle the corners of the altars. But among those victims, behold the Child, whose veins contain the blood for the redemption of

mankind, comes up in His holy Mother's arms. In this throng of Levites and Israelites, moving in all directions through the various divisions and courts of the temple, many there are who are expecting the Messiah, and know that the hour of His manifestation is near at hand; but none suspect that at this very moment He has just entered the House of His Father.

SIMEON.

This entrance of the Messiah into the new temple was an event of too great an importance to be accomplished without some extraordinary sign to mark it. The Shepherds had been called by the Angel; the Star had led the Magi from the East to Bethlehem; the Holy Ghost Himself will raise un'o the Divine Child a witness as new as he is unexpected.

An aged man lived in Jerusalem, and his life was then verging to its close; but that "man of desire," named Simeon, had not let the expectation of a Messiah linger in his heart in vain. He felt that the days were drawing near when his hopes should be realized. The Holy Spirit had inspired him with undoubted confidence that his eyes should not close in death before he had seen the divine light dawn upon this world.

At the moment Mary and Joseph ascended the steps of the temple, carrying on toward the altar the Child of the Promise, Simeon feels inwardly an irresistible attraction from the Holy Ghost to the House of God; he leaves his dwelling and directs toward the temple his tottering steps, to which his burning desire gives a new strength. Upon the threshold of the sacred edifice, and in the throng of mothers, with their babes in their arms, his inspired looks soon rest upon the Virgin-Mother foretold by Isaias, and carried away by the impulse of his heart, he hastens toward the Child she holds upon her bosom.

Meanwhile, Mary, instructed by the same Spirit, lets the venerable man approach her; she places in his trembling arms the dear Object of his love, the Hope of man's salvation. Happy Simeon, now typifying the old world grown decrepit in its expectations, ready to disappear; no sooner has he received in his hands the sweet Fruit of life, than his youth, eagle like, is renewed; in his own person he feels that a transformation is effected, an image of what is to come to pass for the human race. His lips open, his voice is heard: he gives testimony, as did the shepherds in the neighborhood of Beth-

lehem, as did the Magi throughout the East: "O Lord!" he said, "now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, according to Thy word, in peace; because my eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people: a light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel."

ANNA.

Suddenly, and likewise moved by the same Divine Spirit, comes in the pious Anna the Prophetess, the daughter of Phanuel, venerable to all, both by her great age and by her virtue. These two aged persons, the representatives of the old society, unite their voices to celebrate the fortunate advent of the Child who comes to renew the face of the earth, and at the same time the mercy of Jehovah, who, said Aggeus, would give peace to mankind in this second temple. In this long looked for peace Simeon is now going to rest; presently his faithful soul, disengaged from the clay of the body, will carry to the elect in the bosom of Abraham the tidings of the peace which is making its appearance upon earth, and which will soon open to them the gates of Heaven.

The venerable servant of God, now filled with joy, replaces in the arms of the most pure Mary the Child she is going to offer to the Lord. The mysterious birds are presented to the Priest, who sacrifices them on the altar; the price of the redemption is laid down: the most perfect obedience is fulfilled. Mary once more offers to God her most profound homage in this sacred sanctuary, in whose venerated shadows she spent her first years, and then pressing the Divine Babe to her virginal heart, she retraces her steps with her faithful spouse toward the gates of the temple.

THE BLESSING OF THE CANDLES.

The most striking exterior feature of the Festival, is one of the three solemn blessings which occur in the course of the year; the other two are the blessing of ashes on Ash Wednesday and that of the palms on Palm Sunday. The meaning of the blessing of candles refers exclusively to the mystery of the Purification. According to Saint Ives, of Chartres, the wax of the candles formed of the flowers by the bees, which antiquity always considered a type of virginity, signifies the virginal flesh of the Divine Child, which, (as will be beautifully expressed in a following article of the celebrated Lacordaire) did not alter either in

its Conception or its Nativity the integrity of His holy Mother. In the light of the candle the saintly Bishop recognizes the symbol of Christ, who came to enlighten our darkness.

In Catholic families it is customary to make a present of fine candles to the altar of Mary, and to bring back home one of those candles which has been blessed by the Priest. Those candles are blessed not alone to serve at the procession on that day, but also to be kept with respect at home, or carried in journeys over "land or water," as the Church assures us; for they secure everywhere the blessings of Heaven. They should likewise be lit up by the bed side of the dying, as a memorial of the immortality which Jesus has purchased for us, and as a sign of Mary's protection.

All the mysteries of the Man-God have for their object the purification of our hearts, as was once admirably remarked by Bossuet, and in our days by Dom Gueranger, to whom we are chiefly indebted for the materials of this article. He sent His Angel, His Precursor, before His face, to prepare His ways, and John was heard in the wilderness, saying: "Every valley shall be filled and every mountain shall be brought low." He now comes Himself, the Angel, the One sent by excellence, to seal an alliance with us; He comes to His temple, which is our heart. But He is like a burning fire melting and refining metals; He wishes to renew us by an entire purification. We are reckoned as newly born with Him at Christmas; we are already arrived with Him at the fortieth day of our new spiritual life. On this gracious Festival, we desire to be presented with Him to the Divine Majesty by the same lovely Mother, the most holy Virgin. While we approach such mysteries of purity, among which we were born and trained, oh! let us entreat our spotless Mother to throw over our guilt the mantle of her unspeakable innocence and perfection.

APPROBATION OF MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP M'CLOSKEY.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7, 1867.

We take great pleasure in approving and commending the AVE MARIA.

JOHN, *Archbishop of New York.*

THE short extract from Father Lacordaire, mentioned in the foregoing article (The Feast of the Purification), has to be postponed to next week.

For the AVE MARIA.

THE VISITATION.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

Dawn flashes o'er the hills, the purple robe
Of night with royal ermine fringed trails past,
Sweeping the cedars 'neath her silent tread,
And with her low breathed whispers, from their
dreams

Stirs up to life and song the sleeping birds
And incense-breathing flowers.

The Syrian sky
Full of a dreamy languor and a tint
Of faintest rose, hangs like a crystal cup
That empties golden wine, inverted o'er
The hills, while with a tremulous sigh,
Like one awakening with a sense of joy
Too full for utterance, the low voiced winds
With spicy breathings dally with the palms
And make rich music through the olive grove,
Filling the air with fragrance and the grass
With aromatic snows, as midst the boughs
Of orange trees it wrestled with the leaves;
And tossed the fountain's spray, like gems upon
The breast of morn.

Upon a broad plateau
Crowned with rich pomegranite blooms, and
palms,

Far up the hillside, stood the high priest's house,
Stately, with marble pillars circled round:
With pediment and cornice richly carved,
And sculptured architrave of costly stone:
Of presence fair, befitting well a priest
Of Israel's princely line.

On the flat roof
Crowned with dark shrubs and many a trailing
vine,

A woman stood, bending her dreamy eyes
Toward the east. A face once beautiful,
And noble still, the wind-blown veil revealed,
But filled with lines the saddened years had left;
Her visage, clipped of all its rounded grace,
Was shaded by white tresses falling low,
And her tall form was bowed, while over all
A stately grace and touch of sadness hung.
This was Elizabeth, and on her brow
And lip was throned a full content of bliss,
And while the golden tinted mist half hid
The city slumbering in the vale, the range
Of purple hills that rose like dream clouds
Against the flaming sky, and the steep road

That wound up from the plain, she stretched her
hands

Towards heaven and prayed.

God of my Fathers! thanks!

That I no more among my people stand
A by-word and reproach; that unto me
In this my hoary age, the bliss supreme
Of motherhood is come; that ere the grain
Be gathered from the hills, my arms shall clasp
A living, breathing child upon my breast—
A boy, the Angel said!

Thanks! O my God!

For all Thy promises of gladsome joy
For us: for the high grace of holiness
For him—my child; for the great wonder wrought,
Which makes my age to blossom forth Thy will!
O wondrous story! Let me think it o'er
In Thy high praise.

That day it came to pass*

My aged spouse into the Temple went
To offer incense to the Lord; and while
From golden censers rolled the fragrant clouds
About the altar, stretching up like wings,
Veiling both priest and sacred place, while prayed
The multitude without, his frightened eyes
Saw on the right side of the altar stand
An Angel!

Bending low his head, he crossed
His hands upon his breast, afraid and awed,
When lo! the Angel, all benign and calm,
Foretold a son unto our age.

Then he,

Doubting and trembling, to the Angel said:
"Whereby shall I know this—we both are old?"
When lo! with flashing glories half revealed
And eyes aflame with splendors from on high,
The Angel said: "Know I am Gabriel
Who stand before the mighty God! and I
Am sent to thee to bring thee this good news:
But having doubted me, thou shalt be dumb,
Nor speak before the day those things shall be!"
Then silence fell, and when my spouse looked up
He was alone! and coming forth, he tried
In vain to utter blessings on the crowd—
For lo! his lips were sealed! and then by signs
He shewed them he was dumb; and as they shrank
Aside to let him pass, they whispered low:
"The son of Aaron hath a vision seen!"
All this has been fulfilled since six months gone;
The lips of Zachary still sealed, he prays
And ponders, full of solemn joy, the words
The Angel said. Thanks! O Jehovah! Lord!

* Luke, chap. i.

Then, filled with speechless bliss, she bowed her face

Within her hands, and wept sweet tears.

Not long

She lingered thus, for the red sun arose,
And from the distant chambers of her house
Came up a hum of busy life that broke
Upon her blissful dream, with life's demands;
She gathered up her veil to go, but paused,
Her steps arrested as her eye swept down
The mountain path below; then o'er her face
Flashed a serene content, as toiling up
The rocky way she saw two travelers come
Toward her house.

"These are my kins-folk come
From distant Nazareth—Joseph the just
And Mary—who in all Jerusalem
Was held as pure as Eve before her fall,
And for her rare humility, and life
Devoutly pure before the Lord, they called
Her in the Temple where she served, the pearl
Israel, His spouse. Why stirs my soul
With such ecstatic thrills as she draws nigh?
Why throbs my heart as throbs th' advancing
tides
Of the deep seas to greet the moon's approach?"

Her guests drew near; one was a man advanced
In years, whose weary steps were holpen by
A staff; he led a mule, upon whose back
A fair young Virgin sat, pale and serene,
Like some pure vision conjured from the morn;
Whose golden hair, and eyes with light
Not of the sun, shed brightness on the day.

Then quickly from the roof Elizabeth
Sped down with welcome glad, to greet her guests
Upon the marble flags of the broad porch
With hands held out, and as they nearer drew
Her pulses throbbed as with supernal fires,
And all the air seemed bright with waving wings;
Then when, like strains from some sweet Dulcimer,
The Virgin's salutation softly fell
Upon her ear, her babe leaped in her womb,
Stirring with joy at the command of Him
Whom MARY bore in hers—the Saviour, Lord!
Then, filled with God's own Spirit, she stretched
out

Her hands to the fair Virgin standing near,
And in exultant tones that echoed clear
Upon the stillness, cried: "Blesséd
Art thou amongst all women; blessed is
The fruit of thy pure womb! O whence is this
To me, that she, the Mother of my Lord,
Should come to me? For lo! no sooner had

Thy greeting met me than with joy my babe
Gave signs of life? Blessed art thou that hast
Believed, because accomplished now shall be
Those things the Lord said unto thee."

Then she—

With face uplift to heaven, all luminous
With rays from the pure gem that crowned her
life,
The air still brighter grown with Seraphs' eyes
And stirred to fragrance by their trembling
wings—

Exultant poured in lofty tones her soul's
O'erswelling hymn of praise and prophecy:

My soul doth magnify the Lord!
My spirit, filled with His swift word,
Like harp of flame all angel-voiced,
In God my Saviour hath rejoiced;
Because from His high throne
He hath regarded the humility
Of me His handmaid, for behold
From henceforth all, until eternity,
Shall call me blessed, where'er the story's told,
Where'er the wonder's known:
For He, the mighty One,
Great things to me hath done,
And holy is His name!
To them that fear Him, from His throne
Through generations flowing on
His mercy shall be shown.

He hath risen in power;
He hath shown unto men
The might of His arm;
He hath scattered the proud
In their heart's vain conceit,
In the flush of their pride.

From the seat of their glory
He hath put down the mighty,
And exalted the low;
He hath filled the hungry
With good things and plenty,
With gifts of rejoicing.

But the rich in confusion
He hath sent away empty:
No gifts for their greed.
Being mindful of mercy,
He hath Israel received,
And crowned him with blessing.

As He spoke to our Fathers
Face to face and in visions,
Through Angels and Prophets,
To Abraham, with promise

To his seed, of deliverance
For ever and ever.

As the last cadence of her lofty hymn
Soared softly up from MARY's lips to Heaven,
They knew by that, and by the homage paid
By the unborn unto the Word made flesh,
She was the maid of whom Isaiah wrote :
"A Virgin shall conceive and bear a son!"
That she, the lowly one of Nazareth,
Was the pure Bride of Heaven.

OFFERINGS.

The readers of the AVE MARIA will permit us to say, that all should deem it almost a duty to make an offering of candles to-day, upon the altar of our Blessed Mother, reserving one to carry home with them, after its being blessed. Should any one be deprived, by circumstances, from this spiritual advantage, we would be happy to remedy it in the following manner. Some time ago, we had personally the honor to receive a Blessed Candle from the hand of our venerable Pius IX, on Purification Day. This year we intend to melt it with a quantity of wax sufficient to make all the candles required for our students here and at St. Mary's, and a few hundred more which we will be pleased to distribute *gratis* among those who might desire to obtain one. They will be small enough to be sent by mail, under a double stamp.

The venerable Superior of a Religious house has written to us for intentions of Masses, stating he has none for quite a number of priests: we have none ourselves, and we have heard of other Rev. Clergymen being in the same condition.

When we come to think of the comparatively small number of priests for our large Catholic population, the fact of many of the priests being in want of *intentions*, evidently proves that the truly Catholic affection which goes beyond the grave, and does not forget the loved ones as soon as earth covers them up from sight, has suffered from the cold, worldly, calculating spirit of those who think that it is not a good and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, to think of them often, and to do all they can for the repose of the souls of those whom they loved when living, and to whom they were bound by ties of love, of gratitude. In connection with the little offering just mentioned, we would suggest to our pious readers to examine, not for a moment, but in earnest as the case deserves, whether they are satisfied that

they have finally paid all they owed or promised to the dear ones now departed; whether they are convinced that they need no more the propitiation of God for their families, their undertakings, their final perseverance, etc.

Faith teaches that the great sacrifice of the Mass is the means of appeasing God; of drawing down His blessings; and the readers of the AVE MARIA should be first and foremost in fulfilling the religious obligations towards those "who have gone before," and to popularize all the truly Catholic customs, which, from want of a numerous clergy, have been neglected by many Catholics.

Of all these customs, that of "having Masses said," of having the Holy Sacrifice offered up for the dead, for the wants and needs, spiritual and temporal, of individuals and families, is one of the most efficacious of good, and the one most available to all—the devotion to the most Holy Sacrament always accompanies devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

LITTLE JOSEY; OR THE SIGN OF THE CROSS, AND THE HAIL MARY.

"What is your name, my child?" kindly inquired a lady, of a poorly clad little boy, who had made his way into her garden, and quietly seated himself on the edge of a flower-bed.

"What is your name, tell me?"

"My name is Josey," said the child timidly.

"Why, that's a beautiful name; how old are you Josey?"

"Five years old."

"And are you a good boy?"

"Yes ma'am—I don't know ma'am," replied the child, seemingly conscious of his intrusion.

"Well, never mind; I am sure you are a good boy—but are you a Catholic, Josey?"

At the sound of the word Catholic, Josey forgot his timidity, and, for the first time, raised his large blue eyes, and silently fixed them on the face of the lady, with an expression of astonishment, almost amounting to indignation, that his Faith should be called in question. Then tracing on his person a large sign of the Cross. "In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen" He added: "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee." Josey made no other reply; he was fully satisfied that he had proved himself a Catholic by the sign of the Cross, and the Hail Mary!

Beautiful reply! worthy of one, on whom the

sacred waters of baptism had flowed, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; constituting him a child of the Church, a child of God, and a child of Mary—the Mother of God. Oh, with what complacency did the Most Holy Trinity, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, look on that innocent boy, as he fearlessly traced the sacred sign of redemption on himself, invoking Them in testimony of his Faith; and in the same breath, saluting her, whom the Angel styled “full of grace;” God proclaiming by the lips of this child, the praise of His Mother, whose name is inseparable from His own. Sweetly and maternally must Mary have smiled on this little child, who saluted her, as an indication and acknowledgement of his Faith; and swiftly did the Guardian Angel of little Josey wing his flight to the throne of God—to the throne of Mary, bearing there the sacred sign of the cross, the triple invocation, and the salutation to his Queen—the Queen of angels—the Queen of heaven. There did he record in the Book of Life this act of his infant charge, to publish it to the whole world on the last day, and to claim for little Josey the reward of him, who glories in the sign of the Cross, and the Hail Mary.

The sign of the Cross and the Hail Mary! beautiful reply! Where is the divine, the theologian who could have given more convincing arguments of his Faith; testifying thereby, his belief in God the Creator, God the Redeemer, God the Sanctifier; and Mary, the Mother of God—the Word Incarnate “through whom all men are saved, and brought to a knowledge of the truth.”

The sign of the Cross and the Hail Mary! this is a summary of the Faith of every Catholic Christian. Where is the truly Catholic parent, who would not be proud to claim for his own, such a child as Josey; founding on him hopes of happiness in this world, and sharing with him eternal happiness in the world to come: for the happiness of the parent, both here and hereafter, is intimately connected with that of his offspring. And little Josey was the child of a poor widowed mother, whose daily toil earned subsistence for herself and her child; who before commencing the labors of the day, on bended knees, invoked on her child and herself the blessings of Heaven, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, through the intercession of Mary.

Hail Mary, full of grace. At early dawn Josey was awakened from his healthful sleep, to learn to make the sign of the Cross; and returning at night to her humble home, wearied by the fa-

tigues of the day, the mother rested not her head on her pillow until Josey had knelt at her side and learned the sign of the Cross and the Hail Mary. The sign of the Cross and the Hail Mary! thus impressing the mind and heart of her child; she taught him the science of the saints—for what *more* did the Saints seek to know—what *more could* they know?

The mother of Josey had no wordly wealth to bestow on her child; no, not even the means of ordinary education; but she bestowed on him the riches of heaven: the science above all sciences: the knowledge of the cross and the way to heaven through Mary. Hail Mary, full of grace!

Were it permitted us to look into the future of this favored child, what might we not augur for him. Addressing ourselves to him, might we not say, in youth as in childhood, continue to love the sacred sign of salvation, and the Hail Mary. Let that sacred sign, that holy salutation be thy defence in the dangers that beset the path of life, whether in youth, in manhood, or in hoary age; thy strength against the enemy of God, the enemy of thy soul, to whom the unspeakable torments of the infernal abyss, are more endurable, less intolerable, than the sign of the Cross and the Hail Mary. Let the sign of the Cross and the Hail Mary, be thy safeguard in prosperity, thy comfort in adversity; let not the sunshine of the former dazzle thee with its brilliancy, and lead thee to forget the poverty and lowliness of thy childhood days, when thou wert truly happy, great and rich in knowing and loving but two things—the sign of the Cross, and the Hail Mary. Should the clouds of adversity darken thy path, be not dismayed, but strengthen thy faith and hope; knowing thou treadest the path of Him, whose life was the Cross exemplified, and of her, His living image, from the lowly cave of Bethlehem to the height of Calvary's mount. Walk in the darksome way *between Jesus and Mary*; Jesus carrying the Cross: Mary bearing it in her heart. Thy trials, thy crosses will be less rude and heavy, less poignant: nay, they will be sweet and delightful, if *thus* accompanied thou journeyest on, pursuing thy way to a blessed eternity. Happy wilt thou be to meet here below in thy path, Jesus and Mary; happy to bear the cross with Them, and for them. The Son and the Mother, will, on the last fearful day, recognize thee as the companion of Their journey, the journey thou hast faithfully trodden with Them, and which ended, will lead thee safe to the home and rest of the eternal dwelling of the blessed. Should

the twofold devotion of thy infant years, following thee through life, obtain for thee the privilege of being numbered among the chosen race of the Sanctuary, daily offering the spotless Victim, in the renewal of the sacrifice of Calvary, happy, thrice happy wilt thou be. For this inestimable blessing thou wilt be indebted to her, whose name thou didst early invoke: to her who didst claim for thee the favor of calling down on earth the blessings of Heaven, invoking the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, when signing thyself with the sign of the Cross, thou standest before the altar of God, to offer the clean oblation, which ascends to Heaven from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. And should it be thy happy lot to bear to nations "seated in darkness and the shadows of death," the knowledge of God and His sacred truths; depart joyfully, fearlessly, armed with the sign of the Cross, and relying on the intercession of Mary. Impart to the infidel, the idolator, the savage, the teachings imparted to thee in thy infancy, when kneeling at thy mother's side, thou didst there learn to love the sign of redemption, and to lisp the praise of the Mother of the Redeemer. Teach them the love of a God dying on the Cross for them, and mindful of them to the end gave them what He loved most dear on earth—His Mother—"Son, behold thy Mother." Happy wilt thou be to raise with thine own hand, the hand of the youthful or hoary savage, the converted infidel, the then enlightened pagan, teaching them to form on themselves the sign of redemption—even as thou wast taught—inspiring their heart and lips to move in Mary's praise, even as thine have ever moved.

And it may be—oh, joyful thought!—that the fearless declaration of the sacred truths, may gain for thee the martyr's crown; that in defense of the Crucified God and His blessed Mother, thou mayest be called to lay down thy life, amid torments insults and ignominy; happy lot! noble destiny! to die in the defense of the Cross and of Mary. Arm thyself with that sacred sign, with which thou didst trace it upon thyself in early years; look for strength in calling on her, whose name from childhood was as familiar to thee as thy own. Look back to thy early days, and acknowledge with heart overflowing with love and gratitude, that for all the good thou hast done in life, for the martyr's wreath about to encircle thy brow, for thy perseverance to the end, for the weight of eternal glory prepared for thee, thou art indebted to the teachings of thy infant years, when thy tiny hand was raised to form the sign of the Cross, and thy infant lips moved with the praise of Mary. Hail Mary, full of grace!

THE KEYS OF TOURNAI.

A Legend of the Fourteenth Century.*

[Translated from the French of L. d'Appilly.]

"Sentinels, look to the setting sun: do you see nothing on the horizon?"

"Thou here again! idiot!" cried the men-at-arms, threatening the child with their pikes, to force her to go away.

But the little beggar-girl was deaf, she did not hear their words: neither did she perceive their gesture, for her wandering eyes were almost blind. Instead of being frightened and running away she continued:

"Raise your eyes towards the sea. Is not the sky covered with mists and fogs? Lend your ears to the noises which come from the West! These clouds of dust that the wind rolls towards us are full of the clamor of soldiers, the neighing of horses, the shocks of engines, and the machines of war. Listen! Listen! It is the resounding march of the justice of God. Do penance! Do penance! The sword will lay waste your lands; fire will consume your cities; hunger will discourage the brave; it will devour the women and children. Carnage and slaughter will rise everywhere to the attack, and the high walls shall be cast down to let them pass. The city besieged! The city taken! Blood and death! Kill! Kill! The streets are paved with the dead. And the iron shod hoofs of horses grind the bones of the wounded and dying!"

After having uttered these threats in a mournful voice, the beggar-girl wandered away, and the soldiers began to laugh and joke.

"Whatever it may be, it is best perhaps to report her words to the mayor."

"He will mock at thee; dost thou not see that she is idiotic. How can what she threatens come to pass. The devil of Flanders is tightly buried under the walls of Cassel with the thirty thousand clowns whom our suzerain, the Salic king hath there laid low. Robert of Artois would perhaps be right glad to lead the English knights from that quarter, but Philip's fleet keeps good guard upon our shores. And even if it come to fighting, our swords are not so rusty that we can use them no longer. We have good ramparts, and we can sustain here, by my patron! a siege as long as that of the city of Troy, in Palestine,

* From the Archives of Tournay.

which the Saracens, they say, defended for ten years against the paladin Hercules, surrounded by the flower of Grecian chivalry."

The little prophetess was rather calculated, it is true, to inspire pity than terror. She was fourteen years of age, and seemed to be herself-stricken with that malediction from on high with which she threatened the opulent city of Tournay. A premature baldness had laid bare her head, from which there only hung, beneath the tattered handkerchief which covered her head, here and there a scanty tress of reddish color. A scarred wound, of a brown tint, in which the traces of fire might be recognized, covered half of her narrow and depressed forehead; her cheeks were hacked with cuts and bruises, which deformed her mouth. Her chin alone had preserved a graceful outline.

Her face was not beautiful, and still there was something interesting in its unsightliness. Was it the nameless charm that innocence gives, or the expression of unintelligent happiness which idiocy had painted on her distorted features? Was it only compassion that her appearance excited? What is certain is that no one felt in looking upon her that disgust and horror which those misshapen creatures, in whom nature seems to have personified the contortions of suffering, ordinarily excite.

The same accident which had disfigured her countenance had also paralysed her right arm and her legs. She could walk only upon crutches, the least shock caused her to fall, and then she was incapable of arising, and would die in the place where she fell, if the charity of the passers-by did not set her again on her feet.

She was the eldest of four children, whose mother, now two years a widow, was bringing up with difficulty by the wages of her toil. Rose, the poor infirm girl was called Rose,—could not spin with her mother; she begged, but with so candid and humble an air that very few of the citizens said to her: "God be thine aid," without slipping a little morsel of bread into her apron.

It was during the Carnival of 1340, that she began her strange predictions, and she continued them during the whole time of Lent.

Did she know what she was saying? It might be doubted. In vain was she questioned,—she did not answer questions which she did not understand.

She stood on Sunday under the church porch, and said to the ladies who went up towards the altar:

"Be converted! Hasten to be converted! Put

off this apparel of which queens might be jealous. Exchange these stuffs, embroidered with silk and gold, for sackcloth of hair. Behold the day of wrath is approaching, when massacre, rapine, and outrage shall be let loose upon you. A woman shall sell all her jewelry for an ounce of bread, and when she hath given all, she shall have nothing left to redeem her body from opprobrium, and her life from the fury of the sword!"

She even made her way into the houses of the rich. In the midst of the intoxication of the banquet she was seen to appear suddenly by the side of tables perfumed by the odor of dishes, and crowded by a throng of laughing guests:

"Fast!" cried she. "Subdue the body! Give in alms these sumptuous dishes and wines. Famine howls at your doors like a wolf. She will enter the city in the night and dwell alone in the depths of your exhausted granaries. Hunger will attack you on the flank and plunge into you her burning teeth. Ye shall beg the coarsest food at its weight in gold, and ye shall not obtain enough to satisfy you. And when your withered bodies resemble barley straw, death shall crush you like the wheat that is trampled on in harvest time."

Her ill-omened clamors tired the ears of that proud city. They brought her before the mayor to have her condemned to prison. She went through her trial with complete indifference, as if she had not been concerned in it. But when the judge was about to pronounce the order for her imprisonment, she suddenly raised her head with an inspired air, and said:

"The west wind has arisen at last. Fire, sword, and famine fly upon its wings. Run to the ramparts! Down with the portcullis! Tie up the mangonels! Bestir! bestir! To arms!"

And, breaking through the throng, she rushed out precipitately, before the judge, surprised and chilled in spite of himself with a secret horror, undertook to stop her.

She went about through all the streets of the city, repeating more forcibly her doleful announcements. When she returned, in the evening, to her mother's, her little sisters ran up to search her apron, which was generally filled with alms and presents; but on that day it was empty.

Rose kissed them one after another with a more lively tenderness than usual, and two tears fell from her eyes upon the scars of her cheeks.

"No, you will not die!" she sighed. "Our Lady will have pity on you, and feed you!"

A tame she-goat, which had suckled all the children, approached in her turn to beg for caresses.

"But thou, poor animal!" murmured she, "who will save thee?"

This unfortunate family dwelt, at the foot of a yard, in a sort of unhealthy cellar, damp and badly ventilated, which had been abandoned to them for pity. The entrance was by a slope hollowed in the ground. The hearth was formed by two stones set up against the wall, under an aperture through which the light entered when it was not stopped up by smoke. Half of this miserable home was occupied by a bed of dark yellow and rotting straw. The mother's spinning wheel was at the entrance, in front of a stone which served as a seat. There might, besides, be seen in the corners, earthenware vessels, tattered garments, and crutches hung against the wall between two nails.

Rose picked up all the bits of bread, the remains of former days, and wrapped them up in a piece of cloth. Then, digging up the earth with a knife, she hid them in it. Her mother observed her with astonishment, and did not dream of hindering her; but when she saw the poor idiot sharpen on the stone the blade of the knife and advance to the goat to cut its throat, she rushed to stop her, and seized her arm.

"Miserable girl!" cried she, "wouldst thou then have the heart to kill the beast that gives thee her milk?"

Rose let go her weapon, and understanding her mother's gestures, fixed her wandering gaze upon her, and answered:

"They will kill her! They will kill her to devour her, and you will die of hunger!"

Startling news began to be spread throughout the city. It was said that the French fleet had been destroyed in the combat of L'Ecluse, that the King of England had landed, and was marching rapidly towards Paris. The Mayor, an active and fearless old man, although he did not apprehend the evils which Rose had predicted, immediately took energetic measures to put the city in a good state of defense. The breaches in the ramparts were hastily repaired; pikes and maces were forged day and night, arrows and darts for the cross-bow were prepared, and the citizens were unremittingly exercised in the management of arms.

Parties of the English, sent out as scouts, were not long in making their appearance. They laid waste the fields, burned the villages, and carried desolation even as far as the gates of Tournay. On every side, the peasantry, flying before the enemy, came to beg an asylum in the city. As

they were robust, full of ardor, and irritated against the stranger, they were received with joy, and increased the number of combatants.

The entire English army very soon appeared in array on the neighboring plain. A herald came to call on the inhabitants to surrender, threatening them with pillage and extermination if they obliged Edward, King of England, to assault them.

The citizens were numerous and warlike: they knew that King Philip was approaching at the head of his knights, and they held to a haughty answer:

"If the King of England has come so far to visit our city, we will not shut the entrance against him: let him show us a safe-conduct from the King of France, his suzerain and ours, and he may walk about in it at pleasure, with one esquire and three sergeants-at-arms for his whole escort."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GRAND CONVENTION OF CATHOLIC BISHOPS.

PONTIFICAL LETTER.

[Correspondence London Times.]

ROME, December 13.

The Pope has addressed an invitation to the Bishops of the Catholic world to assemble at Rome in the month of June, 1867, to celebrate the eighteenth centenary of the martyrdom of the Apostles Peter and Paul, and the canonization of several martyrs, confessors, and virgins.

The Pontifical letter of invitation, bearing date the 8th inst., is signed by the Cardinal Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Council, and is to the following effect:

ILLUSTRIOUS AND VERY REVEREND SIR:—Among the principle and gravest cares of the Apostolic Ministry of the Sovereign Pontiff, the most grateful is to confer, according to established rites, the honor of canonization and public worship in the Church upon the heroes of the Christian religion. Therefore, the Holy Congregation of Rites having accomplished all the acts according to the discipline prescribed by the Apostolic Constitution, our Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., after having maturely considered the circumstances, has resolved (in as far, however, as the power of the Almighty, as we are permitted to hope, shall avert the imminent tempest which threatens us) to hold, in the month of June, 1867, two semi-public Consistories. After these Con-

sistories the Holy Father, by the aid of God and the Virgin Mother of God, will inscribe a solemn decree in the Catalogue of Saints, the blessed martyrs, confessors and virgins, whose names hereafter follow. On the 29th of the same month the Festival of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, which on this occasion will be celebrated with all the greater joy, by reason of the secular anniversary of their glorious martyrdom. The names of the blessed martyrs, confessors, and virgins are as follows:

1. The Blessed Josephat, Archbishop of Polock, of the Ruthenians in white Russia, Martyr.
2. The Blessed Pedro d'Arbues, of the order of regular canons of Saint Augustine, Inquisitor of Spain, and canon of the Metropolitan Church of Saragossa, Martyr.
3. The nine blessed martyrs of Gorkhum, belonging to diverse regular Orders, or to the secular clergy.
4. The Blessed Paul de la Croix, Confessor, founder of the Congregation of Clercs-Dechaussés of the Holy Cross and of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ.
5. The Blessed Leonard of Port Maurice, Confessor, Apostolic Missionary of the Minor Order of Saint Francis of the Strict Observance.
6. The Blessed Maria Francesca of the Five Wounds, virgin, of the Third Order of Saint Peter of Alcantara, of Naples.
7. The Blessed Germaine Cousin, secular virgin of the Diocese of Toulouse.

According to the ancient custom His Holiness has, therefore, ordered me, Prefect of the Congregation charged to interpret the Holy Council of Trent, to write to the Prelates of the Catholic world, to announce to them this glad news, and to acquaint them that the Bishops, who not being detained by the fear of causing grave prejudice to the flocks confided to their care, should repair at the proper time to this noble city, in order to be present at the Consistory above mentioned. It will be a source of great joy for the Holy Father to see his brethren assemble in one place, and offer up, with one accord, prayers to those Saints already received into celestial glory; in order that, moved by such supplications in the extreme peril which threatens civil, and above all sacred things, they may ask God and obtain from His goodness, victory over the malignant enemy, and perpetual peace for the Church Militant. Further, it is needful to reflect that it is the will of the Sovereign Pontiff that all those who may respond to this invitation shall be considered as

having fulfilled the prescriptions of Sixtus V, of holy memory, contained in the Bull *Romanus Pontifex*, relative to the obligation of making the journey to Rome in order to visit the *Sacra Apostolorum Limina*. And if ever there was a time in which it was fitting to come and venerate the sepulchres of Saints Peter and Paul, fathers and masters of the truth, enlightening the souls of the faithful (as was said by Theodoret), it is, above all, at the period in which that Festival will be celebrated, which, in the words of Saint Leo the Great, "in addition to that veneration which it should receive throughout the world, should be hailed with special reverence and joy at Rome in order that in the place where the death of the principal Apostles has been glorified, greater joy should be manifested on the day of their martyrdom." Given at Rome by the Sacred Congregation of the Council this 8th day of December, 1866, sacred to the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God.—*Western New York Catholic*.

NOTICE OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

SPIRIT OF SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES. Translated from the French of Bishop Camus. New York: P. O'Shea.

This book, written by a Bishop and an intimate friend of the great Bishop of Geneva, has long delighted and edified those who could read it in the original. It is a book not only of interesting reading, but one filled with subjects of meditation. Practice and precept go together; and being the practice and precepts of Saint Francis of Sales, we have no need of commending the book. It commends itself to all.

In many of the anecdotes, the wit and humor as well as the piety of the Saint are so well caught that they are almost as amusing and edifying in English dress, as in the admirable writing of the Bishop of Belley; but we regret that in some phrases the translator follows the French construction and idiomatic expressions too closely.

Our readers may judge of the interesting and edifying contents of the book from a few extracts we give below:

INGENIOUSNESS OF SAINT FRANCIS' CHARITY.

A certain individual borrowed twelve dollars of our Saint, and wished to leave his note for it in spite of the Prelate, who not only did not ask for it but actually refused it; however, the promissory note was given, bearing only one month's time, according as the promiser himself preferred to have it. The month was extended to a whole year, at the end of which time the man called

again, and without the least allusion to the former loan, asked for ten dollars. The Saint wished him to wait in the drawing-room, and having gone and obtained the note, said to the man: "You have asked me the loan of only ten dollars; here I give you twelve, with all my heart," and returned him the promissory note.

Another man asked him the loan of twenty dollars, and wished to give him a note. It was not often that the blessed man had so much money by him; yet, as his was so good a heart, and he would allow himself to be torn to pieces to oblige his neighbors, he thought of an expedient which would relieve the individual, and bring the Prelate's liberality within range of his own means. Thus he went in quest of ten dollars, and returning, he said to the man: "I have found a way in which each of us can this day gain ten dollars, believe me." "My lord, how can it be done?" "You and I have only to open our hands, and that is very easily done. Here, take these ten dollars, which I give you as a present, in place of lending you twenty; you will thereby gain those ten, and I will look upon ten more as gained, provided you will free me from the obligation of lending them."

ON THE DEVOTION TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

Born within the Octave of the Assumption of B. V. M., the 21st of August, 1567, he ever cherished the remembrance of this circumstance with special affection. From his earliest days he loved Mary most tenderly, and in imitation of her, and under her motherly auspices, he vowed perpetual virginity. On the feast of her Immaculate Conception he was consecrated Bishop, and received those extraordinary spiritual favors of which mention is made in his life. Often have I heard him preach on the glories of our Lady, and in a style which only the sweetness of his heart could command. He was very industrious in inspiring the hearts of his spiritual children with the most tender sentiments of devotion towards her. He was also very careful to lead the feelings of this devotion within the proper channel, always directing its acts to the love and honor of God, whom we honor and love in our affection and veneration for Mary, even as he says in his Treatise on the Love of God, that "Who is anxious to please God and our Blessed Lady does well, very well indeed; but who should wish to please our Lady as much as, or more than, God, would become guilty of an unpardonable inordination."

ABOUT READING GOOD BOOKS.

To read with profit we should read one book

at a time—that is, from beginning to end. We should be guided, in our readings, both by utility and pleasure, like travelers who find a relief in their travels from the views they meet in their way. The new thoughts arising from our readings refresh the mind. Those who have no fixed reading, but skip from book to book, become soon tired of that which should be the healthiest food of the soul and a charm in life. Blessed Francis called spiritual reading the oil of the lamp of prayer. And he would quote the opinion of physicians, who hold that simplicity of food preserves man's health, whereas the partaking of many dishes, as is usual at great dinners, spoils digestion. The same happens in the indiscriminate reading of spiritual works: little profit is derived from them, and more harm than good.

ABOUT CONFRATERNITIES.

He advised his people to enter all religious confraternities of the place where they lived, in order to share the benefits of all. "Keep not out of them," he would say, "from fear lest you could not comply with all their rules, for they are not an obligation, but only a suggestion: for if there are rules in monastic communities which do not oblige under mortal or even venial sin, how much less such an obligation can be attached to the regulations of confraternities. Whatever is recommended by confraternities is not a precept but a suggestion or advice. To be sure, those who practice such acts of devotion gain indulgences, which are lost to those who practice them not, but without the least shadow of sin. There is much to be gained but nothing to lose." He wondered at the little number of those who joined these associations; some, he remarked, kept away from scruple, lest they should engage to do that which they might not be able to fulfill; others from want of religion, treating as hypocrites those who belong to them.

ABOUT ONE'S SPEECH.

Words reveal the man: the tongue has its roots in the heart. No matter how guarded and cunning a man may be, watch his words, study his language, and you will easily know whether his judgment is correct and his will good. Thus does the physician to ascertain the condition of his patient. We form an estimate of the root by the nature of the leaves and fruits of the tree. Often did our Saint express his belief that by retrenching the faults of the tongue, one-third of the sins of the world would be done away with: *If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man.* (James iii, 2.)

THE "AVE MARIA."

It is the easiest thing in the world to fall into misconceptions of the character of a nation; in nothing is this perhaps more evident than in the general accusation so prevalent now-a-days that our people have no literary taste, and, as for good religious reading, no time can ever be found for that. An article in a late issue of the *St. Louis Guardian*, well written, and citing many instances, holds that a purely religious journal would not be supported by our people. But we believe it is this very want of faith in the people that renders such publications unsuccessful; for because of this want of faith in them these publications are never properly brought to the notice of the public, and hence do not receive the looked-for encouragement.

The AVE MARIA is the most purely religious journal ever published in this country; and though but a short time established, has succeeded beyond the expectations even of its projectors, and to the pleasing astonishment of many who pronounced its early doom on seeing its very title. More, its future prospects are growing more brilliant every day. Why is this? May it not be that it is because it is so entirely a religious paper, appealing entirely to the religious feelings of our Catholic people, using the name of her who herself was used by God as the great vehicle to bring salvation to all mankind?

The zealous projectors of this "Journal of Mary" have had, and still have faith in the religious sentiments of our people, and they have worked hard and are working hard to bring the AVE MARIA before the public. Perhaps their superior faith in the people comes from their superior faith in God, who ever blesses every good work. If a Xavier or a Saint Vincent of Paul had listened and been reasoned out of their noble notions for the good of mankind by the *over-prudent*, then millions of souls would have lost the benefits of their zealous labors. Even now we know there are some who, certainly devout to Mary, yet hesitate to believe that complete success awaits the AVE MARIA. But we do not believe there is *one* who will not rejoice to see our hopeful words fulfilled.

The AVE MARIA must be read to be fully appreciated. It adopts a course of its own. It speaks to the souls of men. It speaks to bring mankind into the presence of heaven, by treating of heavenly things, and it seeks the salvation of all by inspiring their hearts with devotion to the Mother

of God, and through whose hands countless mercies come. None can resist its holy influence. Learned prelates readily give their encouraging approbation—the Pope himself blesses the work with his approval, and everywhere, wherever its name has been announced, AVE MARIA is triumphing.

Many a racked soul has found peace in its pages; many a teacher and parent found examples that influenced their young charge more than the rod; many a holy one been thrilled with new ecstasy at the still recurring salutation it bears upon its cover—AVE MARIA.

Whilst the rays of its goodness are being spread around, let us of New York not be the last to show our appreciation of the precious boon. We learn that the proprietors of the AVE MARIA have lately made Francis W. Lamb, of this city, their General Agent for New York and vicinity. We have, therefore, no excuse. His authorization secures us against the fear of impostors, and he will, we understand, take every means to bring the AVE MARIA to our notice. Our hope is that ere many years this beautiful journal will have visited every household in the land, and thus homage due be paid to our Immaculate Patroness. Surely our Blessed Mother will gain many graces for those who subscribe, *when they can*, for this pious messenger to her *protégés*, and surely, too, she will bless us for what words we have said in its favor.
—*New York Tablet*.

THE Indians of the Mission of our Lady of Bethsiamis, Canada West, requested their pastor, Rev. P. Arnaud, to send some aid in their behalf to the poor sufferers by the fire at Quebec, in the following terms:

"Father, we can endure hunger and cold—we have been trained to this from our infancy. You know that our Father, the Great Man of Prayer (the Bishop), is sad because the fire has destroyed the cabins (houses) of his children who live in the great village (Quebec); they are exposed to the cold without garments or food. Please send them our alms, a share of what the Government gave you for our benefit. We can still suffer, but we will rejoice in the thought that we have assisted those who were hungry and cold. Oh, Father! why are they not here, that we might divide among them what our hunting has produced?"

The sum sent by these poor Indians was three hundred dollars.—*Freeman's Journal*.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

AMID THE SACRED GLEAMING.

Amid the sacred gleaming
 Of altar flow'r and light,
 The Virgin's face is beaming
 With smiles devoutly bright.
 She seems to say: "*Come hither!*"
 Then, let us hasten thither.
 Sweet Mother, sweet Mother,
 May we stay with thee!

Stretch forth thy hand maternal
 In blessing o'er each head,
 And snatch from grasp infernal
 Poor souls by sin misled.
 Ah! then with hymns we'll greet thee,
 We'll chant thy praise most sweetly.
 Sweet Mother, sweet Mother,
 Free us from all guile.

Oh! teach us how with sorrow
 O'er ev'ry sin to weep.
 And strength from Heav'n to borrow,
 Our heart unstained to keep.
 Then Angel Choirs will meet us,
 And with their singing greet us.
 Sweet Mother, sweet Mother,
 Show to us thy Child!

Our hearts most fervent beating
 We consecrate to thee,
 And when, cold sorrow meeking,
 Each joy will blasted be,
 We'll not forget thee, Mother,
 Nor leave thee for another.
 Sweet Mother, sweet Mother,
 Ever be our guide!

And when the death-bell soundeth
 Our soul's departing hour,
 Hold back the foe that boundeth
 To obtain it as his dower.
 Oh! then, dear Mother, save us
 Through Him, thy *flat* gave us.
 Sweet Mother, sweet Mother,
 Guard us then from harm.

Before thy picture kneeling,
 Once more we gaze on thee,
 And hail thee with the feeling
 Of filial piety.
 And e'en whilst homeward turning,
 Our souls for thee are yearning.
 Sweet Mother, sweet Mother,
 Bless us one and all!

CONCERNING THE ADVANTAGES OF BE-
 ING A CANTANKEROUS FOOL;

With Thoughts on the Treatment of Incapacity.

GENTLE READERS: In looking over some periodicals I came across an article, taken from *Fraser's Magazine*, which was written for older heads than you have on your young shoulders.

Yet I think you will understand the extracts from it, which I place before you. I presume you will see the humor of the first portion of it wherein the gifted writer advises his readers to be and to do just what he does not wish them to be, or to do.

Let me whisper a secret to you—a secret for my young readers only—older ones should skip these lines—as doubtless they will—and begin at once farther down. The secret for the young folks is this: little boys and girls are apt to be Cantankerous! I do not say Cantankerous fools,—by no means, for it is my opinion founded upon extensive observation, that there are not many fools of any description to be had among little folks; 'tis only when they grow up and let the bad qualities of the heart get the better of the good that the head goes wrong to such a degree that the offensive epithet can, with justice, be applied to them.

But yet little folks have a decided leaning to Cantankerousness, that is, they like to do only just that which pleases them, and are very much inclined to pout and grow stubborn when they are wanted to do something that does not please their fancy, though what they are asked to do is perfectly right and reasonable. This comes from the fact that they have not a full use of their reason, and that they are led by the whim of the moment rather than by a sense of duty.

I do not blame them for it, when they are very young. I do not blame them, just because they *are* very young. But they would be blameworthy indeed, if, as they grow older and older every day, and grow up fine young lads and lasses, they would not try to be reasonable, and to act reasonably.

That all the readers of this department may have a horror of allowing themselves to become Cantankerous men and women, let them read attentively the following lines:

"Let me, not unkindly, set forth the praises of Cantankerous and thick-headed Folly; and show certain reasons why it is profitable to a human being that he be a Cantankerous Fool.

"There are cantakerous fools whom you can

keep at arm's length; cantankerous fools with whom you need have nothing to do: cantankerous fools having seen once, you need never see again. But very often you find that you cannot escape from many relations with a cantankerous fool; and that you must make the best of that offensive being.

"Now, how carefully you consider the tempers, the crotchets, the idiotic notions and prejudices, of the cantankerous fool from whom you cannot escape! As for a human being of good sense, and good temper, nobody, in the common transactions of life, minds him. Nobody smooths him down: pets him: considers him: tries to keep him right. You take for granted he will do right, and act sensibly, without any management. If you are driving a docile and well-tempered horse, who is safe to go straight, you give the animal little thought or attention. But if you have to drive a refractory pig, how much more care and thought you put into that act of driving! Your wits must be alive: your humor the abominable brute: you try to keep it in a good temper: and when you would fain let fly at its head, or apply to it abusive epithets, you suppress the injurious phrase, and you hold back the ready hand. So with many a human being whom you are trying to get to act rationally: who hangs back on all kinds of idiotic pretexts, and starts all conceivable preposterous objections to the course which common sense dictates; frequently changing his ground, and defying you to pin him to any reason he states, as is the way with such creatures. When your tongue is ready to exclaim: "Oh you disgusting and wrong-headed fool, will you not try to behave rationally?" you withhold the ready and appropriate words: you know that would blow the whole thing up; and you probably say, in friendly tones: "My good fellow, there is a great deal in your objections; and we have all the greatest desire to do what you may wish; but there is A and B, difficult men to deal with: and in this little matter you must let us do what has been arranged. Pray do this, and we shall all be greatly obliged to you." Perhaps you even degrade yourself by suggesting to the cantankerous fool reasons which you know to be of no weight, but which your knowledge of the fool makes you think may have weight with his idiotic mind. By little bits of deference and attention, rendered with a smooth brow, beneath which lurks the burning desire to take him by the neck and shake him, you seek to keep straight the inevitable cantankerous fool. Yes, my read-

er, if you want to be deferred to, humored, made much of: if you want to have everybody about you trying to persuade you to act as a sensible man would act without any persuasion; and everybody quite pleased and happy if you have been got after much difficulty into the right track; see that you set yourself before that portion of mankind that cannot get rid of you, in the important and influential character of an ill-tempered and wrong-headed fool.

"The human being who is called a *Privileged Person* is generally a cantankerous fool. No matter how ill-bred and provoking he is, you must just suffer it. No matter how far in the wrong he is, you must just try to smooth him down and make things straight. If you get into any altercation or difference with the fool, you are at a great disadvantage. He has no character to lose; but you probably have a reputation for good sense and good humor which any conspicuous disturbance would damage. Then, restrictions of decency in language and conduct fetter you, which are to the fool what the green rushes were to Samson. You could not for your life get up and roar, as you have seen the fool get up and roar.

"Well, after all, the deference paid to the cantankerous fool is not a desirable deference. True it is that if you have to get twelve men to concur with you in a plan for bringing water into the town of which you are chief magistrate, or painting the church of which you are incumbent, or making some improvement in the management of the college of which you are the principal, you bestow more pains and thought on the one impracticable, stupid, wrong-headed and cantankerously foolish person of the twelve, than upon all the other eleven. But this is just because you treat that impracticable and cantankerous person as you would treat a baby, or an idiot, or a bulldog, or a jackass. The apparent deference you pay the cantankerous man, is simply an inferior degree of the same thing that makes you confess yourself a teapot if a raving madman has you at an open window, and says he will throw you over unless you forthwith confess yourself a teapot. Pigheaded folly is so disagreeable a thing that you would do a good deal to keep it from intruding itself upon your reluctant gaze; and the cantankerous fool, petted, smoothed down, complimented, deferred to, is truly in the most degraded position a rational being can easily reach. 'Oh let us humor him; he is only Snooks the cantankerous fool.' 'Give in to him a little: he

will make no end of a row if you don't:' such are the reflections of the people who yield to him. If he had any measure of sense, he would see how degraded is his position: what a humiliating thing it is to be deferred to on the terms on which he is deferred to. But the notion of the presence of sense is excluded by the very terms of his definition. For how can there be sense in a cantankerous fool?

"How are you to manage a cantankerous fool? If possible, you will of course avoid such? But how are you to deal with those whom you cannot avoid? Well, I know it does not sound magnanimous: but I fear you can govern the cantankerous fool only by a careful consideration of his nature, and adaptation of your means to that. I mean, you will not suggest to him reasons of conduct which would have weight only with men of sense. If you want to melt a piece of wax, you bring it in contact with the fire. But if you do the like with a piece of clay, the clay is hardened, not softened. In like manner, there are arguments and considerations which would make a man of good sense and temper go to the right, which would make the cantankerous fool go to the left. What profit, then, in suggesting to the fool motives which his nature incapacitates him for understanding? You must deal with the animal as you find him: move him by the things that will make him move. The whip-cord, which makes the donkey go, has no effect when applied to the locomotive engine; yet the whip-cord serves its end when it makes the donkey go. And the reason which, being suggested to the sensible man, would make him ask you if you thought him a fool, will often avail to move the fool in the direction in which you would have him proceed.

"I can see plainly that in thus managing the cantankerous fool, you run the risk of falling to the use of means savoring to the base. But no rule can be laid down which may not be carried to an extreme. And we can but say, never say or do that which is sneaking or dishonest: even though by so doing you could get the fool to behave like a man of sense for many hours, or at the most critical juncture. I do not believe that honesty is the best policy. I have seen many cases in which it was plainly the worst. Yet honesty is unquestionably the thing for an honest man. And let the advice, to govern the fool by regarding his nature, be understood as counselling you to do so, as far as an honest man may.

"The truth is, you govern by obeying. You get material nature to do what you want, by find-

ing out its laws, and conforming to them. If you desire to order water to boil, you command it so to do by obeying the law which says that water shall boil, being placed upon a fire. If you would require a field to supply you in September with a crop of wheat, you do so by obeying the field's nature in many ways: plowing the field (which it requires of you): sowing it, and that in due season: in short, you humor that field in its likings: and in return for humoring its likings, you get the field to do what you like. So with the fool: so in truth with the wise man, too. All this is fair and aboveboard. But when you come to manage the fool by means analagous to that of him, who, knowing his pig would advance only in the opposite direction from that he desired, affected the desire that the pig should go north, when the deep craving of his heart was that the pig should go south—you are going on a tack whose honesty is questionable.

"There is a process, singularly offensive to the writer, of which one sometimes hears mention. It is that of *keeping people sweet*: such is the idiomatic phrase. It is a process not needful in the case of sensible people, who have no tendency to turn sour; it is a mode of operation especially applicable in the case of the cantankerous fool. It consists in paying special deference to the person to be kept sweet: in going frequently and asking his advice on matters as to which you have already made up your mind, and as to which you know well his opinion is of no possible value: in trying to smooth him down when he takes the pet, as he often does: in conveying by many tacit signs that you esteem him as very wise, very handsome, very influential.

"O judicious reader, wise and amiable, and not unimportant, receive it as a high testimony to your sense and temper, if no human being tries to keep you sweet! For, in all ordinary cases, the fact that you try to keep any mortal sweet, testifies to your firm conviction that the mortal in question is a silly if not a cantankerous fool!"

It has been stated that the oldest bell in France was that of Fontenailles, near Bayeux, which dates from the year one thousand two hundred and two. There is, however, a bell at Saint Racho, near La Clayetel, Saone et Loire, which bears the inscription *Mil ung* (One thousand and one). It is, therefore, two hundred and one years older than the bell of Fontenailles.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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No. 6.

MARY MOTHER OF GOD.

BY DR. O. A. BROWNSON.

We find none of the sects, even those that make the strongest professions of faith in the Incarnation, that do not shrink from calling the Blessed Virgin the Mother of God. They are willing to call her the Mother of Christ, the Mother of the Saviour, the Mother of the Redeemer, the Mother of our Lord, but to say that she is the Mother of God seems to most of them like saying that the Divinity has a mother, and is born of woman, than which they can conceive nothing more absurd, since the Divinity or the Nature or Essence is eternal, self-existent, and the Creator of all things. The Divinity is prior to Mary, since He created her, and she exists only by virtue of His creative act. How then can she be His mother?

The difficulty grows out of a misconception of the mystery of the Incarnation. Certainly Christ, the Saviour, the Redeemer, our Lord, is God. If Christ is God, and Mary is the Mother of Christ, she must then be, as declared by the Council of Ephesus, the Mother of God. Nothing can be clearer or more certain. But they who shrink from the conclusion do not really believe that Christ is literally and truly God. They not only distinguish but they separate the two natures, and fall into the heresy of the Adoptionists or into that of the Nestorians. They do not understand that the human and divine natures are really joined together in the unity of the Person of the Word, so that Christ was really one indivisible Person, as much so as Peter, James, or John; but consciously or unconsciously conceive of Him as the union of two persons, the one divine, and the other human. This thought, if they defined it to themselves, is, that the Word in becoming Flesh assumed into union with Himself an individual man, or a human *suppositum*, or *subsistentia*, existing as such prior to and independently of the assumption. This, if I understand it, was the error

of the Adoptionists, and implies the adoption of a man, not the assumption of human nature to be His own. Nestorius maintained that Mary was the Mother of Christ, but denied that she was the Mother of God, which is the doctrine on this subject of modern Unitarians, who separate sharply between God and Christ. For if Mary was the Mother of Christ and not of God, then clearly Christ is not God, and God is not Incarnate.

Nestorius denied Mary as *Dei Genetrix*, or *Dei para*, and made her simply the Mother of the individual human nature assumed. But the human nature of Christ never existed individually save in its hypostatic union with the Word. Human nature, generically taken, was born of Mary no more than of every other human mother; individually it was not born of her separate from the Word, for it is individualized or individuated only in the hypostatic union, and has out of that union no individuality, no personality. Human nature unindividualized has no subsistence,—no existence; individualized, since it is rational nature, it is a person. Not every individual is a person, for we do not predicate personality of material things, nor even of animals, though they are individuals; but every *human* individual is a person, and in man individuality and personality, if they mean not precisely the same thing, never exist the one without the other. Mary could not conceive and bear a son, any more than any other mother, a son, who should not be an individual person. Preseind personality from her Son, and she conceived and bore no son, and nothing was born of her, and she was no mother at all.

Now that which was born of her was either a human person or a divine person. If a human person, then the Incarnation is denied, and Jesus was only a man, at most, miraculously conceived, as say the Unitarians; if a divine person, then she was the Mother of God. According to the doctrine of the Incarnation the Son of Mary never existed as a human person. His human nature was never individualized in a human person or human personality, but was conceived and born

and subsists as individualized in the Divine Person or Personality of the Word, as my human nature was conceived and born, and subsists in a human person or personality. In the Incarnation the Word, or Second Person in the Holy and Indivisible Trinity, takes with regard to the humanity assumed the place of the human personality. Mary could then conceive and bear her Son only as a divine person with a divine as well as a human nature. So if we accept the Incarnation at all, we must regard Mary as really, literally, and truly the Mother of God.

The error arises from not understanding, or from an unwillingness to admit that the hypostatic union of the two natures is a real, substantial union, for *hypostatic* means simply *substantial*, and therefore that in the Incarnation God makes human nature as really and as substantially His own nature as is the divine nature itself. The two natures are not confused, or fused into one nature, as the Monophysites erroneously held; they remain forever two distinct natures united indissolubly in one Divine Person. The natures are distinct, for the one is eternal, uncreated, and the other is created—the one original and the other assumed; but the Person of both natures is one and the same. How God can assume human nature, His creation, to be really, truly, and substantially His own nature, is a mystery beyond the comprehension of the human or even the angelic intelligence, and so profound and so inexplicable is it, that it never could have been thought of or imagined, unless God Himself had revealed it. That He does assume human nature to be His own nature, as substantially joined to His own person as is His divine nature, is a fact we know from revelation; how it can be a fact we know not. He is Himself identical in either nature, and may act in both; whether He act in the one or the other, it is always He Himself that acts. Thus we say truly God was conceived and born of the Virgin Mary, that He suffered, was crucified, dead and buried, rose from the dead, ascended into Heaven, &c., because He could and did do and suffer all this in His human nature. We say all this truly when speaking in the *sensus compositus*, not however, when we speak in the *sensus divinus*. I can say God is Man, but I cannot say the divinity is humanity, or that humanity is divinity. I can say that God died on the Cross, but I cannot say the divinity died on the Cross, for the divinity is immortal, and Christ died in His human, not in His divine nature.

Mary was not the Mother of the divinity, but

she was the Mother of God, and as truly the Mother of God in His human nature as any mother is the mother of her own son. She is not the Mother of the humanity as separate from God or the Divine Person of the Word, for no such humanity was born of her, but she was the Mother of God only in His human nature. As God in His human nature is as truly God as God in His divine nature, since He has assumed human nature to be really His nature, she is truly, and without any metaphor or figure of speech, the Mother of God.

Now as every thing in redemption, the atonement, salvation, elevation of our nature in regeneration, and its glorification in Heaven, the whole economy of grace, all the Christian loves, seeks after, or holds dear and sacred, depends on the Incarnation, or the hypostatic union of God and man in the one Person of the Word, or the Word made flesh, it is easy to understand why all intelligent and fervent Catholics, who know and love their faith, insist with so much earnestness on the assertion of Mary as the Mother of God. Shrink from this, and you shrink from every thing distinctively Christian, deny the whole economy of divine grace, both regeneration and glorification, and leave man to wander hither and thither, seeking rest for his soul, and finding it never.

It is easy also to understand from this the importance the Catholic attaches to that devotion to Mary which they so assiduously cultivate, and which those who understand it not call Mariolatry. We are devoted to Mary for her mysterious relation to the Incarnation, and the Church encourages devotion to her, because it tends far more effectually than any reasoning or science to preserve and invigorate faith in the divine mystery which is the centre and fountain of grace, and on which the entire creation depends for its hope and deliverance and return to God as its final cause or supreme good. Mary would be no more to us than any other pure and holy woman, were it not for her mysterious relation to the Incarnation, as the Mother of God, and it is that relation that makes her so much to us, and so deserving of our love, confidence and devotion, and in no way better than by honoring her can we honor Him who chose to be her Son, and to honor her as His Mother.

O call not this devotion idolatry! Ye who do so, know not what ye do, nor the meaning of the words ye use! She, as the willing Mother of God, has her part in the work of salvation, and

it is impossible to show her too much love or veneration, or to give her more confidence than she really deserves. I would I were as ready to confide in her, and to implore her intercession with her Divine Son, as I am able to understand the reasonableness and purity of the worship Catholics render her.

For the AVE MARIA.

MATER DEI!

BY MARIAPHILOS.

To him who wanders through the mysteries
That strew the Past with food for thoughtful mind,
And loves to contemplate the Providence
That ruled the seeming chaos of events—
'Tis pleasing, when the eve of Life is near,
In meditation deep to ponder o'er
The wonders of that Mercy that directs
All things for good, and argument doth make
Of weakest instrument in His designs.
'Tis not in empire's rise or sudden fall
That this is seen so clearly,—nor in rush
Of warring nations to the clash of arms,
Where nature's grossest part alone is seen;
But, rather in the bye-ways and the shade
Where pensive Reason views the scene afar
And weaves creations from the troubled mass,
That live and teach when force has spent its rage,
And yet 'tis dangerous without a guide
To quick decide in favor or against
Except some higher sanction than mere thought
Direct the way and guide the hard pursuit,
As each man's mind, the scene will glow or frown
To some, a lesson, yet to others, death,
For that they do force all things to the mould
Of their own prejudice, and, foolish, draw
Conclusion that hath but its groundless life
Within the fancies of their erring brains.
Deceived themselves, they others do mislead,
And propagate that fearful Kingdom's power
That follows as a shade His Providence
And vainly strives to stay its blessed work:
For some a lesson—a mysterious Key
To open, by comparison, the truths
Cloaked in the dubious mist of human acts,
And show another and a greater Power,
The principle of what did seem of man,
What made the nations differ, and direct
Their course in different ways, and strive to raise
The trophies of their might above the crowns
That dared oppose their onward march to power?

'Twas that the germ from which they took their rise

Was an idea proper to their race,
That broke the parallel of mind and mind
And, by divergence, brought opposing views;
And why came war? but that ideas clashed
And minds opposed each other as to facts
That nations held as touching their free sway
And all-directing Interest's ceaseless claims.
Thus all that comes of man is warring force,
Marked by the changes of his fickle will,
To rule or slave, according to the whim
That doth direct his feverish chase for good.
Beneath the troubled surface of the deep
There is eternal calm, and yet from thence
Comes forth the salt that permeates its waves
And saves them from Corruption's poisoned breath;
Thus acts the Providence that underlies,
In stillest depths, the devious ways of men—
Unchanging, changeless as the awful Will
From which it takes its life mysterious.
Hence he who meditates and deep descends
Beneath the surface of each great event,
Shall stand, affrighted, when the vast abyss,
Immutable and stern, shall make him pause,
And bow before its Mercy and dread power.
And yet the contemplation that unfolds
The hidden workings of God's Providence,
Gives a reward much higher when it finds
Its goodness in unusual flow abound,
Though the bright pageantry of earth may fail
To aid its action with seductive smile,
And bend the mind from Cause to mere effect,
He who approaches nearest to the Source
Whence spring all blessings, must seek for some
aid
To buoy him in his flight, lest nature fail
And make his fall proportioned to his rise.
But how shall insects of an hour attempt
To take their way up to the Fountain-Head
And gaze, however humbly, on that Light
That in Itself hath Life and Infinite Power:
How bring this poor humanity to tread
Where essence all unearthly, with deep awe,
Leans on the breath that its existence gave
And, in ecstatic tremors, sings His praise!
Far in the Past a gentle Virgin rose
Up from the gloomy wandering of the soul—
God's eye attracted, and brought down on earth
A partner of humanity, so high
That God Himself would be no longer God
If He were greater than great Mary's Child.
Thus divinized, our nature took its place
Where burning seraphs tremble to approach.

Excess of wondrous Love! the heart grows still—
 The history of the past is but a dream—
 Before the majesty and awful truth
 Of God's humility in human form.
 Two wills combined in mystic union—
 Heaven's mighty fiat and the low-breathed sigh
 Of sweet consent that blest Archangel's ear,
 In awe bent low, to hear the Mother's word;
 Who would drink purest lessons from the ways
 Of God to man, must meditate on this,
 Where Passion's loud commotion is unheard
 And earth casts off its dust to robe itself
 In a New Law of Infinite Love and Grace.
 Though far in the obscure of mouldering years
 The nations turn with awe to gaze upon
 The Kiss of Peace that God gave to the earth
 Through Mary, fairest of the human race,—
 Human in all, except least breath of sin!

EXTRACT FROM LACORDAIRE.

After having spoken of the glory of David and his race, Lacordaire continues:

"There, at the foot of the temple, where the Christ was to pray, to teach, and to bless, obscurity began to descend upon the house of David, for fear that if the power and grandeur were too long a time perpetuated in it, the world would see in the coming of the Saviour a work tainted by too much help from man. The glory of David's house ceased in time, and when the Divine Majesty, at the hour marked out in His decrees, descended to put on the solidarity of our nature in the race which for twenty centuries he had been preparing, he no longer found the blood of Abraham and of David, except in an unknown Virgin, in the shop of a carpenter. Poverty with its purple had covered the purple of Solomon, and God, jealous of wearing it as dazzling as it possibly could be, led His Mother to the straw of Bethlehem, that He might be born there—in the midst of the herds which had, in times gone by, been cared for by His ancestor David.

But there also the glory of the house revived; that glory accustomed to come out of nothingness, and thus by the contrast of humility to defy the vain conspicuousness of pride.

Kings came from the country of Abraham to the city of David, there to adore in the Child-God the Heir of Heaven and Earth; and the Virgin who had brought Him forth, never from that time descended from the throne on which humanity awaited her, and on which humanity

keeps her night and day as its Mother and its Queen, the Mother of God, the Queen of Angels, the Ark of the Covenant, the Gate of Heaven, the Morning Star, the Refuge of Sinners, the Consolation of the Afflicted, the Help of Christians: sweet and magnificent titles, the sound of which will never cease, and which are all reunited in the miracle of another name which surpasses them all—the name of Virgin Mother. For as man corrupts all things, even maternity, God can descend nowhere without respecting the good which he there finds, without giving an increase of perfection.

How much, then, and how much more should He spare the bosom which He had chosen, and while giving it fecundity, leave it the honor of integrity, in order that the woman "blessed among women" should have as her eternal heritage all the purity of a Virgin and all the goodness of a Mother! The eye of man saw not these profound peculiarities of the birth of the Son of God; faith alone has revealed them, but reason, upon examining them, discovers nothing that is difficult to Omnipotence, or unsuitable to the work of sanctification which He had come to begin among us.

The Virgin Mother has dethroned all the impure worship of mythology; she has made in the heart of man, to the profit of his present as well as to his future joy, an ineffable union of tenderness and chastity, and if there be lost intelligences who outrage these mysteries of modesty without comprehending them, they have for their answer the piety of their mother, the honor of their daughter, the virtue of their sister.

IN WHAT THE WORSHIP OF MARY DIFFERS FROM THE WORSHIP OF GOD.

On the first page the Christian philosopher discourses, in a masterly manner, of the glorious title of "Mother of God" as justly due to the Mother of Jesus. We now beg to place before our readers a few pages from the pen of one of our greatest Theologians—the late Father Ventura, of world-wide reputation. We will soon bring other evidences of his deep mind and of the extraordinary ability with which he treated the question of our holy Mother. What we select to-day is perfectly simple; but, plain as it is, we think it will please and edify:

It was a great and beautiful word pronounced by Saint Bernard when he called the Blessed Virgin "The Sovereign Work far above whatever is

not God?" *Opus quod solus artifex supergreditur.*

This happy expression can be translated as follows: Provided she is not made a God, nor assigned any attribute of God, no man can ever say enough of the grandeur, of the glory and virtues of God's holy Mother.

This sentence embodies the reason and the economy of the worship which, from the beginning of Christianity, the Church has always and everywhere rendered to the beloved Daughter of the Eternal Father, the heroic Mother of the Eternal Son, and the spotless Spouse of the Holy Ghost.

The unbelievers of our present age appear highly offended at such language. According to them, the worship of the holy Virgin has no foundation whatever in the written Word of God, the Bible. They tell us that to honor Mary is to wrong God; that it is wrong to invoke her patronage, wrong to celebrate her grandeur and place confidence in her maternal love, as the true children of the Church ever did, everywhere do, and ever will do. Believe not those false demonstrations of zeal for God's glory on the part of desecrated hearts that love not God. It is the Phariseism of our days, which, in nothing, yields to the Phariseism of old, in point of hypocrisy; for duplicity and hypocrisy are the true characters of error, as simplicity and candor are the real features of truth. Neither does the Church preoccupy herself much about it, and in reply to the blasphemies of the spirit of darkness against Mary, she redoubles her filial zeal for Mary's glory. Indeed, this holy Spouse of the Son of God made Man, knows well the secrets of His heart, and therefore she is aware that every homage paid to the Mother is most agreeable to the Son, and that, instead of doing Him the least injury, it raises its grandeur and its glory.

At the foot of the Cross the Church, represented by the beloved Disciple, learned from the very lips of her dying Spouse that He had placed her in His own relation with His holy Mother, whom He was about to leave: *Mulier ecce filius tuus—ecce mater tua*; she then learned that thenceforth, in virtue of the formal order of the Divine Spouse, she should love and venerate Mary as her own Mother; and that in virtue of the equally positive promise of the Saviour, the Church may well expect, in turn, to be cherished by Mary as her beloved daughter. Here is all the secret of the tokens of honor and tenderness which the Church constantly gives to the Most Blessed Mary, in whose protection she has a boundless confidence.

The ladder Jacob saw in a vision; the burning bush Moses was permitted to approach; the footstool of the Lord which the Prophet declares should be honored,—*adorate scabellum pedum ejus*, were only a few of the many biblical figures typifying the honor in which the Mother of God should be held.

How it can be said that the devotion to Mary has no foundation in the Bible, is a mystery; and yet the same is said, and repeated by Bible readers! It is not enough that a lyre be harmonious and perfect; to draw from it charming sounds, a skillful hand is required. In like manner, it is not enough that the Bible contains the word of God; it must be read by the Church, or in the spirit of the Church, in order to reveal pure and edifying truths. Not unlike the Jews, deprived of the Synagogue to interpret infallibly the Old Testament for them, those who revolted against the Church have no longer the Church to explain to them infallibly the Old and the New Testaments. As the Jews do not see Jesus Christ, who, however, is to be found in every page of the ancient Scriptures, in like manner non-Catholics perceive, in the inspired pages neither the Church, nor its creed, nor its practices, and yet the New Testament is pregnant with the same. Now, as an unskilled hand could draw only discordant and jarring sounds even from the most perfect instrument, so do present heresies, as Judaism of old, find only contradictions, incoherent sense and error, even in the Bible, of all books the most holy and truthful.

The holy Mother of God can, therefore, repeat, for her blind detractors' instruction, what her Divine Son said to His own: *Scrutamini Scripturas*: "Search the Scriptures; for you think in them to have life everlasting; and the same are they that give testimony of me; and you will not come to me that you may have life. (St. John, v, 39, 40.)

Hatred blinds, as love enlightens. When possessed by hatred, man, however high-minded, does not see, nor hear, nor even know what he does or says. This explains the insolence, the injustice, and, at times, the stupidity, with which modern enemies accuse the Church and calumniate her on the point now before us. The Catholic Church, that imposing body of nearly three hundred millions of men, among whom have always been found the brightest lights, and the greatest virtues; from whose ranks have come the greatest men, the glory of humanity by the prodigious extent of their science and the heroism of their virtues; such an assembly wh-

alone, for eighteen hundred years, upholds in the world the torch of truth, neither diminished nor lowered, is in the eyes of unbelief, only a collection of superstitious, benighted idiots, who stupidly persist in making of Mary a goddess, to adore her, to the dishonor of the true God.

What insolence! What blindness! For it is notorious to all that there are in the Church three different kinds of worship, viz: the worship of adoration: *latria*, which she reserves for God exclusively, the worship of servitude: *dulia*, or veneration practised towards the saints, the friends of God; and a third one which has been established precisely to avoid confounding in one worship, the Mother of God and the Saints, viz: the worship of *hyperdulia* which, as the word itself indicates, ranks above the worship of the Saints, and yet remains infinitely below the worship due to God. How shall we call a systematic persistency in refusing to recognize the reasonableness, the wisdom, the justice of the above distinction, so perfectly in accordance with the spirit of religion? Such is the belief, such the practise of the Church: she makes no secret of the one or the other; and yet she has to hear, from all directions, that she believes and practises quite the contrary.

The prayers which the Church most frequently addresses to the Blessed Mary, through the year, and even several times a day, are the *Ave Maria*, the *Salve Regina*, and the hymn *Ave Maris Stella*.

In the Angelic Salutation, after repeating the words with which the Angel, on the day of the Annunciation, and Elizabeth, on that of the Visitation, saluted Mary, the Church resumes all, by calling her "Mother of God." Then she adds immediately: "Pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death." Thus, while she brings out the true grandeur and glories of Mary, the Church solemnly recognizes, that they confer upon her no other authority nor power, than that of praying to God in behalf of those who offer up their prayers to her.

The *Salve Regina* is the expression of the greatest confidence of the part of the greatest need in a Christian soul pouring forth the sighs of her sorrow, in presence of a great power, and imploring the help of a great love. But in concluding this humble and touching supplication, the Church begs of Mary to show to her faithful servants, when they shall have ended their lonely exile, Jesus, the Fruit of her womb; and by this, the Church acknowledges that the vision and possession of God is the only real good, the source

of all good; that God is all, and that what is not God, receives from God alone its being and its power.

We may say the same of the sweet hymn *Ave Maris Stella*: all the favors sought of Mary in this delightful piece, are summed up thus: "that He who for love of us deigned to become her Son, may accede to our prayers, through His holy Mother, whom He gave us also for our Mother."

The Litanies of Loretto, which the children of the Church know by heart and recite so often in honor of Mary with as much affection as happiness, form a series of salutations; it is impossible to imagine any thing more sublime or more magnificent.

In the first place, the Holy Virgin is reminded of the grandeur and privileges arising from her Divine Maternity; accordingly she is saluted by the most glorious and honorable names. This first part is all dogmatical: the second is wholly moral; it refers to the perfection and heroism of her virtues. In the third are enumerated the symbols and figures in which the prophets of old sang the praises of Mary. This portion is a biblical. Then comes the fourth part in which are recited the claims which Mary possesses to our confidence, with the various helps we may expect at her hands. In the last part is indicated the elevation of her rank above all created beings, and likewise the extent of her power as Queen of heaven and earth.

Let it be, however, well understood, that while first invoking Almighty God, one and triune, we say each time to each of the three adorable Persons: "spare us, O Lord: hear us: have mercy on us, O Lord." Whenever we address our petitions to Mary, we say: "Pray for us." By this we openly protest, that we acknowledge God alone as Sovereign Master of all graces and of mercy, and that if we assign to Mary the first place near the Throne of God, in the presence of God, in the hierarchy of beings, we acknowledge in her, notwithstanding, only a delegated power, a power of simple intercession,

The same remark holds good for all the formulas of supplication which the Church uses in addressing Mary, and God Himself in relation to Mary. All refer to the prayers and intercession of Mary by the Throne of God, her only Son. Hence it is evident that the Church, and the children of the Church, praying with her, and like her, recognize in Mary no power as belonging to her by right, but only a power once communicated to her by her Divine Son, as a mark of gratitude and love, a power of

intercession and prayer. In what could such sentiments thus circumscribed and limited within the sphere of reason and faith, prove injurious to God's authority? We are at a loss to comprehend how praying to Mary, that she may intercede for us in heaven; how beseeching her by our entreaties to plead our cause before the Throne of God, could be a reason of accusing us of making a Goddess of her; of assigning to her a God-like power, while we hope for God's mercies through her intercession, and recognize in her only a power founded on charity!

It is true that in the same Litany we call the Blessed Virgin "Health of the Sick;" *Salus Infirmorum*; "Refuge of Sinners;" *Refugium Peccatorum*; "Consolation of the Afflicted;" *Consolatrix Afflictorum*; "Help of Christians;" *Auxilium Christianorum*; but while we apply to her these titles, so magnificent and so touching, we add immediately "Pray for us;" *Ora pro nobis*. Is not this a sufficient recognition and open declaration that we do not expect these great blessings from her as being herself the source of them, but simply as being able to obtain them by prayer? Is it not to recognize and confess at the same time that God alone is the primary Source, the Sovereign Lord who dispenses all goods here upon earth?

In the mind of the Church, Mary is in the order of grace what the moon is for the sun in the order of nature. That planet is only an opaque body, without any light of its own, and borrowing from the sun that illumines it with its rays the soft light she spreads over the earth at night. In like manner, Mary in our eyes is a being without power of her own, owing all to God, even her being itself. It is the mysterious woman of the apocalypse, encircled and clothed with the sun: *mulier amicta sole*, that is to say, the woman who, while she receives the ineffable light of the "Sun of Justice," our Lord Jesus Christ, reflects Him upon men during the darkness and obscurity of their terrestrial life. Mary therefore is for us only a pure creature, and as such has no existence of her own, *ens a se*, is not a being in itself, but only a creature that is in God and from God what it is, a being which has nothing but what it has received of God. How we can be reproached for looking upon her and venerating her as a God, and be guilty of a gross insult to God Himself, is a mystery.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed, which, even dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

THE ABBE LISZT.

BY REV. ALEXIS RAYOUX.

'Twas nearly two years ago that the Parisian press made to religion and to the artistic world an announcement which the provincial journals seized upon and spread with avidity. Political and religious papers hastened to serve up the choice morsel of news to their readers; and it was with kindly and flattering comments on the person who was the object, that the announcement reached every corner of France, and spread throughout the world. It caused a general feeling of surprise, of joy and admiration. The Church had made a brilliant conquest; worldlings had received a touching lesson of abnegation and humility: Heaven had accorded to earth a providential spectacle capable of moving and stirring up the most indifferent. Pius IX tasted a moment of joy sweet and pure, amidst the sadness and sorrow which ingratitude and persecution pressed upon him; a flower was interlaced in his crown of thorns, and for an instant calmed its keen pain.

What was the commotion about? What important telegram had arrived from Rome with perfumes that thrilled the sanctuary and the world of fine arts? I fear not to say: it was a great event. A magnificent conversion had been wrought in the Holy City, which is, as it were, the reservoir of Catholic spirit for noble souls, those chosen intelligences rendered arid by indifference, and thirsting after the consolations of religion. God has prepared this mysterious reservoir in the city built upon the mountain, and the most frequently permits the illustrious famished ones of the age, those disgusted with worldly honors, with vain knowledge, with worldly pleasures and ambition, to come and quench their thirst, to refresh themselves, to revive in the waters of faith, hope and Catholic charity, which flow from thence over the whole earth. On the summit of the Church those new lights are seen by the entire world, and contemplating them, admiring their courage and triumph, we glorify the Father who is in Heaven, and are excited to march in their footsteps. Yes, Rome is almost always the theater, as it is the cause of those miracles of grace. The chains of Saint Peter are not idle in their reliquary of the Mamertine prison; by the merits of him who so gloriously wore them, they have received the privilege of making many noble captives, and the

keys of the Founder of the Church open its gates with a salutary noise to the illustrious laborers of the eleventh hour.

Among the magnets of attraction which the Holy City presents to all her visitors of every rank and degree, one of the most powerful, is, without doubt, the attraction which is exercised by the august person of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. The mildness, the amiable condescension, the intrepid courage of Pius IX, the touching manifestation of the sentiments which constitute his universal paternity, the union of the qualities which distinguish him as the Head of the Church, form, in my eyes, an evidence of the holiness, the apostolicity of Catholicity as luminous as the reading of the history of the Church, written with the blood of martyrs upon the walls of the catacombs. The sight of the great Pope electrifies me no less, revives my faith no less than do the intoxicating odors from the Coliseum, the visits to the prisons in which the two great Apostles were held in bondage, and the manifold marvels of art produced under the influence of Christianity. After having contemplated the mild and majestic countenance of Pius IX, serene as the heavens, strong with the strength of God, indulgent as the Master's own, we say to ourselves, and we proclaim with an irresistible accent of conviction: "Yes, this Pontiff is truly the Vicar of Christ, the Successor of the Apostles, the Father of the faithful! the Church is One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic: I believe, I love, I obey." The feeling of filial piety which fills my heart before Pius IX, before the Holy Father, convinces me that I am his spiritual son. Verily, under the traits of this Pontiff, it is Jesus Christ who governs His Church, and draws me into the paths of fidelity and of true happiness.

But let me no longer leave you, gentle reader, in suspense, let me now satisfy your legitimate impatience. It was not, however, a digression I made when speaking of the holy, seducing charm which Pius IX exercises over all his visitors. I have simply hinted at one of the occasional causes of the conversion of the celebrated pianist Liszt, and of his entrance into the sanctuary: for it is of that artist so well known, so remarkable, and, above all, so good, I wish to speak. To day I must cramp within the narrow limits of a single article, the affluence of pious details, of interesting traits of disposition and character which offer themselves to my pen; but I purpose, and I promise the AVE MARIA, to give, ere long, a short biography of this eminent composer. I merely resume the memory of numerous articles

of the press, and of biographical sketches when I say that Liszt is the most skillful and the most original artist we have seen since the appearance of the piano. His execution is incomparable, and, far from having been surpassed, has never been equaled. He is a perfect master of his instrument, has perfect control over the most complicated; he plays with a facility, a grace, a variety, truly prodigious. Improvisation is natural to him, and he always produces ravishing accords. This talent seems to be supernatural, it is so complete, and so far surpasses that which is the fruit of study and labor. Nature seems to have fashioned him for this truly royal superiority. His long fingers, flexible and rapid, glide over the key-board—they move, run, rush, fly rapid and graceful, like the bird that soars in air and capriciously balances itself in its native element, like the fish playing in the waters with its marvelous suppleness and agility. The key-board, music, is his element, his kingdom. He has been called the nightingale of the piano; we would say in America, the mocking bird. And certainly, I believe his fairy fingers have the same power of invention, of variation and of graceful melody as the enchanted throats of these birds, the first among the winged songsters of the two worlds.

From his most tender years, the fingers of Liszt have impassioned the best artistic circles. At the age of seven years he improvised before a German Prince, his protector, a melody which was received with bravos and applause. This Prince took charge of his education, and had his remarkable talent cultivated by the most able masters. When eleven years old he began to travel, and his passing through the capital and other important cities of Europe was a series of enthusiastic ovations. The little Liszt, as he was called, marched continually from triumph to triumph. He was the delight of kings, the well-beloved of the courts, the idol of the *élite* who crowded to hear him. Envy, it is true, sometimes pursued his steps, as it always follows great men; but it merely produced the effect it usually does when it attacks real celebrities; it gave a fuller relief, it consecrated the celebrity of Liszt. I perfectly understand to-day the fascination with which all his hearers were seized, that charm, that enchantment in which you were thrown, not only by his music itself, but also by his manner of playing, his imperious attitude. I understand it because I have myself experienced it, and I was with a friend calm and but little enthusiastic by nature almost intoxicated with admiration.

He had condescended to play before us young men in our modest room; he favored us with his beautiful hymn to Pius IX, and with the principal portions of his last Mass, executed with great success in the church of *Saint Eustache*. Was he not splendid on his seat, his two hands doing the duty of four on the key-board? He was magnificent, sublime. I imagined I saw before me the Pontiff of Art enthroned upon his instrument as upon a throne of glory. His noble countenance was lighted up, was radiant with inspiration, it identified itself with the music. At the *Oredo* it took a decided tone of mysterious gravity; he then sang the Christian Faith with its dogmas by turns so consoling and so awful, so sweet and terrible. Never had I seen a more perfect musical expression of our holy religion. Those learned harmonious notes, as profound as Catholic truth, full of faith, of hope and love, are engraven on my soul like the memory of a master-piece of painting, like the most eloquent pages of a Bossuet or a Fenelon.

That poetic and expressive countenance, those eyes of fire, that mansuetude spread over his visage like the ointment of Aaron, spoken of by the Prophet; that frame of long hair fast turning gray—all those traits will never depart from memory, for my heart as well as my memory guards them.

My friend, the pious young man who was with me, avowed, after the lapse of some days, that he had not been able to sleep for several nights, so vividly had he been struck by that music; he could never thank me enough for the favor I had procured for him. When he came out somewhat from his ecstatic state, he poured forth his lyrical emotion in a beautiful piece of poetry, which he offered to Liszt, and which procured him a precious autograph. As for myself, I had no expressions to testify to my illustrious visitor my admiration and my gratitude. I was dumb, confused; it was the only language suitable to me, and I employed it. Pardon, gentle reader, for this souvenir, which it was sweet for me to evoke. I return to the happy news.

On the 25th of April, 1865, M. Liszt, at the apogee of his glory, surrounded with honors, loaded with decorations, everywhere fêted, desired, called-for, bade an adieu to the world and mounted the first step of the Sanctuary. On that day he put on the ecclesiastical habit, and received clerical tonsure. The ceremony—I was going to say the touching scene—took place in the chapel of the Vatican. The two principal personages

were the the great artist, and Prince Hohenlohe, his friend who had been deputed by the Holy Father. A certain number of illustrious spectators witnessed this courageous step, this magnanimous sacrifice.

Liszt came to the altar, a taper in his hand, to give himself to God and to His Church, and to take them for his heritage. He pronounced, with a heart moved by the most perfect devotedness, the formula: *Dominus pars hereditatis meae, et calicis mei, etc.* He consecrated to his new mother, his reputation, his works, his talent, his future life, his entire being; he placed on the altar his grand, artistic crown, brilliant with pearls and rubies. In return, the Church gave him her own: the crown of humility in the eyes of men, but of regal grandeur before God. He was, then, admitted with joy into the vestibule of the Temple, and honorably placed by the side of the ministers of God. This important step was spontaneous, but at the same time made after mature deliberation. Religious sentiments manifested in a decided manner, at intervals, in his career, had long prepared him for this step. Like all truly great souls, Liszt had always been religiously inclined, despite the seductions and wanderings of an agitated life.

On retiring from the altar, the Abbé Liszt left his heart on it. His genius purified, and, as it were, renewed in celestial harmony, took a more vigorous flight, and powerful and radiant hovered in the elevated regions of sacred music. He lost nothing by this metamorphosis, by this exchange of earth for heaven, of man for God. His field was infinitely enlarged and offered him immense resources for composition. Henceforward he will still be Liszt, always Liszt, but Liszt transfigured. The *music of the future* of which he had a glimpse, and of which he was the prophet, has at last come for him; religious music opens to him its vast horizon, and its treasures of harmony. The entrance of Liszt into the Sanctuary was also his passage from the domain of execution to that of composition. Henceforth he will devote himself to sacred music. The few works he has already given to the public, bear, both in the details and in the whole, the impress of incontestable superiority, of profound feeling well rendered, and breathing the spirit of piety.

Decidedly M. Liszt plays with equal felicity the harp of David, and the instrument of worldly amusement; for this there is a reason extremely simple, and it is that he began by studying religious harmony, and by becoming thoroughly pene-

trated with it; for a long time he listened in silence and retreat to the voices of the tabernacle, and of prayer; he has taken possession of them, and soon we shall hear him resume them in his forthcoming compositions. From this time on, his piano will be the heart of man speaking to God, the heart of Christ Jesus addressing himself to men, his brethren. What harmony will he not bring forth from his instrument thus consecrated to religion! Pius IX, who has a great affection for our artist, delights in calling him "his Palestrina." This qualification comes in well to confirm our judgement on the musical future of the Abbé Liszt.

There is nothing so charming as the attention which the Holy Father gives to his artist of predilection. He treats him as a brother, a friend, a king. A single instance will prove that I do not exaggerate. Some time before the ceremony of which I have just spoken, M. Liszt was at the Convent of *Monte Mario* meditating on his vocation, trying his strength, and calling down upon his pious designs the benedictions of heaven. He also pursued his artistic labors, and was preparing the Mass of *Saint Eustache*, making a masterpiece of his first attempt. He was there in his cell, living in the bosom of Franciscan poverty, in the peace of God, and far removed from the turmoil of the world, when an august visitor came to surprise him and raise him from his voluntary humiliation to the highest honors. A brilliant coach draws up, several others follow. A man in a white cassock gets out—the beholders are surprised, astonished: it is Pius IX himself, who, in spite of the prescriptions of the ceremonial, has come to pay a visit to M. Liszt, to encourage him, to bless him. The Pope seemed to derogate from the usages of the Roman Court, but in reality he preserved the spirit of the ceremonial. It forbids the Pope to visit any one except princes; but in thus honoring M. Liszt, did not the Holy Father wish to render homage to the royalty of art, to the Prince of artists? What took place at the interview? There was, without doubt, unspeakable emotion in the breast of the neophyte, and paternal tenderness and friendship in the heart of Pius IX. The well beloved Pontiff laid aside with joy his sovereign majesty, to seek an hour of forgetfulness of his sorrows. After the first compliments which were simple and cordial, M. Liszt, in gratitude for the royal favor received, seated himself at the piano, and improvised, no doubt, a beautiful Magnificat, or in the hymn to Pius IX, gave to the Holy Father a glimpse of the

joy and exultation of his inevitable triumph. However that may have been, it is certain that his Holiness was enchanted. He listened to him for a long while with delight, and dreaming of the divine concerts of heaven: "It is very beautiful," he said, "very beautiful: *bello, bellissimo*; yet, courage, my friend, there above we shall hear still more beautiful things!" Before leaving, Pius IX extended his hand to his son, who kissed it with respect and love. He left him in unutterable jubilation. From that moment the vocation of Liszt was decided. He was completely caught in the net of Peter, and under the ring of the Fisherman.

Abbé Liszt is yet only in Minor Orders, but is preparing to receive soon the sub deaconship; he follows the classes of the Roman College; at the beginning he was in company with Prince Bonaparte, the cousin of Napoleon. Last year, the eminent artist wished to revisit France. He remained in Paris some months, lodging *rue Guillaume* in the apartments in which his good mother had died a short time before; in the same house lived his son-in-law, the celebrated *député* Olivier, to whom he had given one of his daughters in marriage; she also is dead. The loss of these cherished beings made a great void in the heart of our artist, and disposed him to the influences of the grace which had long been endeavoring to conquer him.

In that room I saw him, simple, modest, benevolent, affable, reading books of piety, particularly the Lives of the Saints, refusing the public representations which he detested, and wishing to live only for God and His Church. Every morning he went on foot to hear Mass in the church of Saint Thomas of Aquin, where his piety and recollection profoundly edified all who saw him. Inquisitive persons, idle morning-callers, journalists presented themselves continually, and he was ever full of courtesy and Christian humility, he, who formerly had been so querulous, so susceptible on his Olympus in the midst of the clouds of incense and glory. With what mildness and calmness has he not supported the bitter and unjust criticisms, the biting raileries of which his splendid Mass of *Saint Eustache* has been the object, both on the part of some friends, offended by his retirement, and of blinded enemies of the Church, now become his own? He has endured all, happy in suffering persecution for the sake of justice and truth. Once only he discussed in a friendly manner his principles of religious music, and the application he wished to make of them.

The principal critics who were present knew not what to reply: they were convinced, but did not dare to avow their defeat and his victory. They retrenched themselves behind the accusation of novelty, of innovation.

Well, yes, proud judges, incapable of comprehending and appreciating the beautiful in religion because it is not of your domain, and you are of the profane, when speaking of the Church, it is precisely novelty that is required, or rather *non nova, sed noviter*. The music of the sanctuary is still an uncultivated field; it is a mine of gold which but few have worked. This branch of religious art has much to do before it arrives at a certain ideal worthy of its destination. All progress realized will be a happy innovation desired by the clergy and faithful, *connaisseurs* and friends of the true religious chaunt. Since the time of Palestrina the Church has had but a small number of remarkable composers. The learned Abbé Alfieri of Rome, author of several works on esthetics, pious and a competent judge in this matter, has several times declared that the character of this music is still floating undefined in its aspirations. However, whatever may have been said by a few poor giddy persons, chattering parrots of the irreligious press, the Mass of Liszt has had an immense success, as it deserved to have. The large church of *Saint Eustache* was crowded, although the tickets of admission were put at a high price. Many were refused entrance from want of room. There were present the élite of Paris, the most distinguished magistrates, artists, literary men, and religious of the capital. And all the parts of that original and truly Christian composition made a great sensation, and were listened to with pleasure. The true *connaisseurs* who do not judge a piece destined for the church, as they would a piece composed for the theater, applauded interiorly, and hailed in the Abbé Liszt a master, and a future genius of the Sistine, destined to resuscitate the genius of Palestrina. One might say that Palestrina had carried with him to the tomb the secret of improving sacred music, but Liszt well knows how to find the secret, and how to use it.

The striking characteristic of the music of our Abbé is grandeur—immensity, so to speak. An eagle, audacious and sublime, like the one of Patmos, he loves to soar in lofty regions, whither he draws the soul, to fill it with astonishment and guide it through the enchantments of celestial melody. There are in his compositions the gravity and the subdued joy of the Christian life;

the majesty of our worship, the harmony of our belief, the mysticism of our mysteries, the tender melancholy of our aspirations for eternal happiness. It animates and strengthens the soul, it elevates it above the senses; it is a melodious breeze that agreeably fills the wings of the soul and gives it new vigor to cleave the terrestrial atmosphere and mount up to God. His music is the prayer of need, the supplication, the complaint of suffering, the shout of praise, the moaning of contrition, the hymn of love, the ecstasy of divine union.

Are not these the characteristics which suit the music of the sanctuary, whose mission, like all the fine arts, should be to aid our soul in its combats, in its struggle against matter, in its ascension toward God, and to the supernatural world which is its native land?

Previous to this M. Liszt had prepared an oratorio entitled *Saint Elizabeth*, for a charity concert in Pesth (Hungary), his native town. The oratorio, perfectly executed, had a great success, and produced a large amount of money, which was totally consecrated to relieving the unfortunate. It is not without reason that the city of Pesth holds him in such high veneration. Charity has ever been the first, the sweetest, the keenest pleasure of his noble heart. The net profits of the ceremony at *Saint Eustache*, amounting to 60,000 francs, were consecrated to the use of the communal school of that parish. Lately, after one of these religious concerts which he had organized, and all the materials of which he had furnished, (without, however, playing himself, as he has given up all public playing) he sent 20,000 francs to the Peter Pence. How many more works of mercy could I not reveal, if space and circumstances permitted. Last year before returning to Rome, M. Liszt went to Amsterdam to preside at the execution of the Mass that had been brought out in *Saint Eustache*. The illustrious master received in that city an almost triumphal ovation, and his work was covered with applause and praise. The Protestant Queen of Holland, who had not been able to be present, requested M. Liszt to come to the Hague, where she then was, that she might congratulate and thank him.

But I would never finish—yet I must do so, and with some edifying words. I will say then, that which Liszt places far above the eminent gifts he has received from Heaven is his ardent love for the Church. "You could scarcely believe," said he one day in a moment of pious confidence, "you

could scarcely believe how absolute is my devotedness to the Church. I love it, and wish to serve it with all my heart.

This paints exactly the new ecclesiastic. These words, and the view of his grand and poetic traits called to my memory the words of the bard of Vaulcuse, who also consecrated himself to the Blessed Virgin, and addressed to her the beautiful words which terminate a magnificent *canzone* in her honor:

“*Vergine, t' sacro e purgo
Al tuo nome e pensieri e 'ngegno e stile
La lingua, e'l cor, le lagrime, e i sospiri.*”

INTERESTING LETTER FROM ROME.

We (*Catholic Mirror*), are permitted to publish the following letter from Rome, addressed to our Most Rev. Archbishop, by Bishop Lamy, bearer of the official documents of the Council:

ROME, December 18, 1866.

MOST REV. DEAR ARCHBISHOP:

The night before last I reached Rome, and thank God, I had a happy voyage, I expect to have an audience of the Holy Father to-morrow, and to deliver to him the documents of the Council of Baltimore, of which I had the honor to be the bearer.

In my next letter, I hope to be able to give you all the information regarding the result of the various Acts of the Council. My first visit yesterday morning was to his Eminence Cardinal Barnabo, who received me with his usual cordiality, and remarked that the documents I brought had been anxiously expected. And had not the ceremony of the beatification of the Capuchin occurred to-day, I would have had an audience already. Cardinal Barnabo had the kindness to inform me of the church and the hour when the ceremony took place, and I happily arrived in time, not only to witness the ceremony, but also to see the Holy Father, to hear distinctly and understand the Allocution which he spoke in Italian, and to be admitted at the kissing of his feet. In the very act of receiving the Pope's blessing, I was recognized by him as a Bishop, though I was dressed in a black cassock. “Are you not a Bishop?” said the Holy Father to me, smiling. Having answered in the affirmative, and given the name of my diocese, His Holiness added: “I received your telegraphic dispatch from the forty-seven Archbishops and Bishops of the United States, and I hope you bring the documents of the Council.”

You see, Most Rev. Archbishop, that I was extremely fortunate on my arrival in Rome. The Holy Father looks well, and in his Allocution he was so cheerful that he made us laugh at a pleasant remark he made respecting the blessed Capuchin whom he declared beatified. •

I took up my quarters at the American College, having gratefully accepted the kind invitation of Father McCloskey who accompanied me across the Atlantic.

There are about four thousand Pontifical Zouaves in Rome; but the frontiers are unprotected. Humanly speaking, nothing but a miracle can secure the continuance of the Holy Father in the Eternal City. We should earnestly pray for the Vicar of Christ on earth, the visible Head of the Church, and often repeat with the Royal Prophet: *Exurgat Deus, et dissipentur inimici ejus*,—“Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered.”

Please to remember me to the clergy of your house. Believe me your ever devoted Friend and Brother in Christ.

JOHN B. LAMY, *Bishop of Santa Fe.*

THE BLESSED VIRGIN AND ST. CLARA.

The grave and learned author of the admirable work “*La Triple Couronne*,” Rev F. Poiré, of the Company of Jesus, relates the following incident as a proof that those who honor the holy Mother of God sincerely and to the end of their life never fail to receive at their death some peculiar assistance, and sometimes extraordinary favors, at the hand of their powerful Protectress.

Saint Clara, the beloved spiritual daughter of Saint Francis of Assisium and the first plant of the rich orchard of the Poor Clares, from which for six hundred years, such a number of holy souls were transplanted into heaven, had inherited from her saintly father a boundless love for the glorious Mother of God. She had trusted in her love, how could she meet with a disappointment? Behold what happened a few days before her death: The merciful Mother, accompanied by a multitude of virgins in snow-white dresses and wearing splendid crowns of gold on their heads, came to visit her. The glorious Virgin herself was among them as an empress, with an imperial diadem resplendent with precious stones. From her countenance issued such splendor that it outshone the sun's. Thus clothed in glory she approached the humble servant of God, folded her in her arms, and most lovingly pressed her to

her bosom, and giving her the holy kiss of peace, she filled her heart with a strength and a consolation wholly celestial. All the virgins who accompanied her surrounded the bed of the dying saint, and spread on it a golden cover, as being the couch of the Spouse who was soon to come and visit His beloved to lead her to heaven.

AN ENGLISH PROTESTANT ON THE ROMAN QUESTION.

The following, says the *Guardian*, is an extract from "a letter from an Englishman in Rome to an Italian in London," which appears in the last number of Dickens' *All the Year Round*:

"I have attended more than one of the Catholic Church services on Sundays. I have walked again and again over those remote quarters of Rome in which the life of the people shows itself most strikingly and unrestrainedly to strangers. Go where you may, I see no change in the congregations, since my first experience of them. I discover no such phenomenon as a threatening attitude among the people. Last Sunday morning I went to a 'solemn function' at the church of St. Martin; then to St. Peter's to Vespers, and Catechism in the afternoon; then all through the Trastevere, where all the people were out enjoying the lovely sunshine; then back again, across the river, and round about another populous quarter, to another 'solemn function.' In all this peregrination I looked carefully for any sign of a change any where, and saw none. The ceremonies of the Church were superb and as impressive as ever, and the congregations (the men included, mind) just as numerous and just as devout. Four years since I saw the catechising at St. Peter's—the boys openly taught under one of the aisles, and the girls secretly taught behind a screen under another. On one occasion I noticed that all the girls respectfully kissed the priest's hand when they came out from the screen, and were dismissed. There was the whole thing last Sunday going on again as usual—the much enduring boys kicking their legs on the forms, and the nicely trained girls crowding round the priest to kiss his hand as they went out. In the whole Trastevere, when I went through it afterwards—in all that turbulent ultra Roman quarter of Rome I doubt if there was a soul in doors. Were the men cursing in corners, and the terrified women trying to moderate them? The men were playing the favorite Roman game of 'morra' in cor-

ners—the men were smoking and laughing—the men went out of their way into the mud at a place where a Cardinal's carriage was standing as an obstacle on the drier ground, without a wry look or a savage word in any case. The women, in their Sunday best—the magnificent Roman women of the people—sat gossiping and nursing their children, as composedly as if they lived under the most constitutional monarchy in the world. If they had been English women, and had 'known their blessings,' they could not have looked more comfortable. Do you remember when you were in Rome, devout individuals stopping a Cardinal out for his walk, to kiss the ring on his forefinger? I saw a devout female individual stop a Cardinal yesterday for this extraordinary purpose in a public thoroughfare. The Cardinal took it as a matter of course, and the people took it as a matter of course, just as they did in your time.

"Don't misunderstand me, in what I am now writing. I am not foolish enough to deny that there is discontent in Rome, because I don't find it coming to the surface. I don't for a moment doubt that there is serious and savage discontent—though I firmly believe it to be confined to the class (the special class, here and everywhere) which is capable of feeling a keen sense of wrong. More than this, I am ready to believe that the 'Roman Committee' can raise a revolution, if it please, on the day that the French leave Rome. But granted the discontent, and granted the revolution, I am afraid that there is a power here which will survive the one, and circumvent the other. I see the certainty of possessing that power in the reserve in the unchanged attitude of the priests; and I see the foundation on which the conviction of the priests rests, in the unchanged attitude of the people. You know the old story of the man who had been so long in prison, that he had lost all relish for liberty, and when they opened the door for him at last, declined to come out. When you open the door here, I hope—but I confess I find it hard to believe—that you will find the Roman people ready to come out."

OBITUARY.—Died, on the 19th ultimo, at St. Joseph's Convent, Carondelet, Mo., Sr. M. Monica.

The painful illness which nailed this ardent soul, for two years, to a bed of suffering, has at last let its victim free; and it is the consolation of her many friends to hope that she is now at rest, receiving the reward of her zealous and self-sacrificing life. May she rest in peace.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

YOUNG AREL.

BY W. II.

Young Arel was a good obedient child,
A lad of promise—on whom nature smiled,
And left her impress—marked him for her own,
As if delighted but with him alone.

A youth so promising to future fame,
Could not be let to live without a name,
And therefore, though his parents loved the boy
Who was their first and last—their only joy,
They needs must send him whither such are sent;
To give the fairest shape to nature's bent;—
To the high seat of ev'ry science, where,
Each save Religion, had its patron chair.

Time waxed apace, and oh! how sad to tell,
When he must bid perhaps a long farewell
To doting parents, kindred friends, and all
Endearing objects round fair Arel Hall.
But go he must, though separation give
The keenest pang to these affections live
Within the bosom of parental zeal,
Which parents only for a child may feel;—
Naught longer must retard, whate'er betide,
The boy's advancement and the father's pride.

The day arrived for his departure hence,
And oh! the sighs, how deep, sincere, intense,
Expressive of a tender mother's love—
A father's manly soul—such sighs must prove
How dear he was to them—how he possessed
The heart's affections lab'ring in their breast,
Nor only they expressed their tears and sighs,
The poor domestics even raised their cries;
Nor could the sorrows be suppressed that broke
From their plain hearts while thus the father spoke:
"My son—thy father's and thy mother's joy,
Next after God—my son, my hope, my boy,
Remember God in all thou undertake—
In all thy thought and speech; and for our sake,
Remember how we've fondled all thy youth—
Directed thee in ev'ry path of truth;
Nor e'er forget that gratitude should be
To us who've lavished all we've had on thee
Go then in peace, and prosper in the Lord;
But see, thy mother would with thee a word."
"Come hither love, part of my life," said she,
"Give, give one kiss, a parting pledge to me,
That thou wilt have—when hot temptation's force,
When storms assail—that thou wilt have recourse
To her who is the sinner's shield and guide—

To Mary, who will all thy wants provide;
Who will be near thee to avert the blow
Struck at thy virtue by whatever foe;
Will, while thou'st faithful and devoted, lend
Her mighty aid—will be my darling's friend:
Good-bye, my child, my blessings on thy head,"
Was all she could—was all she dared have said;
Save this repeated word—"depart, depart,"
For strong solicitude oppressed her heart.

The boy o'ercome at proofs of love and care,
So truly pure, so ardent, deep and rare,
Responded thus, while answering sighs exprest,
And sobs convulsive, what was in his breast:
"I promise all,"—his looks bade all farewell,
Declaring what his tongue refused to tell.

At the high seat of learning paganized,
The boy at length arrived—was circumcised,
Or rather dubbed one of the faithless youth,
Whose sense of right was to impugn the truth;
Was introduced in all the forms of schools,
And made acquainted with the public rules:
Made but to be despised: yet still the board
Of grave professors all their forms adored.
Nor by his mates less bound was he; because
They also had their code of secret laws,
That bound and burdened action, word and
thought,

Not aimed directly at the end they sought—
Which end was death to ev'ry moral law—
To Christianity, and all they saw
Would put restraint upon illegal ire,
Or check the motions of unhallowed fire.

Such as the scholars, such the masters were,
To whom poor Arel's education, care,
Were for the future to a time unknown
To be entrusted even by his own
Confiding, simple-minded father's voice,
Forgetting prudence should direct his choice
Of those as willing, and as able too,
To teach his son according to his view.

His chief professor happened to be one
Who stood in art among the board alone—
In intellect and learning, speech and grace,
Attractive manners, with that kind of face
Which seemed to mirror, or reflect the soul
Of one predestined to exert control.
And as he did indeed; but sooth to tell,
To man's destruction, and his certain hell.

Concealed beneath his outer counterfeit,
Was all the monster called the hypocrite—
Was all the cunning snake that stares his skill,
At once to charm his victim, then to kill.
As quick to lie, as slow to speak the truth,
He stuck at nothing might seduce the youth,

Engrafting poison, and whatever could
Affect the stem, and therefore nip the bud
Of Christian Faith, he saw, with pain, was there
Fast striking root, and opening fresh and fair.
Beholding also in him all that fire,
And brilliant talent which he could desire,
In one to whom he might, when age came on,
Yield up his chair, and call him brother, *son* ;—
And careful lest imprudence might awake
His virtue dozing now, the cunning snake
Concealed, lay coiled just at the softest part,
That led directly to his victim's heart,
Infused his poison, rattling no alarm,
And thus succeeded even to a charm.

Beneath such auspices—beneath such sway
Could innocence itself but fall away?
Against such odds, against so many foes,
What could poor Arel with success oppose?
Nothing, alas! or so he thought, and ceased
To struggle longer, for a time at least.

Yet now and then, he called to mind the word
Pledged to his parents—yea, and more, his Lord!
But fluctuating long 'twixt good and ill,
He lost control above the perverse will;
And so was hurried, notwithstanding all,
Down fast and faster the descending fall;
Till quite dispirited by efforts made,
To hold to something down the sloping laid,
He had no further hope—no further care,
But yielded passively to fell despair.

Faith broken with his parents and his God,
And lashed to fury by his conscience' rod,
Resigning further claim to virtue's charms,
He threw himself into his patron's arms;
And having nothing more on earth to lose,
With God or man, sustained that serpent's views,
And swore to carry them, though earth and skies
Should burst asunder at the enterprise.

Yes, since he could or *would* submit no more,
To honor parents or his God adore ;—
And since ambition urged him on to fame,
At least the passing glory of a name—
He wrought in earnest, with the head and heart,
At ev'ry science, pointed keen by art—
At ev'ry lying means could be supplied,
From living authors or from those who died,
To qualify himself yet better still
To reach the object of perverted will;
And he succeeded far as human means,
Could be sustained by pride on which it leans.
And now replenished full of both, he hurled
Red-hot defiance at the Christian world.

Yes, well provided with the sceptic's lore,
He undertook what many did before,

The propagation of the only laws
That reason impotent from reason draws;
And so, of consequence to rid the land
Of laws he did, or *would* not understand;
Forgetting that, if asked to prove to man,
What reason is, or how it first began,
He's forced to reason, reason does not tell,
Or to believe (and then he reasons well)
It had its being in superior Ens,
And then his faith in spite of him begins.

But naught accords with human reason more
Than humbly to submit itself before
The way of God, which is in part to show,
In part to hide, himself from all below;
That tried in darkness here awhile, they may
Hereafter merit an eternal day.
The portions know the portions not, however,
As in a glass, sufficiently declare
To human reason, that it ought to own,
And bend, in faith to what is still unknown.
Now that which changes is not Truth; because,
Truth is the *one* eternal Law of laws;
But reason changes ever and anon,
As well in gen'ral, as in ev'ry one;
And therefore is a blind fallacious guide,
When self-dependent, and the slave of pride.
The sceptic's reason, too, says chance is all,
By which all this *trip* into life and fall.
What! Chance! a purely abstract nothing, God!
A wondrous One indeed—supremely odd—
Creating worlds by action, thought, or word—
Nothing does something which is all absurd.

But Arel did not stop to think, who tilts
Against the Truth, rides loosely high on stilts,
From which he's certain, at the charge, to fall,
And thus become the ridicule of all:
Ah, no! but hushed the warning voice within,
That still reproached him with his crying sin.

That to the purpose, he might do the more,
The coasts of error he would first explore;
And therefore, breathing flame and threats, did he
Launch into error's rough and rocky sea;
Upon the Bark was named the Social Red,
Whose banner waving at the main-mast head,
Displayed for motto: "*Death, eternal death*
To Catholicity—her Moral, Faith!"
With sails and oars of vanity and pride,
And reason's compass as his only guide,
For many days and months—yea, even years,
He struggled hard—as from report appears—
Against the adverse winds and waves to gain
The haven sought, but struggled hard in vain.
At length, disgusted by his ill success,
The thought was forced upon him to confess—

That reason's compass was indeed so strange,
 It seemed in nothing certain but to change.
 But such experience clearly does aver,
 That 'tis the fate of reason still to err—
 To breed a mass of indigested lies,
 From which it sickens first, and lastly dies.
 And as the drunken man, too full before,
 On this account calls out for more and more,
 Till, quite o'ercome, he sinks at last beneath
 The fiery potions, raving or in death;
 So reason also, of itself too full,
 Cries out for more, which only makes it dull,
 And foolish, till, o'erburdened by its weight,
 It falls a victim to its own conceit.

His reck'ning lost—his compass out of joint,
 Steering to ev'ry or to any point,
 He slackened sail—lay on his oars awhile
 For observation; but hopeless smile
 Betrayed the desperation felt within,
 Yet spread his sails, and plied his oars again;
 But to no purpose—all he could essay,
 But darkened darker still the gloomy way!
 Nor could he pilot out the harbor aimed
 By reason—no! and thus at last blasphemed:
 "And am I foiled—and must I yield,"
 "To Thy pretensions, Christ? I swear by Thee,
 No, never, and—" but as the monster spoke,
 A death-like stillness o'er his senses broke;
 And looking round the far horizon, saw
 Dark banks of clouds ascend, impressing awe,
 Portending death, and big with potent ire,
 Their centres black, their edges fringed with fire.
 Slowly but stead'ly round the concave bend,
 Bank after bank with awful looks ascend,
 And meet at length above the sceptic's head,
 In all the majesty of rage and dread:
 A moment's pause—in horrid grandeur they
 Involve the light, with just enough of day
 To show the scene, or yet perhaps to give
 The wretch one instant to repent and live.
 In vain, however: now all at once, the poles
 From one to one are shook—the thunder rolls,
 And booms aloft—the straining clouds on high,
 With the red lightning, in convulsion, vie,
 And burst at last, and pour their fury down,
 In fiery torrents on the culprit's crown.
 Beneath the waters yawning widely crave,
 And cry for liberty to make his grave;
 All nature writhes, impatient of restraints
 Put on its vengeance by the Saint of saints.
 Leave given now, the *Soci. l Red* is tossed,
 And reels and plunges, and—"O God! I'm lost!"
 The trembling wretch exclaimed; and terrified
 Beyond expression, thus repentant cried,

In mental agony: "O Queen!" thought he,
 "O Mary! Mother! Mercy! pity me!"
 And so she did, and snatched him from beneath
 The rage of justice judging unto death!
 And gave him back to peace and Faith again—
 To hope in God, and charity with men—
 To parents, friends that long had wept his fall,
 And mourned his absence from his natal hall.

[We have received the above from an esteemed correspondent, from whom we should like to hear more frequently. He tells us that YOUNG AREL made his first appearance some twelve or thirteen years ago in a paper then edited by the talented and lamented writer, Dr. Huntington.]

MIKE'S ILLUSTRATION OF A MIRACLE.

"What nonsense, Mike, for you Papists to believe in miracles! Did you ever see a miracle? Can you show me one?" said Wilkins.

"It isn't for the likes of me to make a miracle," answered Mike; "but maybe I could show you something that *would be* a miracle."

"Well, I wish you would," said Wilkins. "Let a man of sense see it, and I know it will be a humbug."

Mike's temper was considerably ruffled by Wilkin's sneering. He walked on, however, good-humoredly, until the narrowness of the path gave him occasion to exercise his politeness by letting Wilkins walk ahead. Then he seized his opportunity, and with his foot, armed with a heavy brogan, he applied a heavy kick to Wilkins' rear.

The outraged man turned suddenly around to see what in the world it meant.

"Do you feel that?" asked Mike.

"You're a fool!" roared Wilkins—"of course I feel it." He knew, from Mike's brawny frame, he had no chance to revenge it.

"Well," said Mike, "it would be a *miracle* if you *didn't*! Isn't that as thrue as you're a living? an' not a word of lie in it!"

WE SHOULD BE FAITHFUL IN SMALL THINGS.—

Some one was playing at a game and cheating his adversary; Saint Francis de Sales was present, and remonstrated. "Hol!" replied the youth, "we are only playing for a farthing?"

"And what if you were playing for dollars? Whoso is faithful in small things will ever be faithful in greater ones; and whoso will not dare to steal a pin will not take a dollar."

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. III.

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No. 7.

For the AVE MARIA.

BALTIMORE,

FEAST OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES, 1867.

Very Rev. E. Sorin, Editor Ave Maria:

VERY REV. DEAR FRIEND:—At length I am able to comply, very imperfectly however, with the reiterated request of your Reverence, that I should write something in honor of the Blessed Virgin, for the pages of the AVE MARIA. I attempt the task with fear and trembling, well knowing how utterly unable I am adequately to chant the praises of HER whom God raised to the highest dignity which it was possible even for Him to bestow upon a creature, and whom He, with munificent bounty, has vouchsafed to exalt to the highest seat in the heavens, and to constitute the magnificent Queen of men and of Angels.

Such, however, as these poor effusions on the Anthems, Prayers, and Hymns of the Church to the Virgin, may turn out to be, the numerous readers of the AVE MARIA are heartily welcome to them; and my only petition is, that they will, in their charity, occasionally breathe a prayer for the unworthy writer, who subscribes himself,

Your Reverence's faithful friend
and servant,

M. J. SPALDING,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

ANTHEMS, PRAYERS, AND HYMNS OF THE CHURCH TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

As leisure may serve, we propose to weave a few imperfect chaplets for the brow of the Virgin. They will be heart-offerings of a well-meaning, however wayward child, to a tender and devoted Mother who will not be over-nice as to the complexion of the offering, provided it be prompted by upright intent and made with filial love and devotion. She will regard the will rather than the deed, the honest heart rather

than its rude utterances. She will not prove a rigorous critic, nor will she be disposed to exact severe order or logical precision from her votaries. Are not these her children, and is not she their loving mother? And when was it ever known that a mother's heart failed to make ample allowances for the short comings of her children, or to throw the wide mantle of her abounding love over their imperfections, or even positive failings? Does even the earthly mother love her child any the less, because, in attempting to run to her arms, it chanches through weakness to stumble or fall? No, but she will love it all the more for this very weakness, will fly to its succor, will press its trembling limbs and panting heart to her bosom, and will cherish it as her heart's delight!

While these thoughts inspire confidence, and encourage us to launch forth in the praises of the Virgin, with child-like simplicity and earnestness, we are not unmindful of, nor unterrified by the declaration made by one of her greatest votaries and most tenderly eloquent champions—St. Bernard—who discoursing on occasion of her crowning festival, the Assumption, employs this language: "If nothing delights me, nothing also terrifies me more, than to speak of the glory of the Virgin Mary." Though she is but a human creature and therefore not wholly placed out of our reach or entirely above our human level, yet her perfections are so great, her beauty so transcendent, that we can entertain no well grounded hope to be able even imperfectly to portray the former, or even rudely to sketch the latter.

How, in fact, can we poor weak creatures, crawling wearily over this miserable earth, with barely light enough to see our immediate way before us, and not enough to furnish us a clear view even of the small human things which surround us here below, ever hope fully to understand, rightly to appreciate, or adequately to describe that surpassing vision of loveliness, which greets our enchanted eyes, when we lift them up heavily and with the aid of faith, to that paradise where Mary is reigning the Queen of Heaven, crowned

by her Son, and honored by all the heavenly court.

Whatever we can say, whatever we can even imagine, will fall so far short of the truth as it exists in the bright original, that we feel almost tempted to forbear, and to substitute silent admiration for utterances so necessarily imperfect and halting. Still, if the fond child is not arrested in its rude attempts at speech to its doating mother, by any such prudential motives, why should we be? True, the difference is greater in our case, than in that of the earthly child to the earthly mother; still, the principle is the same, and the love of our heavenly Mother is so much more abounding than that of any earthly sister, that it will go far towards annihilating the greater distance between us, and hiding the greater deficiency on our part.

And that Mary is our MOTHER—our beautiful, radiant and sweet Mother in heaven—we believe with an abiding faith, an indwelling and unwavering confidence. We believe it, to the full as much with our heart, as with our head. We are as little tempted to reason on the subject of this tender relationship, as is the child in order to account for its being drawn towards its carnal mother. The latter feeling is an instinct of nature, the former is an instinct of grace. How, in fact, can we believe and feel that Jesus is our Brother, without, at the same time, feeling and trusting that His Mother is our Mother as well? Could we else belong to His family, the first model and the germ of His Church? If we stand aloof, do not share in the family feelings and sympathies, and do not speak the family language, we are by this very fact self-convicted of being outsiders and aliens, and as, therefore, having no share in the hopes and aspirations, as we have none in the family relations and affections. With as much truth and force as Saint Cyprian said: "No one can have God for a Father, who has not the Church for a Mother," we may say to all unfeeling skeptics and self-righteous Pharisees, who think it a religious duty to look coldly upon and to disparage the Mother, in order to exalt the Son: "Ye cannot have Jesus for a Brother, unless ye have Mary for a Mother!"

Ye cannot sever the Mother from the Son. The two are one, by the tenderest and the most indissoluble union; a union formed in the eternal Councils of God in heaven and cemented on earth; by a union in woe as in weal, in the Crib at Bethlehem as at the Cross of Calvary, in life as in death, in heaven as on earth. How dare ye sepa-

rate what God hath so joined together? How break the bonds of the most tender, the most perfect, the most ennobling, the most sublime family union, which the world ever saw, or ever could or can expect to behold? And you dare do it under the pretense of honoring the Son, as if He, who vouchsafed to be willingly and lovingly subject to her through life, will be jealous of her in heaven! As well might you blot out the bright moon from the heavens, under the pretext that its serene light, though borrowed from the sun, casts a reflexion on the glory of the latter! The cases are precisely parallel.

The virtues, the excellencies, and glories of the Virgin form an exhaustless mine of wealth. You may extract from it not only silver and gold, but the richest jewels, the most precious stones, and the brightest diamonds. Those of California and of Golconda are valueless in comparison. This mine has been worked for eighteen centuries; from the days of Saint John the Beloved, to those of Saint Alphonso, the favored Child of Mary; and they are at this day as rich as they were at the beginning. Beauty, like truth and virtue, is always new, though ever old; and the Virgin is invested by her divine Son with eternal youth and unfading beauty. Every time that you glance at her peerless image, as depicted to the eye of faith, and as it is enshrined in the heart of the true Christian, you are sure to detect some line of beauty, to feel some new, attractive charm that draws you instinctively and tenderly towards her, all the more potently because the more gently and sweetly.

You feel, too, that, with all this heavenly glory and transcendent beauty, she is still far from you, and that your earnest accents of filial love will find a ready echo in her Mother's heart. You nourish a tender conviction, that, however elevated above your level, she still lovingly condescends to your weakness; that "she stoops to conquer," bends downward to raise you up, smiles on you as only a mother can, to win your budding love, and draw you heavenwards. Mary is your Mother, and you her child; you are hers, and she is yours; and so abiding is her Mother's love, that though you be an unworthy child, she ceases not for this to be a worthy Mother.

And as the tender Mother does not too nicely measure the language in which she proclaims her love, so neither does the loving child in its heart-outpourings to the Mother. On this principle, so simple and so natural, the Church of God does not too sternly check or hamper the impassioned

language of her children in giving expression to their feelings of admiration and love for the Virgin. While severely guarding the truths of faith connected with the dread mystery of the Incarnation and of the tender and indissoluble ties thence springing between the Man-God and His Mother, she wisely allows a certain latitude of expression to the enthusiastic feelings of the heart, and permits her children to call to their aid the fine arts of painting, sculpture, architecture, and poesy, in sounding the praises of their Immaculate Mother. And why not? Are the Arts which adorn the walks of human life and literature to be excluded from those which lead to heaven? Are the gardens and palaces of the worldling, who forgets heaven and dreams only of an earthly paradise, to be decorated with all the appliances of art, and without regard to expense, while those which lie along the pathway of the children of God, which are viewed only as emblems of the ever-blooming gardens and splendid mansions of the heavens, to be left waste and bereft of all the adornments of taste and genius? Is the best to be given to the world, and only the worst to God and to heaven? Are the Fine Arts to be confined to proclaiming the praises of earthly beauty and heightening the already mad passions of earthly love, and to be excluded from the nobler and purer domain of heavenly persons and things? Puritanism would appear to have settled the question in this latter sense; the Church of God, and even common sense, have always given a very different and much more reasonable solution, because more conformable to the sounder teachings of our better nature, confirmed by the sublime declarations of revelation. The genius of a Raphael, of a Murillo, of a Carlo Dolcei, and of a Carlo Maratti, has furnished an immortal commentary on this verdict of the Church, in their beautiful and touching portraits of the Virgin.

We propose, in the following papers, to furnish another commentary of a different kind on the same subject, in presenting to the readers of the AVE MARIA a few simple reflections on some of the principal Anthems, Prayers, and Hymns of the Church, addressed to the Virgin. Of course, it will hardly be expected, even by the most sanguine reader, that we will be able to present any thing new on so trite a subject; and we much fear, that we shall scarcely be entitled to the very moderate praise of having said old things in a manner either new or striking. Such as our humble efforts may prove to be, they are pre-

sented, at the beginning of the year, as a sincere heart-offering at the shrine of the Virgin, by a very earnest, if very unworthy votary and child.

A. B.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN EXPLANATION AND DEFENCE OF THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE OF THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.

BY CLONFERT.

II.—THE VICTIM.

What is the victim offered in the sacrifice of the Mass? The Catholic Church teaches that the Victim on the Cross is the Victim in the Mass also. The substance of the bread and wine forms no part of it: otherwise the identity on which the Church by the mouth of her general Councils insists, between the victim of the bloody and the victim of the unbloody sacrifice would be destroyed. No doubt as the whole Mass is a work of religion every thing that takes place in it tends to the greater glory of God: and the substance of the bread and wine is destroyed, or removed to the honor of His name. But it is not *offered* as forming the whole, or part of a true and proper victim. For there is but one victim, as there is but one sacrifice, offered in each Mass: and that victim, according to the Council of Trent, is "one and the same" with the Victim of the Cross. This does not prevent us, however, from holding consistently with the teaching of the Church that the outward accidents, or appearances of bread and wine form in a certain sense part of the victim and are directly offered though in a secondary way. For the victim of the Mass and the Victim of the Cross will be still *substantially* the same. For the Church does not assert such an identity between the body of Christ on the Cross and the same sacred body present on our altars as to destroy all *accidental* differences; for on the Cross it was mortal and corruptible, on the altar it is immortal and incorruptible. Hence the teaching of the Catholic Church is—that the victim in the sacrifice of the Mass is the body and blood of Christ under the appearances of bread and wine.

THE EXTERNAL OBLATION.

The Church has defined the nature of the victim, but she has not *defined* the *nature* of the immolation, which it suffers. She has limited herself to declaring the fact and manner (*modus*) of its existence: It is an *unbloody oblation*. The body

is not pierced by the words of consecration as it was by the nails and thorny crown; nor is the blood forced to desert the vessels and natural channels, in which it is contained; and though as really present on the altar as on the Cross it wears not the appearance of blood but the appearance of wine. But the Church has not in words of her own unerring choosing told us whether this *unbloody oblation* consists in a *physical*, or merely a *moral* destruction of the Victim; nor in what part, or parts of the Mass, or by what precise act of the priest it is effected. She has only deemed it necessary to let the full light of her doctrine shine out in words of her own choice where it was necessary to put error to flight and to prevent her children from being lured by its false rays on the hidden rocks of heresy and schism. For the rest she leaves them to the guidance of those Doctors, whom in every age she has armed with piety and learning and set like sentinels to guard the sacred deposit entrusted to her keeping.

THE PRIEST.

The public minister legitimately chosen to offer this sacrifice is Christ Himself, who has been ordained priest *forever* according to the order of Melchisedech and who offers the Mass by the hands of His delegated minister and representative. He Himself offered the first Mass without the intervention of another priest. But as according to the divine plan it was necessary for Him to pass through the gates of death and then present Himself in His human nature before the face of God in heaven, there to intercede for us, He could not remain always *visibly* interceding on earth for us. Yet He did not wish to leave us orphans without a proper offering which we might present before God to remind Him of the price paid for our redemption and thereby obtain the aids and graces promised in return for it. He instituted the sacrifice of the Mass—the most perfect image of that which had been offered on the Cross—and ordained and ordered His Apostles to offer it as a commemoration of His death to the end of time, thus appointing them and their successors in the priesthood to offer it in His name through all the coming years of the new dispensation. If it were presented to God in their own name, it would be the offering of an earthly priest and we “might doubt whether their sins did not impede their action.”* It would be an unfaithful portrait of the Cross where Christ offered Himself in His own name and would serve badly to remind

the Father of the price that had been paid for our sins. But the priest at the altar is the representative of the Redeemer, with whom he is as it were identified, when he says the words: “This is *my* body,” “this is the chalice of *my* blood.” The victim is immolated through the instrumentality of the earthly delegate by the power of Christ: and no matter what may be the merits, or the demerits of that delegate the sacrifice is accepted, because ‘tis Christ who principally offers.

Yet the minister who visibly officiates is a “*true* and *proper*” priest. He has got his commission and appointment from the Holy Ghost; and bears upon his soul indelibly stamped for all eternity the *character* of that order, whose eternal High-Priest is Christ Himself. By the power, with which he was armed when enrolled a member of it he effects what no one without it can accomplish, that is, the *unbloody immolation* of the Son of God. As Christ was legitimately appointed to offer sacrifice for the human race when His Divine Spirit was poured forth upon His humanity in the moment of His Incarnation, so his delegates and representatives on earth are legitimately appointed to offer under Christ as High-Priest, when the same Divine Spirit is poured out upon them in the moment of their ordination.

Such is the doctrine of the Catholic Church respecting the victim, the oblation and the priest of the Eucharistic Sacrifice. Viewing it then with respect to these essentials involved in the idea of sacrifice it may according to Catholic teaching be defined—*A true and proper sacrifice, in which Christ immolates Himself by the instrumentality of the delegated minister who offers in His name.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE Most Reverend Archbishop of Baltimore has more than realized our expectations by contributing from his great wealth of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, not merely one pearl of price, but a complete casket of gems. The pleasure the readers of the AVE MARIA must feel in reading the present article from his pen will be enhanced when we state that it will be followed by others.

The following series of articles have already been received, with a kind promise of more:

- II. The Ave Maria—Gabriel's Part.
- III. “ “ —Elizabeth's Part.
- IV. “ “ —The Church's Part.
- V. “ Magnificat.
- VI. “ Crib of Bethlehem—The Gloria in Excelsis.
- VII. “ Angelus.

* Wilberforce on the Sacrifice.

Water Christi.

BY S. M.

In Juda's gorgeous temple, where the sons of Levi stand
Near the gold-and crimson-curtained ark of Israel's sacred land,
Kneels a child—a lovely child—the fairest earth had ever seen,
Like a flash of living beauty—that star of Palestine.
She vows her souls first purity to God, with childhood's voice—
That purity Immaculate—that bids the world rejoice.
Imperial child! how oft since then has that same vow been made
By those who loved as thou didst then—the Sanctuary's shade.
Not Miriam's glorious song of old, when Red Sea waves rolled back
To hide, for aye from mortal eyes, the fierce Egyptians' track,
Rose swifter to the Throne of God, than that thrice holy vow—
Sweet Mary: 'tis the brightest star. that lights high heaven now.

The scene is changed—the child has grown to woman's fair estate,
The lowliest, the loviest of God the Increate.
No princely hall, or lordly tower, owns Mary for its queen,
Her dwelling is the humblest cot in regal Palestine.
At morn, at noon, at eve, at night, she kneels in suppliant prayer;
No thought of sin, or selfish pride, have found an entrance there:
She begs that God redeem, at last, the souls of guilty men—
Her own bright glory was a thing she never dreamed of then.
Oh Mary, Mother, while we're thrown on life's tempestuous sea,
When passions dark assail our hearts, may we remember thee!
'Tis midnight—and with awful power an Angel cleaves the skies,
Straight from the Throne of God he comes, from far-off paradise,
The high decree of Heaven, to save our fallen, ruined race,
He tells in burning words to her he styles: "Hail, full of grace,
Thou art to be the Mother of God!" The glory and the shame
Of this high mandate, burned at once in Mary's heart like flame.
Mount Thabor, and Mount Calvary: she saw them clearly then,
Yet shrank not from the sacrifice, she too must make for men.
Th'amazement of bewildered scribes, when the Boy-Christ taught them truth;
The agony of a mother's heart, when His all-glorious youth
Was blasted in the heathen court, that doomed her Child to death;
Yet God's decretal triumphed, and with softest, gentlest breath
She murmured: "Be it done to me according to thy word,
Behold God's humblest handmaid!" her inmost soul was stirred
To depths of awful sanctity, that we may never know;
And Gabriel's blessing rested there with warm angelic glow.
Oh dearest Mother, when we're crushed with all the woes of life:
When aching hearts would gladly flee the spirit's burning strife:
When the Cross thou didst not shrink from is threatening to destroy:
Obtain for us the sweet submission thou didst then enjoy!

The scene is changed—that fair young Mother kneels before her Son:
They're parting now—Christ blesses her, ere death's dark work is done:
Her spirit sees His agony of blood: that mystic night
In spirit too she watches, till the pale sun's trembling light
Reveals the Captive's fetters—the chains—the blows—the blood:
Yet Mary worships in His shame the glorious Son of God.

Her virgin flesh is quivering, while the murderers' scourge is heard,
 The crown of thorns has pierced her too, her very life was stirred.
 In the deep stronghold God had built around her nature then,
 She would have died a thousand deaths to save her Child from men.
 It must not be, pale Mother—behold His dying bed!
 Thou canst not pillow on thy heart His bloody, sinking head.
 The Cross—the rough-hewn Cross—so dear to our Redeemer then—
 Thou must stand by it—and its strength will make thee live again.
 Sweet Mother! in thy agony no human tears were shed;
 Thy sacrifice was all divine. The living and the dead
 Heard that dying God proclaim thee Mother of our race;
 And ever since that hour thou'st been the channel of all grace.
 Dear martyred Mother! when our course on earth is almost run:
 When shadows from the spirit land trouble life's setting sun:
 Be with us in our agony, the spirit's last dark strife,
 And whisper of Him who died that we might gain eternal life!

The scene is changed again—the moon reveals a garden-grave:
 Christ's glorious Mother there, the last sad scene of death must brave.
 Her Child—her only one—Oh, how she worships His dead face!
 And in her tearless agony takes the long, last embrace.
 Joseph, and "John whom Jesus loved," lay Him within the tomb—
 The trembling earth receives its God within its silent womb.
 Pale mourner, how thy spirit yearned to share His sacred grave!
 The sacrifice was over then—He died, lost man to save.
 Yet thou must leave Him there, alone, in death's mysterious sleep;
 His Mother must depart: while God sends angels down to weep.
 Sweet Mary! even then the will of God was thy first law—
 The choirs of heaven watched thy soft retreating steps with awe.
 Thrice holy martyr, when our hearts refuse the chastening rod:
 When we, like thee, must part with those we love, called home by God:
 Teach us to bear the bitter stroke, when Heaven shall so decree:
 And while our hearts weep tears of blood, may we remember thee!

Once more we see our Mother—all gloom has passed away:
 The glorious sunlight heralds in the Resurrection day;
 The living Son of God flings off the icy chains of death
 And flashes like a meteor star, from out th'astonished earth,
 Standing revealed to mortal gaze, immortal, radiant, bright!
 The Man-God who has conquered death: the Lord of life and light.
 Dear Mary, how that blaze of glory bursts upon thy soul!
 Thy Child is risen from the dead—the grave is not life's goal.
 Divinest Mother! whom the maids of Israel's land passed by
 With withering scorn, how glorious now is thy high destiny!
 White lily of the Trinity! Queen of the ransomed world!
 The banner of our holy Faith around thee is unfurled:
 Crowned Empress of the Universe! the lowly path thou'st trod
 Has won for thee a starry throne, on the right hand of God.

Thy after years were one sweet dream of love's divinest fire;
 When Jesus left thee on the mount, thou hadst but one desire,
 Stronger than death, broader than earth—deep as thy spirit's love:
 To meet thy glorious Son and God, in the bright land above.

Sweet Mother! neither time nor tears can win our souls from thee,
 Until we meet thee face to face in immortality.
 Thine image, Mary, was the first that flashed upon our gaze;
 Pure as the snows of heaven it seemed, in childhood's happy days:
 And when the last pale tear shall tremble in our dying eye,
 May'st thou whom we have loved so well, receive our heart's last sigh.

Correspondence of the *Catholic Mirror*.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 18, 1867.

Messrs. Editors :

I send you a synopsis of the Lecture on Archbishop Kenrick by Dr. O'Connor. The whole discourse is of great length, and would, I think, take up six or eight columns of the *Mirror*. The slips I send were kindly furnished me by the *Catholic Standard*.

LECTURE OF DR. O'CONNOR.

Every one acquainted in the slightest degree with the affairs of the Church in this country, is fully aware that for holiness of life, erudition, wisdom and efficiency of government, Archbishop Kenrick has been universally considered for many years one of its brightest ornaments. He was not one of those men whose names stand out in the recital of stirring events, whose past being distinguished for brilliancy in such affairs, is easily described by the orator or the historian. His mission was chiefly to live in his age, to become, as it were, the leaven of the mass, to impart to the Church which he governed his own strength, and to move on with it, thus invigorated, ever watchful over the development of the life which received from him continuous and most efficacious nourishment. He stood out conspicuously, it is true, on several important occasions, but if we would form an idea of his character, or of his work, it is not to these especially, much less exclusively, that our attention should be directed. We should, above all, look to the uninterrupted, almost silent action by which his whole life was ever impressing itself on the Church of the United States.

In studying the character of Archbishop Kenrick, the most prominent feature was his faith. It may seem strange that this should be considered a distinguishing trait in a Christian Bishop, when, as it might be supposed, that it is possessed by all of his order, and by every sincere Christian. His faith was vivid and clear, and its light was reflected on all else. He lived by faith for in it he placed the guiding principle, and found the main spring of all his actions.

Brought up in the bosom of a pious family in Dublin, devoted from his childhood and in his youth to the practices of religion, he soon resolved to devote himself to the work of the ministry, and gladly accepted the invitation to repair to Rome to complete his ecclesiastical studies. At the age of eighteen he was able to carry with him the fervor of the faith of his native land, and was yet

capable of those deep impressions which the influences surrounding the tombs of the Apostles, and the shrines of the martyrs, and emanating so plentifully from the chair of Peter, were calculated to produce.

He went to Rome at a time when the chief glory of the Holy See was derived from the heroism of Pius the Seventh, then just returned from captivity, when every lip related the sufferings of the Holy Pontiff, and the devoted clergy who had been faithful to him. Heroism in suffering was the jewel in the Pontifical tiara, which glittered most brightly in those days. I remember how these things were spoken of at a later period, and I can easily understand what impression they were calculated to produce, when they were yet more fresh, when everything reminded the faithful visitor of the sacrilegious pretensions of the usurper, and the patient constancy of the occupant of the Apostolic Chair. I have no doubt that this circumstance had a peculiar effect in strengthening his determination to stand up manfully as he always did, for the free action of the Church.

When I went to the Propaganda, three years after his departure, his memory was fresh among superiors, professors, and students. I heard no name pronounced more frequently, or with greater respect than that of Kenrick. It was not his career in this country, which was yet confined to the little known region of Kentucky, but his edifying life in college, that had won their admiration. Being a countryman of his, the first question I was generally asked, on making a new acquaintance, was, did I know Kenrick, and then they would launch out in his praise.

In 1821, he was selected by the Propaganda for the mission of Kentucky, whose Bishop had applied for the aid of a faithful priest who could assist him particularly as professor in his seminary. For nine years he labored there assiduously as professor, as missionary and as pastor of the congregation of Bardstown, and won the hearts of all.

His discourses were always interesting; they were frequently most eloquent, but it was this faith, far more than rhetorical ornament that gave them always such a charm. His words, glowing with faith, his countenance, beaming with its brightness, the earnestness so visibly emanating from a heart full of the truth and the importance of what he was saying made him always be listened to with delight and with profit. An eminent Protestant gentleman of this city used to say that in beholding him, he thought he saw

Paul addressing the Areopagus at Athens. So great was the majesty with which he announced the Word of God.

You see the same purity and ardor of faith in all that has come from his pen.

He took no part, and cared to take no part, he scarcely felt an interest in the worldly transaction of the day. His whole thoughts were directed to the interests of God, and His holy faith, and under their light, he viewed all that was passing around him. When he heard of any important occurrence, in the glance to Heaven, or the knitted brow indicative of horror, disgust or pain, you could see that it had at once been scanned and estimated in the light of faith. Whenever any measure was deliberated on, the first thought evidently that struck him, was not the advantage that might be derived, or the inconveniences that might be avoided, but the view of it suggested by the light of faith.

This he nourished in a deep meditation on divine things. Though connected with the world by the duties of his station, he lived within himself in interior recollection. He seemed at home only when communing with his own thoughts and with God. In his intercourse with others, although always affable, it was easy to see that he was, as it were, out of his element. He would never, if I may use the expression, pour himself out in conversation. You could always see that he held the reins on himself; that even when most agreeable, he was looking back to that retirement, in which alone he found repose, and was acting under the purposes and influences which there had their root and their life.

Faith made him commit himself to the Church, even apart from what his own views would suggest. He did not construct a system in his own mind and then look for means to reconcile it with Church principles. His first aim was to learn with simplicity what she was, what she demanded, what she recommended, what best accorded with her spirit, and then made all other views conform to this.

For this purpose, he studied her spirit in her laws, in her liturgy, in her various provisions for the guidance of her children. He became familiar with those old councils in which she embodied her life and he received with the same respect the latter decrees in which she applied the principles of that life to our own times. He well understood and admired and loved the ancient Church, and he admired and loved the Church of our own day just as much, for he knew that in

ancient and modern times, she was equally the the mystical body of Christ, guided by His wisdom, upheld by his power.

He saw no contradiction in her action at different times, but merely that variety which the the changing circumstances of different ages demanded. He considered herself best able to judge how far those circumstances demanded or justified change, or adherence to ancient provisions, and he thus cherished equally reverence for the past, and loyalty to her present enactments.

To some who could not appreciate this abiding faith in the wisdom of the Church, his course appeared at times to partake of an overstrained attachment to provisions that were antiquated, or only suited to other lands. But in his faith in her divine life, he looked upon her spirit as that which should guide all times and places, and he looked to that guiding spirit as the best judge of the temperaments which each particular age demanded.

As he loved the Church, so he loved the Papacy, which is its crown. He fully realized that the life given by Christ to His Church, flows through the head which He Himself placed over it. "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have *you*, that he may sift *you* as wheat, but I have prayed for *thee*, that *thy* faith fail not, and *thou* being once converted, confirm thy brethren." Christ placed Peter as the rock on which that edifice which He called His Church, was to be raised. To this rock, first of all, belonged the stability promised to the edifice, a stability so great that the gates of hell itself could not prevail against it. This permanent, solid foundation—Peter, living in his successors, or, in other words, the Papacy, is thus, in the order of God's Providence, the source of strength to the Church, or, if you will, the means by which he imparts it. We will all be strong as we loyally cling to it.

More than once on other occasions did I see him pained to the quick at his inability to provide adequate aid for persons struggling to rise from sin. There was scarcely any institution in Philadelphia in which he felt such glowing pleasure as in that of the house of the Good Shepherd, which affords a refuge and takes by the hand the victim of crime on which society has placed the brand of the outcast, having first led her, or rather pushed her on in the path of shame.

Rigid with himself, both in the confessional and in private conversation he always endeavored to smoothen the path of virtue to others, and to make easy the return of the sinner to God.

The man of faith, absorbed by the great objects of faith, cares little for the honors, or pleasures, or riches of the world, and such eminently was Archbishop Kenrick.

To any one who knew him intimately, who had an opportunity of witnessing the working of his inmost soul, the very idea of his being actuated by any desire of lucre or by ambition, is a thing not to be imagined. Duty to God, the promotion of His honor, and that of His Church, the welfare of men, were manifestly the great ends that he proposed to himself in all things. As to pleasure, the only one he seemed capable of feeling was in the discharge of his duty, and, as a means of this, in study. He did not even allow himself ordinary recreation. When not engaged in pressing duties, you were sure to find him at his books.

When I accompanied him to Rome in 1854, on the occasion of the Definition of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, it was with difficulty and only to gratify other members of the party that he could be induced to pay a few hasty visits to some objects of interest in the cities through which we passed; and when we reached Rome, after a few visits rendered necessary by courtesy or prompted by devotion, he betook himself to his books, and in a few days he devoured the nine volumes of documents on the subject, with which we were supplied, so as to become perfectly familiar with their contents.

Every morning, after his devotional exercises were concluded, he would repair to his study, and there spend his day until he retired to rest at night, engaged in study or in writing, or attending to any one who called, seldom going out unless duty required it, and pursuing this course from the beginning of the year to the end, allowing himself no excursion beyond what was required to visit his diocese.

He came to Philadelphia under circumstances indeed trying. A good old man transferred after a long life of usefulness to a new field for which he was entirely unprepared, and then involved in inextricable difficulties, was the Bishop. This same inability to cope with the cunning tricksters that beset his path, made him fail to avail himself of the aid which he might have derived from a high-minded administrator. Those who clung to him in his difficulties looked with coldness, if not with aversion, on one who came to take up the reins which had fallen from his powerless hands. His enemies were disposed to hail the advent of a new administrator as their triumph, but they soon understood that he came as head of

the diocese, not of a party. He thus remained without any strong support in the midst of a community torn by factions. He had scarcely a church in which he could feel at home. The old Bishop was at St. Joseph's, and he was surrounded there by those who had faithfully clung to him in his struggles, overlooking minor mistakes in the feeling of duty which they owed his position. At the demand of the same duty, they were willing to submit to the new administration but little enthusiasm could be expected while the old man, around whom they had rallied, was, in their midst, dissatisfied and complaining. Trinity church was used for the Germans, St. Augustine's was owned by a religious community, on whom the Bishop could not intrude. There remained St. Mary's, his natural Cathedral, for there were then but these four churches in Philadelphia. But St. Mary's was under the control of trustees who did not wish their authority to be overshadowed by a mitre. They refused to recognize him as pastor. The administrator then left without a party and without support, ejected from the pastoral residence of St. Joseph's by the old Bishop, had none but God to rely on. And on Him he did rely, and his confidence did not fail. He rented a respectable house on Fifth street, though human prudence could not point to any means by which his expenses were to be supplied. He declared himself pastor of St. Mary's and interdicted the church until the trustees would acknowledge him. He commenced very soon in the upper room of his residence that ecclesiastical seminary which he knew to be the most efficacious means of providing for the diocese, and he placed himself in the hands of Divine Providence.

Before the man of God, thus relying on faith, the bad spirit that had hitherto brooded over Catholicity in Philadelphia was dissipated as the mist before the rising sun. The people soon appreciated his course and rallied round a bishop with apostolic firmness, which had disentangled itself from personal quarrels and petty broils. They realized the sphere of ecclesiastical authority, and compelled the trustees to come to terms. From that day the trustee question was practically settled at St. Mary's. The trustees, indeed, put in salvos and provisos in their submission. But his prudent moderation cared not for their reservations as long as his ministry was practically free. It was not from them that he derived his authority. He held it not under them. Their resolutions might express their own views. He had declared his, and all knew that he would enforce

them if interfered with. So he worked on in peace—his meekness was like oil poured on the troubled waters. The good people of the congregation, and many who had before been prominent in the Hogan schism, rallied around him cordially; sincere affection grew up on both sides, and it was with sincere pain that he separated himself at a later period from St Mary's when he thought that the interests of religion called him elsewhere.

If we once form a perfect idea of his faith working by charity, we can easily understand the other features of his character. I need not tell you that he was equally ready to sit in the confessional, or to attend the bed-side of the sick, no matter by whom or when he was summoned, or to any of the humblest duties of the ministry, as well as to take part in the councils of the Church; to lay aside his most serious studies that he might prepare a child for First Communion, as I have seen him do even in his latest years. It would be superfluous to speak of the pleasure he felt in promoting every good work by which the salvation of souls was promoted, or the wants of humanity relieved. This and much more you know, is but the development of such a faith.

Yet notwithstanding his occupations and his trials, he could relish and make a joke, he could enjoy and exhibit an hilarity, which, though not boisterous, was sincere, for it is nowhere more genuine than in souls at peace with God.

As a scholar and as a writer, Archbishop Kenrick was not only eminent, but far surpassed all others, that have yet appeared in the Catholic Church, in America, and may be counted amongst the great men of the age. There was no branch of ecclesiastical knowledge in which he was not eminent. History and Theology, Canon Law and the Sacred Scriptures were familiar to him. He was well versed in the ancient languages, so necessary for the thorough understanding of the Holy Bible, and in the modern languages of Europe in which the learned men of our day have published the results of their researches. He had pored over the writings of the ancient Fathers, and those of modern scholars, and was able to use them with judgment. Without alluding to his minor works, his treatise on the Primacy, his course of Theology, and his translation of the Sacred Scriptures would each be sufficient to establish his reputation forever as a man of the most profound and solid learning.

His work on the Primacy is full and exhaustive, and in its later editions he has embodied many collateral subjects, which he treats with great erudition. In his course of Theology, in classic

style and with most profound learning, he has brought that science to bear on the errors and peculiar circumstance of our times, and thus afforded most important aid to all who devote themselves to that study. But his greatest work is his translation and notes on the Sacred Scriptures. To appreciate this fully, it is necessary to understand the difficulties that beset his path and his skill in surmounting them. The correct reading of the original text has itself alone engaged the whole attention of learned men. Even when this is fixed, it is a matter of the greatest difficulty to fix the correct meaning of each word so as not to embrace more or say less in the translation than is contained in the original. For this purpose a man must be familiar with the original and the cognate languages, with the customs, laws, and history of the people, with whom the authors were connected. He must know how the words and phrases were understood by contemporary and succeeding generations, and must bring to his aid those other numerous appliances which critics point out, but which it is so much more easy to point out than to lay hold of and apply with judgment.

All this he has done, and done well. It would have been more easy to have written a learned commentary of great length, than to have perfected such a translation.

His notes are short and appear few, but they are a rich mine. His aim was to prepare an edition that could be read with ease and safety by all, and to add only such notes as were necessary to meet real difficulties in the understanding of the text, leaving out the questions that might be raised on it.

It is amazing how much solid matter he has compressed into these short notes. I have heard several remark, and my own experience accords with the statement, that you seldom meet with a serious difficulty in the reading of the text that you will not find solved in these notes. At one time it is a pithy sentence from one of the Fathers, at another a remark from some modern critic; at one time it is but a word, at another a reference, but it lets in a flood of light. He has succeeded, particularly in these pithy remarks full of learning, in establishing and vindicating, by the latest researches of Biblical science, the accuracy of the version in use in the Catholic Church.

The composition of these learned works never interfered with the discharge of official duty; they never prevented him from being ready to receive and entertain any that called on him. If

even a servant girl came to visit him, he would lay down his pen, let her feel at home as long as she wished to stay, and then resume it when she thought fit to retire.

The Reverend lecturer here dwelt at length on Bishop Kenrick's hostility to the trustee system.

One of the first places where he found it necessary to take a strong stand was in Pittsburgh.

Old St. Paul's the finest church edifice, perhaps, then in the country, was almost completed. The Catholics of the city, though few in numbers, had carried it through not without great difficulties. Preparations were made for obtaining a charter, when Bishop Kenrick visited the city. He told the people that lay trustees had done mischief enough, and there should be no more of them in this diocese. The church should be conveyed to him in trust for the congregation.

"What! We built the church," they said.—"What right has the Bishop to it?" It looked like taking away what was theirs on every title. But the Bishop put the whole question before them in a nutshell. "The church is yours," he said to them, from the pulpit of St. Patrick's. "You have a perfect right to do what you please with it. I claim no right to interfere with any appropriation of it you wish to make. You may make of it, if you will, a factory, and I will not interfere. But there is one thing which I do tell you, and it is this: if you wish it to be a Catholic church, you must comply with the requirement of the law which I have laid down before you. Now, do as you please."

This view of the case penetrated the minds of all. The Bishop made arrangements that gave ample security that their money would neither be squandered nor diverted to other purposes; but he was determined that ecclesiastical authority alone should govern the church. It was like getting the title to a public monument to prevent its desecration, without the power of preventing access or removing from it one stone.

An old man who had been one of the first Catholic inhabitants of the city, more than once related to me the part he had acted on the occasion. With that instinct and penetration of faith which is so natural to the Irishman when he does not fall into the hands of tricksters, he soon saw how things stood. When the congregation was coming out, he met several persons stamping and raging. "What's the matter?" he said. "Didn't you hear?" they replied. "The Bishop wants to take our church from us." "Indeed," he said: "and will he take it over the mountains with him?"

This was, then, the phrase in Pittsburgh for crossing the Alleghenies and going to Philadelphia. "Oh, what!" was the reply. "Of course not." "And do you think," he said again, "that if he gets it he will let us into it?" "Oh, of course he will," was the answer. "And hear Mass there?" said the old man. "Yes, of course," was the reply. "And go to confession and say our prayers?" "Oh, of course there will be no difficulty in all that." "Arrah, then," said the old fellow, "what else do I want of it?" "On these terms," he added, "he may have it and welcome."

And in fact those who built the church, that they might hear Mass there and say their prayers, and frequent the Sacraments, were well pleased, for they found all they wanted accomplished much better than by any other arrangements. They have ever since been glad of it, and even most of those who did not at first understand its propriety became its warmest supporters, when they saw its practical working.

THE KEYS OF TOURNAY.

A Legend of the Fourteenth Century.

[Translated from the French of L. d'Appilly.]

[CONCLUDED.]

Success at first justified this haughty tone. In vain did the English multiply their attacks, whether noisily by daylight, or mysteriously in darkness, the citizens always repulsed them. Made rash by these victories, which self-love exaggerated still more in their eyes, the besieged insulted the enemy's sentinels from the summit of their ramparts.

"What! is not your king returned from St. Omer yet?* What is he doing then? Shall we be obliged to lend him scaling-ladders?"

"Have patience! we will climb up without scaling-ladders; and moreover have the courtesy to keep something for our supper."

The English recognized the impossibility of storming a place so valiantly defended. They contented themselves with observing all the modes of egress, and keeping those under blockade.

It was in the month of August. The harvest had been later than common that year, and the wheat, scarcely in the sheaf, had been carried off by English foragers. The city had not had time to lay in a store of provisions, and very soon a domestic enemy, against which arms and bravery

* An English detachment, which had attempted to surprise St. Omer, had been cut to pieces.

were worth nothing, arose in the very heart of the city.

The people did not feel the first symptoms of scarcity: enthusiasm made them forget their privations; they encouraged each other to endure them. The rich gave an example of frugality; they banished all luxury and rarities from their tables. Instead of assembling their friends and relations around their hearths, they considered it an honor to invite a certain number of poor people, their companions in the hour of combat. The women and children found inexhaustible alms at their door.

But little by little the scarcity stopped this liberality. The empty granaries would not fill themselves. The markets were deserted. Some merchants—for there are some always ready to profit by public miseries—bought up every kind of flour, and raised the price of it beyond measure. Bread was sold by its weight in silver. The opulent citizens did not yet suffer from want; but the working class and the indigent, all those who had no other fortune than the sweat of their brow, were reduced to live upon the vilest food.

Hatred of the English sustained the courage of the besieged. It was hoped that Philip would soon raise the siege. The mayor dispatched to him every day the most rapid and cunning couriers to announce the distress of his good city, and to solicit prompt succor. But the besiegers watched all the passages so carefully, that neither art nor boldness could pierce their lines. And the King of France seemed to confine all his tactics to holding in check the ardor of his knights, and avoiding a general engagement with the enemy's army, which he wished to tire out by harrassing.

The scarcity worsened into a veritable famine. The women sold their gold chains and wedding-rings to buy bread. Hunger overcame the aversion which unclean meats would have inspired. The flesh of domestic animals, of dogs and horses, was a delicate dish. Eight silver pounds were known to have been paid for the shoulder of a lean ass. Necessity renders men ingenious. The meal of peas and lentils was kneaded into cakes, and supplied the place of wheat flour. But all resources were quickly exhausted, and the famine still increased.

The coarsest food was madly fought for. The stronger or more determined snatched from the hands of women and children the food they were carrying to their mouths, and, as it generally happens, those suffered most from the famine who were the least capable of bearing its pains.

Thanks to the alms which Rose had treasured up, neither her mother nor sisters had yet experienced the tortures of hunger. The poor widow now and then looked upon her children in despair. The day was not far off when they would ask for bread, and she would have nothing to give them. "I will kill my goat," she thought, "its flesh will prolong their life for some days—and afterwards—Oh! may the Holy Virgin remember us."

It was necessary to accomplish the sacrifice. The unhappy mother wept while she seized the knife. She embraced the goat, and turned aside her head. At the moment she was preparing to strike the animal that licked her hand, some armed men rushed into the cellar and seized it. The poor woman in vain cast herself at their feet, begging them to take pity on her children. Hunger has no ears; they repulsed her brutally, and carried off their prize.

Rose sought no longer to frighten the multitude, but to console and to encourage them.

"Pray!" she cried, "your misfortunes are great, but God will allow Himself to be moved, and He will turn aside the destruction that threatens you."

When she returned to the house, her sisters ran up and surrounded her. "Sister, I am hungry! Oh! I am very hungry!"

She brought them nothing, and she herself, emaciated by want, haggard and tottering, could scarcely bear up. The children soon no longer had strength enough to stand. Their mother, in despair at the sight of their suffering, said in her heart: "O my God! rather than let these poor innocents suffer, let Thy mercy withdraw them from the earth."

Heaven graciously heard the prayer of the despairing mother. The youngest died first. When they were about to bury her, they found her mouth full of earth which she had tried to swallow. The second died the following day, after having gnawed half her little arm.

"Good Virgin, Our Lady," sighed the desolate mother, "I know that they are happier in thy paradise than with me; but grant that of four children I had I may at least save one!"

Concealing the anguish that devoured him, the mayor ever showed a serene and confident countenance. He employed every stratagem which could divert the population from thinking of their evils. Now it was the English, tired of the resistance they had undergone, disposing themselves to withdraw; now he had received notice that a convoy of provisions would restore

abundance to the city. At other times he learned that the King of France was going to attack the enemy, and deliver the place. The people did not investigate whether the news was so or not: they desired it—they believed it. And thus some days were gained before the event disappointed them.

At last according to the laws of war at that epoch, he proposed to relieve the city of useless mouths.

"They starve valiant men," said he "and discourage them by their complaints." When this was noised abroad through the city, the terror was as great as if the English had forced one of the gates. Wives flung themselves on the necks of their husbands, presented them their little children, and conjured them not to give them up to the mercy of enemies. Moved by these tears, the citizens were still more affected by the firmness of their fathers who exhorted them to follow the salutary advice, and showed themselves ready to be immolated to the public interest. On every side crowds flocked to the mayor's dwelling: fathers, sons, husbands, declaring that they would not be separated from the only beings for whom they had hitherto been fighting.

"No, no!" cried they, "whatever destiny God has reserved for us, they shall share it with us. We will not lead them to death. We will defend them here to the last drop of our blood. But if they are snatched from our arms, what care we for a city which contains nothing dear to us? In the midst of the sufferings we endure, honor has become indifferent to us, and since the King of France has cast us off, we will not give him our lives for the preservation of a place he does not attempt to succor."

The mayor allowed himself to be persuaded. He only gave orders that all the provisions that remained should be brought into the belfry tower, to be distributed every morning in equal rations. He was obeyed: the granaries of the speculators were opened by force. An exact census of the inhabitants was taken. Alas! by giving every day the half of what a man ought to eat, the provisions would only last six days.

The fulfillment of the little beggar-girl's predictions, had given great credit to her words. She was followed by crowds when she summoned the people to the churches. They prayed with her. The most noble ladies appeared publicly clothed in haircloth. They offered to the Lord the chastisements which He inflicted on them, and in default of voluntary mortifications, they begged

Him to accept their patience and resignations in penance for their sins.

A herald-at-arms came, three days afterwards, to propose a capitulation. The principal among the citizens united in council to deliberate, and many were of the opinion that they ought not to refuse.

"Let us not irritate King Edward," said they, "we have no more provisions, and in three days we must die of hunger or surrender at discretion. We have striven as long as we have been able. Philip himself if he knew of our sufferings, would pity our courage and advise us to yield. But Philip does not inquire about us. Since nothing can help us upon earth—"

"You have an ally in heaven of whom you do not think," interrupted a shrill and trembling voice. "Invoke her: she will defend you."

It was Rose who had introduced herself into the council. Her words struck the assembly, and appeared as an announcement from on high. Confidence: the herald is sent back. The mayor takes the keys of the city, he carries them in the midst of the concourse of the entire population, into the church of Our Lady. He places them on the altar of the Virgin, at the foot of her statue:

"Our arms," said he, "can no longer defend these keys; we put them under thy protection. The English shall only have them by coming and robbing thee of them."

During the night which followed this ceremony, the sentinels heard an extraordinary tumult in the camp of the besiegers. The inhabitants expected a general assault, and prepared to fight with the courage of despair. But the watchmen cried successively all the hours of night without the attack commencing. At last, day put their alarms to flight. The roads were free, and no banner of the enemy was any longer to be seen within the boundary of the horizon.

I do not know whether the besieged ever understood the stratagetic motives which determined the English to this precipitate flight, but they attributed their deliverance to the protection of Our Lady, in their offerings of public thanksgiving.

O vision bright!

Angels' delight!

The Mother sits with Jesus nigh:

Her form He bears,

Her look He wears;

Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

[Faber.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

For the AVE MARIA.

PRAYER TO OUR MOTHER.

BY M. H. O.

Help me walk, Oh Virgin Mother,
In the path the Saints have trod;
And I ask thee through thy offering
Of the Infant to our God.
Help me, by that sword of sorrow,
Which prophetic Simeon told
Would pierce thy soul on some morrow,
Through the Man-God thou didst hold.

Help me through this weary exile
By thy own to Egypt's shore:
When the tyrant Herod sought
The life of Him we all adore.
Help me bear the loss of loved ones,
By the anguish of thy mind,
Until within the holy temple
Thy lost Jesus thou didst find.

Help me bear my cross dear Mother,
Never, never to complain;
By the meeting of our Saviour
With His cross and deep blood stain.
Help me! by thy silent sorrow
When they nailed Him to the cross—
Bear without a single murmur
Every pain and earthly loss.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN."

"Oh, the Lord save us! Grace O'Brien, dear, what took you out such a terrible night? Half frozen and covered with snow! Oh, holy Mother of God! if your eyelashes ain't one cake of ice: and your fingers rattle like pieces of boards. Here, dear, sit down and let me rub them with snow."

"I came through the ravine, and the falling snow blinded me so that I could hardly see a step I took, and I fell two or three times into big piles of snow up to my waist. But what matter about me! what matter about me! but poor Lucius! Mrs. D'Arcy, dear, I came to beg your prayers for him!" wailed her friend, in tones of anguish, as she threw her arms around Mrs. D'Arcy's neck, and sobbed convulsively on her shoulder.

"God knows, Grace dear, that I am heart-sorry for your grief and trouble, this night, and only that I am nearly doubled in two, as I may say, with the rheumatism, I'd walk to my knees in snow to see and comfort you if I could. But sure Mr. Moore was here the other day, and told us he had been to Palmyra for both priest and doctor; and when the doctor saw Lucius he said there was no danger."

"So he was, God reward him and remember it to him in his eternity, and at his dying hour; he set out at nightfall, indeed, and God only knows how he ever reached there—twenty miles, and the thermometer at thirty degrees below zero; only that I know Mr. Moore would go through fire and water, as the saying is, to get a priest for a dying creature. I thought it my duty, Mrs. D'Arcy, dear, as of course it was, to send for the priest, to talk to poor Lucius, and to see if he couldn't bring him back to the Faith, but, poor fellow, he was quite astray in his mind when the priest came, and talked at random all the time he staid; and then last night he had a relapse, and became quite unmanageable, had to be tied down, and at the dead hour of midnight we sent for Doctors Wells and Trumbul, and they have given him over," gasped out the poor girl with a fresh burst of grief, "and say that he will not live many hours after he becomes rational."

"But I won't believe it: I will not believe it!" she continued as she rocked herself to and fro in her great grief. "God will spare him—His blessed Mother for our Saviour's sake will obtain it. We begged the doctors to stay all night, but doctor Trumbul said it was useless; that Lucius was past all mortal help; that from his own experience, and from what the most celebrated English medical men and books say, he has all the symptoms of death, none whatever of recovery; that he keeps picking at the bedclothes and sliding towards the foot: imagines he sees flies and moths, and keeps blowing at them, and thinks all the time there is clay on his feet: all these symptoms are almost positively fatal, he told me. I might think him cruel not to hold out hopes, but he deemed it a duty to undeceive me and prepare me. Doctor Wells, being a relative, is staying out of pity for our sorrow. God who is the reader of all hearts knows that I would not repine or murmur if poor Lucius was prepared, even if his children would be houseless, homeless orphans, if they could be raised Catholics. But shortly after we came to this country he fell away from the Faith—that Faith for which he once

suffered so much, and braved my father's anger, and our relatives' taunts and sneers about our degradation in joining it—owing to the millions of infidel books that cover the land like a deluge and makes the poor souls wander in worse than Egyptian darkness, and then as if to shut out all chance or hope of his returning, he married a Protestant, one that was never baptised, and who does not care, for she was never taught about the 'one thing necessary.'

"There now dear; there now," said Mrs. D'Arey, seeing her friend overcome by her great anguish of soul, "don't give way to such terrible bursts of grief; it is sinful, dear, very sinful; as if you despaired or doubted of our blessed Mother's desire to help you, or of our heavenly Father's power to grant it. Does not our blessed Redeemer Himself say; 'With Faith you can remove mountains,' and 'whatever you ask the Father in my name, He will grant;' and above all in heaven or earth He listens to His own pure sinless Mother pleading for poor, blind, guilty creatures? Glory be to God for making her so powerful. Are you saying a novena dear?"

"No, ma'am; but I will commence one to-morrow morning; and indeed your aunt, Mrs. Marshall, told me the same thing about ten minutes before I left the house. She was standing at the foot of the bed, looking at the poor fellow suffering such terrible agony; and I know her heart bled for him, for he was a great favorite of hers; she heard all the doctors said about him, and she said to me, 'it is prayers he wants—it is prayers he wants—throw yourself at the foot of the Cross; He is the great Physician, and it is with prayers He heals and cures;' and though what the doctors told me about fifteen minutes before made me almost speechless, for fear it might be true, somehow her words sent such a thrill of hope, yes, of *certainty*, to my heart, that I snatched the first shawl I came to, and stole out and came over to you. Yesterday I sent word to the Catholics on the Prairie to remember him in their prayers; you know there is not one in our settlement."

"Well, now, dear, we will say the Litany of the Saints and of Loretto, and take courage and have faith."

"O Immaculate Mother of my Divine Redeemer," said Grace, raising her tearful eyes to heaven, "most powerful with the Most Powerful! for thy Son's sake deign to listen to the cry of a poor, miserable creature, and beseech Him by His bitter Passion and Death to grant him life and conversion; life for his innocent children's sake, for I

know he will permit me to raise them Catholics, and conversion for his own poor sake, and I promise all my thoughts, words and actions to thee during my life, all my communions and all the holy Masses I shall get said, and all the indulgences God in His infinite mercy may grant me, for the benefit of that soul which is next to leave purgatory, who, while in this life, was devoted to thee; I shall consider myself no longer free, all, all belongs to thee."

"And now dear, said Mrs. D'Arey, only I know you wouldnt stay away from your brother I wouldnt let you leave the house such a night as this is, and how bad it should happen when my poor boys are away, for they could take you home in a short time so comfortably. Yes, dear Grace, every one has his own trouble, and I have mine. My poor boys have left the neighborhood to evade the draft, and it was sore against their will they went, saying it was so cowardly, but that's the way with men; they think worse of being called cowards than they do of the broken hearts they leave behind. I had to go down on my knees and beg of them by all I ever suffered, not to leave me widowed and desolate; that it was enough to lose their brave father and two brothers by the same war; that it was cold comfort indeed that I would ever get for all I lost by it. There now, dear, good night, and may God and His holy Mother have you in their good keeping, and above all things, dear, have faith and leave all to our holy Mother."

And all through that terrible night, while the wind howled and moaned, and anon would rise to a fearful blast that made the timbers of the house creak, and the angel of death hovered over the bed of sickness and flapped his dank cold wing over the face of the unconscious sufferer, did his poor sister keep watch and ward, cooling the fevered brow or moistening the poor parched lips, the hot tears falling on the unconscious one's face, and beseeching our heavenly Mother's aid with an agony and earnestness inexpressible, her angel guardian putting words of faith and confidence in her heart and on her lips.

It was a fearful struggle, for ever and anon the thought would flash through her mind, what if in his last sane moments he rejected the grace God offered to him? and how if he let nature take her course; the thought was maddening, and despair followed close behind, and she closed her eyes to shut out the terrible thought, and clung with greater tenacity to our Immaculate Mother for aid. "Oh sinless Mother, pray, pray that it

may be His holy will to spare him! Oh it cannot be that the Almighty framer of the human heart, made it invulnerable to his grace."

Then gradually a calmness stole over her soul and she murmured, "for fear of being irreverent, for fear of being uncatholic, I will be silent, I will be dumb, my mother." And then Doctor Trumbul's last words, "he is past all human aid," clashed with Mrs. Marshall's, whose trusting hopeful words savored rather of the times of Diocletian, when the faith of the confessors and martyrs made God all but visible, and which seemed so unattainable in this skeptical nineteenth century. She could not shut her eyes to the fact that Doctor Wells was waiting the sufferer's return to reason, that his worldly effects might be settled and set in order before the final catastrophe, nor the look of incredulity with which he regarded her as she knelt down at the bedside with the innocent children around her, lisping out between sobs and tears, petitions to our Immaculate Mother, to ask of Jesus to spare dear Pa; his unbelieving soul could not comprehend it. Then how God heard the prayer of King Ezechias and added fifteen years to his life, flashed through her mind, and she whispered, "let me see thee greater than Ezechias, oh Immaculate Mother."

"Water; I thirst, I burn," murmured, or rather gasped out the sufferer. "Dives asked for a drop and was refused. Oh my God, am I there! dead and judged, dead and judged!" said he, suddenly sitting bolt upright in the bed, his countenance indicative of the greatest horror, while his eyes rolled fearfully around, and the strong cords which bound him snapped like scorched flax. "Oh, mother dear! is that you," said he, plaintively, as poor Grace bent over him. "I was looking for you every where, but could not find you," he continued, covering her hands with kisses. "My head aches,—oh bind it up"; then looking more steadfastly at her, "oh my God, am I dead or dreaming; it is not you, mother dear, you left us years ago," while the perspiration, the blessed forerunner that the crisis in his sickness was passed, oozed out from every pore. "Only dreaming, my darling Lucius, only dreaming," said his sister, quickly sprinkling him with holy water, and signing his lips, forehead and breast with the emblem of our Redeemer on Calvary, as was her wont continually. After a few minutes he said: "Oh, that's you dear Grace, sprinkle me! sprinkle me and sign me again." And the poor invalid sank back on the pillows

tired and exhausted. And when after a prolonged sleep he awoke not only refreshed but also in his right mind, and the doctor pronounced him, with careful nursing, out of danger, Grace returned her heartfelt thanks to God, the giver of life and health, and all good. And to our dear Immaculate Mother, whom she feels convinced obtained that boon, life and eternity seemed too short too render her thanks sufficiently; for what is guaranteed by that? the prayers of Mary all powerful with her divine Son, will yet bring him within the pale of the Church; and with regard to the children: as Grace surmised, she obtained his consent to train them and imbue them with Catholic principles, which would have been frustrated had he died: the mother listened and made no objection. And although ere the angel of death departed from that house of mourning he smote the first born son, as he did of old in Egypt, and again of David, perhaps it was not so much for the sin of the father, as to secure for the chosen one a blissful eternity in company with the angels of heaven.

And when, upon Holy Innocents' day,—meet time and season for the household's darling, for God's chosen one, to enter the realms of eternal bliss,—Grace had washed his otherwise spotless soul from the stain of original sin, in the cleansing waters of Baptism, his Angel Guardian, who, for aught we know, might have been waiting for that Sacrament to be administered, and would, perhaps, have waited longer if it had been delayed, for we know from Scripture that Angel Guardians do the utmost in their power to get for their earthly charges spiritual blessings, as the Angel Guardians of the Persians wished the Jews to remain among them—his Angel Guardian bore him away to his heavenly home. But Grace shed no tear of grief over that happy death, although the golden-haired, blue-eyed darling breathed his last in her arms. Ah, no! God forbid! she can apostrophise him in the beautiful words of Mrs. Hemans:

"God took thee in His mercy,
A lamb, untasked, untried,
He fought the fight for thee,
He gained the victory,
And thou art sanctified.

Now like a dew-drop shrined
Within a crystal stone,
Thou art safe in heaven, my dove,
Safe with the Source of Love,
The Everlasting One."

AVE MARIA.

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ANTHEMS, PRAYERS, AND HYMNS OF THE CHURCH TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BY THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.

II.—THE AVE MARIA—GABRIEL'S PART.

The scene is laid in a modest little village, nestling in the mountains of Galilee. In one of the humblest cottages of Nazareth, there dwelleth, along with her pious parents, Joachim and Anna, a maiden of regal lineage and transcendent beauty. Poor and lowly, according to this world's standard, the blood of the royal house of David, and probably also of the priests' house of Levi, courseth in her veins.* She is a noble scion from a noble stock. She is "the Flower from the root of Jesse," the "Lily of the Valley," the Mystical Rose" from the garden of Eden. She is the glory of Jerusalem, the delight of Israel, the ornament of the people of God. She is all beautiful, and there is no blemish in her. Her garments are white as the snow, and her face shineth like the sun—not with a glaring, dazzling light, but with serene, though brilliant rays, like those reflected from the moon—*Pulchra ut luna*. She is a maiden of unearthly beauty, of surpassing loveliness. Not Eve in all the glory of her primeval innocence, when she first came forth blooming from the plastic hand of God, rivaled the beauty of this her loveliest descendant, who was chosen by God to be the instrument for retrieving through her obedience the fortunes of a fallen race ruined by the disobedience of the first mother.

"The name of this Virgin was Mary." The most beautiful and perfect work which ever came from the hand of God, her faultless form reflected the manifold beauties of her faultless spirit. The casket was well worthy the jewel which it enclosed. Eye, lip, and brow reflected the purity, the dignity, the majesty of her unsullied and lovely soul. It would seem that the cas-

ket was transparent, revealing all the glories which lay enshrined within.

The Maiden had retired to the inner shrine of the lowly cottage, and was absorbed in holy contemplation, with her whole soul filled with the presence of God, on whose life-giving bosom she was sweetly reposing, unmindful of herself and the outside world. Behold! her sanctuary solitude is suddenly interrupted by a wonderful apparition! God's brilliant messenger and minister plenipotentiary stands revealed in serene majesty before her eyes, and the beautiful accents of the AVE MARIA break for the first time on her startled ears. The Archangel Gabriel, in the name of God who sent him, salutes her with these words of sublime eulogy, invaluable because declaring the simple unexaggerated truth: HAIL! FULL OF GRACE! THE LORD IS WITH THEE; BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN! He could scarcely have said more in her praise, within the same compass, had he even wished; the truth did not permit him to say less. To be so complimented by man were high eulogy; to hear such language from God, who searcheth hearts, was a privilege reserved for Mary alone. In all her beauty and loveliness, she was only what God Himself had made her for His own high and Holy purpose; and in thus praising her, through His ambassador, He did but praise His own master work. No wonder His angelic messenger, though so brilliant by his intelligence and rank in the heavenly court, bowed down before her, as a superior being, and was smitten with admiration for her manifold graces and perfections. No wonder even he could find but general and comprehensive terms to express his appreciation of excellencies so surpassing and so cumulative.

Was the Maiden elated? Did her heart swell with complacency on hearing words of praise such as had never before fallen on human ears? No, but she is troubled, and she wonders within herself what manner of salutation this might be. Feeling her own lowliness and nothingness, she

* Such is the opinion of St. Hilary, and other Fathers of the Church.

cannot realize her position, nor understand how such language can be applicable to her. Even when refused by the eloquent words of the divine messenger, who solemnly declares to her that, alone of all the daughters of Eve, she has been divinely chosen to become the Mother of God in the flesh; the elected Spouse and Bride of the Father, the beloved Mother of the Son, the favorite Temple of the Holy Ghost; her humble soul is not tempted to vanity at the prospect of the dazzling honor which awaits her. The darling day-dream of a million daughters of Israel, who with eager aspirations after the grand privilege, which could not possibly be awarded to but one of their number—that of becoming the Mother of the expected Messiah God, did not enter, much less sway her pure, gentle, and humble bosom. It would even seem, that the possibility of such an honor being bestowed upon her, had never once crossed her thoughts, much less entered into her expectations.

Her maiden modesty, on the contrary, is alarmed. She remembers the solemn vow of virginity she had so cordially and so generously made at the foot of God's altar in the temple, by which she had cheerfully and generously consecrated herself, body and soul, to His service and love for evermore. She is embarrassed, and with upright simplicity goes straight to the point of difficulty by asking: "How can this be done? For I know not man." She lays down her conditions as a superior being; and the Archangel at once accepts them, on the part of God. He explains to her, how by the supernatural operation of the Holy Ghost, her maternity was to be made compatible with her immaculate virginity. And now the negotiation is completed, and the mystery of mysteries—that of the Incarnation—is on the eve of its accomplishment. The aspirations of ages are to be realized; the prophecies are to be accomplished; justice and mercy are to meet and to kiss; earth is to be reconciled to heaven; God is to become man in the womb of a Virgin; God is to lower Himself, to make Himself of no account, that man may be exalted unto a participation with the divine nature.

All her scruples removed, all her doubts solved, all her conditions accepted, Mary utters these words, so significant in themselves and in their results, so indicative of her innate humility and of her entire conformity to God's will: "Behold the Handmaid of the Lord! Be it done unto me according to thy word!" "AND THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH, AND DWELT AMONGST US!"

III. THE AVE MARIA—ELIZABETH'S PART.

In a city of Juda, lying among the rugged hills of Galilee, dwelt the sainted and aged Elizabeth, wife of Zachariah, at that time the officiating priest, according to his turn, in the temple of Jerusalem. Well stricken in years and childless, she had no human hope of leaving behind her an heir of her name and sanctity. But God's ways are not man's ways. An Angel of God had appeared to her husband, while he was offering the sacrifice of the law, and had announced to him, that his wife, in spite of her years, should become the mother of the great Precursor who was to go before and prepare the way for the promised Messiah. The startling announcement called up the smile of incredulity to the face of Zachariah; and, as a punishment for his little faith, he was stricken with dumbness for a time, till the promise of God, through His ambassador, should be accomplished. Elizabeth conceived in her old age, and the sixth month of her pregnancy already had elapsed, ere the Archangel was sent to MARY, to sound forth the first portion of the AVE MARIA; the second part of which was to be uttered by Elizabeth, inspired by the Holy Ghost.

The manner of it was this. Mary was a relative of Elizabeth, and Mary's heart was moved to compassion when she learned from the Archangel that her aged cousin was in a condition requiring sympathy and assistance. Filled with the Holy Ghost, the fountain of divine and of human charity, Mary went "with haste" to the relief of Elizabeth. What if the rugged hills of Galilee interposed? What if her poverty allowed her none of the ordinary comforts of life, or conveniences for travel? The charity of Christ, now her in-dwelling Guest and Son, urged her forward; and all obstacles vanished before her burning love. She flew rather than ran.

The journey is speedily accomplished. Mary "entereth the house of Zachariah, and saluteth Elizabeth. And it came to pass, that when Elizabeth heard the voice of Mary, the babe leaped in her womb, and Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost. And she cried out with a loud voice, and said: BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN, AND BLESSED IS THE FRUIT OF THY WOMB! And whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?"

She caught up the echo of Gabriel's salutation, as its sound reverberated over and died away among the hills of Galilee, and repeating its last sentence,—BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN—she

added to it the words which constituted the crowning glory of that Virgin Mother, the fountain and source of all her blessedness—that the God-man was the fruit of her chaste womb: **BLESSED IS THE FRUIT OF THY WOMB.** This it was, which, in anticipation and still more in the reality, had made her so full of grace; which was the exhaustless and perennial source of her joy; and which was to make her the Mother of all the redeemed, in making her the Mother of the Redeemer. This great privilege, this sublime dignity of Mother of God, was peculiarly her own; it could not possibly be communicated to any other. And this explains that outburst of inspired enthusiasm which was awakened in Elizabeth by the great condescension of Mary in visiting her: “And whence is this to me that **THE MOTHER OF MY LORD** should come to me?” How could the Mother of God put herself to so much trouble and fatigue, to visit one who was more aged indeed, and, perhaps according to the world's standard, more respectable than herself, but who was almost infinitely beneath her according to the standard, true and unerring, of God's truth. How this could be; how Mary could do it too with so much simplicity and humility, forgetful of her lofty dignity, and lowering herself before her relative; this it was which won the admiration while it excited the astonishment of Elizabeth. Truly, the Holy Ghost, which filled the hearts of both, leveled all distinctions; lowered the hills and lifted up the valleys; raised up Elizabeth in proportion, as He made Mary little in her own eyes.

And so, an inspired woman completed what a great Archangel of God had begun; and the divine, or inspired portion of the **AVE MARIA** was thus solemnly, but jubilantly intoned by a bright Archangel and a sainted woman; and it was to be afterwards taken up and re-echoed throughout all the nations of men, and by all the generations which were to people the earth till the end of time. The Church of God, in the fulfillment of prophecy, did this, as we shall presently see, and she will continue to do it till the consummation of the world. A. B.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE sermon of Rt. Rev. Bishop Elder, delivered at the late Plenary Council, is taken from the book published by Messrs. Kelly & Piet, Baltimore. The subject of the sermon explains why we have chosen it for publication. In fact, the **AVE MARIA** has a claim upon it—so the Rt. Rev. Prelate himself thought, as he gave us a half promise of the MS.

For the **AVE MARIA.**

THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

BY MARIE.

O favored cave of Bethlehem!
 Within thy rock-built shrine
 Heaven hid its angel-guarded Gem—
 Its Light and Life Divine.

O bleak yet blessed desert sands!
 Rare beauty graced the wild,
 When, clasped in Mary's sinless hands,
 It saw the Holy Child.

Land of the lotus-freighted Nile!
 Long held in demon-thrall,
 Love sent an Infant's magic smile
 To bid thine idols fall.

O rock-encircled Nazareth!
 His presence made thee fair;
 His seraph court with incense breath
 Filled all thy favored air.

O cottage walls, enriched with gleam
 Of heaven's wondrous glow!
 O new and lasting Eden-dream!
 O Paradise below!

The scions of a royal race
 Lived here unknown, obscure.
 The just man rich in ev'ry grace,
 A toiler 'mid the poor.

The lily-bloom of Israel,
 Blest Sharon's queenly flower,
 Fair Cades' Palon, content to dwell,
 Within her lowly bower.

The Child that “grew in age and grace,”
 Their treasure—who is He?
 That Child—with sweet and smiling face
 And brow of majesty—

Is God! at whose supreme command
 The radiant sunlight shone—
 Whose glory bids the cherub-band
 Bow, veiled before His throne.

Messiah! theme of psalmist's song,
 And hope of holy seer;
 The King of Juda, promised long—
 Earth's Saviour hideth here!

Through haughty-browed Jerusalem
 A “Child of twelve years” trod—
 Emmanuel—with the diadem
 And sceptre of a God!

O self-willed teachers of the law!
That youthful Sage ye heard—
O error! blinded ones who saw
Yet would not believe "the Word."

Child-Saviour! Thou from Christian eyes
Hast rent the veil of pride.
We own Thee, 'neath Thy human guise,
Our Model and our Guide.

Thy mystic Childhood's graces fair
Our heritage must be,
That so, our white-robed souls may share
Thy crowning legacy.

Obedience—bloom of heav'nly soil—
A spirit simple, pure,
And patient diligence to toil,
E'en nameless and obscure.

And so, each heart by sin defiled,
Freed thus from evil leaven;
Becoming "even as a child,"
Shall win its mirrored heaven.

SERMON

OF THE

RIGHT REV. WILLIAM H. ELDER, D. D.,
BISHOP OF NATCHEZ.

Subject:—"DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN
MARY."

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

"Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid: for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."—*Luke 1, 46-48.*

You have heard many beautiful and glorious things during these past few days concerning the grandeur of God's holy Church. You have seen how sanctity marks her character; how infallibility guards her from error; how the Holy Ghost animates her. You have heard of her trials and her triumphs.

The subject presented to you this evening is not an interruption of this course of topics, for she, whose words have just been recited from the Gospel, is the Queen of that wondrous Church—the Mother of Him who founded it. He established it on the sufferings which he endured in His human flesh; all its graces and glories He purchased by His most precious blood. And that adorable Flesh and Blood were precisely what He received from His ever blessed Mother. Thus Mary, Mother of Jesus, is the Mother likewise of all who

have been redeemed by Jesus' blood, and the Mother and Queen of His holy Church. And when she, inspired by the Holy Ghost, declared, that all generations should call her blessed, she uttered a divine prophecy, both of her own glory, and of the perpetuity of the Church, two works of God inseparably interwoven together.

I have promised to speak especially of devotion to the Blessed Virgin—that is, of the exercise of our affections towards her by addressing our prayers to her, thanking her for her services, praising her for her glories, and directing our words and acts to the advancement of her honor in heaven and on earth. And in this view again we see how Mary and the Church are so associated, or rather identified, that what is true of the one may be said of the other; and as the Church has been established by God, both for our assistance and for His glory, so, also, our devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary rests at the same time on our weakness and on God's designs for the advancement of His honor.

It rests on our weakness, because we need help in our struggle against the enemies who surround us. It is not necessary to argue at any length for establishing this truth. We all know too well that, of ourselves, we are but weakness and misery; that the devil, like a roaring lion, goes about seeking to devour our souls, and that our own sinful passions would, every day, lead us into evil if we trusted only to our own watchfulness and fortitude, and did not seek for help. But seeking for help, dearly beloved, does not mean simply asking aid from God; it always includes making use of the means which God has put in our reach. If a good Christian finds his house in danger of burning, he will not only offer prayers to God for its protection, but he will likewise pray his neighbors to come to his assistance. And these can hardly be called two different methods that he has recourse to, but different parts of the same method, for his prayer to God is that God may furnish him means to battle against the flames, and his prayer to his neighbors is that they would use the strength which God has given them, and lend him that aid which God desires they should lend. He has made us weak, but has furnished us with remedies for our weakness, and it is both His will and our interest that we seek help, not only from Himself directly, but from those creatures to which He has given power to help us.

And this holds good in our spiritual wants as truly as in our bodily ones. God has provided

us with creatures to aid us in the salvation of our souls. He loves to work by intermediate instruments. Men use instruments, because, in their weakness, they cannot work without them; but God works through instruments, because, in His omnipotence, He can communicate to creatures a portion of His divine power. Man, in his weakness, has need of the horse to carry his burdens. God, in His omnipotence, instead of transporting them by a direct act of His will, communicates to a dumb animal a strength denied to man himself. Thus God mercifully comes to the help of man, but gives that help through a creature, and makes the poor beast an intermediary between Himself and man.

In like manner He has appointed higher creatures to help us in the labors required for our souls. His Sacraments are creatures—outward acts and words to which He gives virtue to convey His graces. His Angels are ministering spirits, Saint Paul tells us, sent to minister for our salvation. And in nothing is their ministry more needed than in the work of prayer. This is our first and last and unceasing labor, because He has ordained that all goods shall be obtained by prayer. Would He leave this, then, to be the only work in which we should have no help? This is the true question. To say that we must pray to God alone, without the intercession of His Saints and Angels, is really to say that, in the great work of prayer, we are left without assistance. It is true that He can give us grace to pray alone, just as He can give the poor orphan girl her livelihood while she struggles alone through a world of pains. But if He leaves her an elder brother, a man of strong arm and loving heart, a brother who will provide for her wants and supply her with comforts, and, at the same time, guide her through difficulties and defend her from harm, is it an injury to God that she accepts her brother's aid? Is it not rather a duty she owes to the Almighty that she should look to the brother whom the divine mercy has spared to her; recur to him in her wants, and receive through him the favors which God sends through him? And so with our prayers. We may, indeed, offer them by ourselves, but is it not among the greatest of God's blessings that He gives us help in the discharge of this holy duty; and that, whereas prayer is the highest and most necessary of our works, so He allows the greatest and the best of His creatures to help us in it, His Saints, His Angels, His own ever Blessed Mother? And is it not both our duty and our joy to invoke their assistance? Is it not the

best exercise of our loving confidence in God, that since He has given us such powerful intercessors, we should always, and in all circumstances, have recourse to them to obtain the favors which He wishes to send to us through their intercession? The Angel Raphael, as we read in the beautiful book of Tobias, was not only sent to guide and defend the young Tobias, but the prayers of the aged Father had been carried to God by him; and St. John, in the Apocalypse, describes the Angels who stand around the eternal throne, with golden censers, offering to the adorable Trinity the prayers of holy souls on earth.

Thus in prayer, as in all our other works, we need assistance, and God's mercy has provided it in the intercession of His ever Blessed Mother and all the Angels and Saints of His heavenly court.

Besides our weakness, and consequent need of help, the other foundation of devotion to the Blessed Virgin is the design of God's wisdom. These two cannot be entirely separated from each other. God's wisdom is shown in all that I have just said of His mercifully providing to assist our weakness.

But beyond and above our wants is the glory of God's divine majesty, and in various ways does devotion to the Blessed Virgin contribute to that great last end of all creation.

First, it is a humbling of ourselves, and whatever makes us humble wins the heart of God and exalts His majesty. "A contrite and humbled heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." And He who came to restore glory to God and peace to man, began by humbling Himself and giving us for our first lesson "to be humble and meek of heart." Now refusing to make use of God's creatures, whom He has given to aid us in prayer, is an act of spiritual pride; and, on the other hand, our having recourse to them to come to our assistance, is a humbling confession of our own unworthiness, and a most pleasing acknowledgment of God's infinite goodness and power in providing us with such noble intercessors. The friends of Job had offended God by their pride, and to humble them God commanded they should ask Job himself to pray for them. He promised beforehand that He would listen to Job's prayer in their behalf, exhibiting thus, in the same act, the glory of His justice and of His goodness; of His goodness, because He wished to pardon them, and of His justice, because He would have them attribute their pardon to the prayers of Job. And so did He humble Mary, the sister of Moses, and vindi-

cated His own glory by striking her with a leprosy, until she obtained the prayers of Moses against whom she had murmured.

And in these instances we see another way in which God's glory is promoted by our invoking the intercession of His holy servants. God was pleased to have the virtues of Job and of Moses known and acknowledged by those who asked their prayers, because these virtues were His own gifts, and the acknowledgment of them was the acknowledgment of His divine munificence. One great object that He had in view in creating the beauties of the material world, the richness of the earth, the splendor of the sun, the profuseness of the starry firmament, was that man might admire and praise them, for the praise of them is the glory of Him who made them. But what are all these in comparison to the spiritual beauties of one of His Saints, adorned with virtues purchased by the precious Blood of our Lord? "The Lord is wonderful in His Saints." And what are all the Saints united, in comparison with the Queen of heaven and earth? What are all the friends of God in comparison with His beloved and ever Blessed Mother?

Here, then, we see a reason, far above the want arising from our weakness, a reason identified with the interests of the divine majesty. His Blessed Mother is the greatest of all His creatures; the one on whom He has lavished the largest treasures of His wisdom and goodness, and, therefore, the one through whom He expects to receive the largest tributes of our praise. He has given His Eternal Son to us, and the Apostle argues, that He who gave His Son has not kept back from us any thing that is less in value. "How, then, with Jesus—hath He not given us all things?" Then Mary, too, is given to us; all her glories and virtues are for our use and benefit, and we are ungrateful to God and rob Him of the glory that is due to Him, if we do not freely and abundantly make use of her glories to give Him praise, and avail ourselves of the power which He has granted to her prayers, to draw down on earth the blessings that He desires to send through her.

And in this view, perhaps, we see an explanation of great things which certain holy servants of God have uttered concerning the increase of devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The doctrine which the Church teaches with regard to her has no increase nor diminution. What God revealed to His Apostles, all that, and nothing more, has the Church handed down through all ages, as we

clearly see in the writings of the earliest Fathers. But the affections, which the contemplation of this doctrine awakens in men's souls, and the outward acts by which their affections are manifested—these of course continually vary, according to innumerable circumstances—of time and place and disposition. And these affections, and exhibitions of affection, are what we call devotion. Devotion to the Blessed Virgin, then, may and will be more strong and more lively in one person than in another; it will prevail more widely at one time than at another; in one country than in another; and we can understand how, in one age, it may grow wider and more intense throughout the whole Church than it was in ages which preceded.

Now, some men, of extraordinary holiness and wisdom, have foretold that the devotion to the Blessed Virgin should have an immense increase as the world grows older. Their predictions are not a teaching of the Church. We may credit them or not, according as we judge them worthy of credit. But apart from the authority of the men who uttered them, if we consider the interests of God's glory, we can see ourselves in the signs of the times, which are coming on us, good reason for expecting that our Lord may probably so direct the conduct of His holy Church, and the thoughts and hearts of her faithful children, as to make the devotion to His beloved Mother more intense and more active than it has been before.

Time would fail me to develop those reasons, especially as I feel that my discourse must be drawing to its close. I may only briefly mention some of them.

This is an age of pride, more than the most preceding ages—pride of the acquirements of human science and of the powers of human reason. It is an age, also, of material interests, of commerce, of manufactures, of bodily comforts. Now, in such an age it will greatly redound to the glory of God, if more than ever is held up for men's reverent admiration the wonderful woman whose immense dignity is the reward of God's regard for her humility. "The Lord hath regarded the humility of His handmaid: and He that is mighty hath done great things in me." And since the beauty and riches of God's material creation, instead of filling men with love for His goodness, seem to be dragging them down from Him and fixing their thoughts and hearts on the playthings of earth, the most befitting remedy is to draw their attention to the greatest of His spiritual works, and lift up their souls to Him by the study

of her in whom are concentrated the treasures of His power, and wisdom, and goodness.

Still more—this is an age of incredulity. Not exactly of infidelity in the most odious meaning of the word; that is, not of an impiety which makes a boast of denying God, but of a more refined, and in some respects more dangerous, unbelief which acknowledges God and professes reverence for His name, but will not acknowledge the authority of His teachings when they come in conflict with the temporal interests of men, with public opinion, or popular movements, or the erroneous conclusions of men of science. There is a want of practical belief of realizing in fact what is professed in words.

Now, the foundation of all practical faith among Christians is a clear and realizing belief in the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ; and I need not explain to you how powerfully this belief is advanced by all our devotions to His Blessed Mother. Every thing that we know about her, and every thing we can possibly say about her, is intimately connected with Jesus, the Son of God made Man. Every event of her life, every virtue of her soul, was either a preparation or a consequence of God's becoming man. Every festival celebrated, and every practice of devotion performed in honor of her, necessarily brings the name of Jesus to our lips and sets Him before our minds and hearts, not as some speculative or mythical person of fabulous ages, not as some abstract ideal source of spiritual good, but as the true, living Son of Mary, who was nursed by her at Bethlehem, who lived subject to her at Nazareth, who suffered in the Flesh she gave Him, and who now, in that same flesh received from her, sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty, the divine model of all good sons, keeping His dear Mother in the nearest place to Him, and loving her beyond all His other creatures.

The honoring of the Blessed Virgin, then, necessarily preserves and promotes the knowledge and the love of our Lord, and since, as we have seen, God ordinarily works through instruments, it is easy to understand that in an age when men are practically losing sight of the Incarnation, He should inspire His Church and her children with a livelier devotion to her than ever, as a protest against the prevailing unbelief, and as a means to make His divine Son more known and loved.

It is a continuance of the old mystery of Bethlehem and Nazareth. Our Lord still vouchsafes to have Mary give Him to the world, and He

chooses to grow in our hearts as He grew at Nazareth under the care of Mary.

You can see it illustrated in the history of religion among yourselves. Some of you can recall when first began to be common the practice of wearing the medal of her Immaculate Conception. And more of you can remember when the devotions of the Month of May were not yet heard of. Now, as these devotions have grown, so also have grown the devotions to Jesus in His Childhood; to Jesus on the Cross; to His Sacred Heart; to His most Precious Blood; to His Five Sacred Wounds; the Way of the Cross; the Visiting of the Blessed Sacrament; the Forty Hours' Adoration.

And this grand occasion, in which we are now rejoicing—this Plenary Council—is a testimony given to the same great truth, from the entire country, in all its broad extent.

I need not describe, what every one so clearly sees, the wonderful spread of the holy Church throughout this land, and the solid foundations of God's heavenly grace on which it rests. If, on the map, you draw a line across the continent, from Maine to Vancouver's Island, and then circle around through California, Texas and Florida, and along the Atlantic coast to Maine again, from all these points, and from all the country intervening, are gathered the forty-seven Bishops and Archbishops, and the two hundred Priests who represent the thousands of clergy and religious, and the millions of the laity rejoicing in the holy Catholic faith, where, but a few years ago, the Church was hardly known. In one diocese, as an illustration, and this in an Eastern State, in the year 1847, there were sixteen churches—now there are one hundred and seventy-two.

If we seek for causes of this wonderful growth, we must not fail to reckon among them that our Lord holds this country in especial favor, because it is especially associated with the honor of His Blessed Mother. The great Columbus, in coming to seek the land, chose for his ship the name of Santa Maria. The first island he discovered he named after the Saviour of the world, and to the second he gave the name of the most pure Conception of His Blessed Mother. It is a sad and significant illustration of the spirit of the ages which have followed—that the sacred name of San Salvador has been changed by late navigators into a mean appellation, which I do not choose to mention here.

The first Bishop of the United States chose for the day of his consecration the day of our Lady's

triumphant Assumption into heaven, and this venerable Cathedral is dedicated likewise in honor of the same great festival. The entire Church of the United States has for its Patronal Feast her Immaculate Conception, and at least one church in every five throughout the whole country has for its Patroness the ever glorious Mother of God.

Thus, my dearly beloved, has God inspired our people to fulfill the prophecy that "all generations should call her blessed," and your own eyes witness in these days how abundantly He accomplishes, in our favor, the other part of her glorious song: "He that is mighty hath done great things for me."

And as for the country—so far each one of us in our own hearts—if we desire that Jesus take full possession of them and reign supreme, let us every day more and more magnify His power and love by pouring out our praise and blessing on His mightiest work and His dearest friend, His own blessed and beloved Mother. Amen.

AN EXPLANATION AND DEFENCE OF THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE OF THE SAC- RIFICE OF THE MASS.

BY CLONFERT.

THE END FOR WHICH THE MASS WAS INSTITUTED BY CHRIST.

According to the doctrine of the Catholic Church, the end for which the Sacrifice of the Mass was instituted is threefold:—

1. To leave to the Church a form of worship, worthy of the divine excellence and accommodated to man's nature.

2. To represent vividly and commemorate to the end of time the Sacrifice of the Cross, by which our redemption was purchased fully.

3. To apply that redemption to our souls.

The Mass is, therefore, (1.) a *latreutic*; (2.) an *eucharistic*; (3.) an *applicatory* and a commemorative sacrifice.

(1.) It is *latreutic*: that is, a sacrifice offered to God, and to God only, in adoration of His infinite majesty, excellence and perfections. It thus forms a fitting link, binding together the visible society of the faithful on earth, with one Supreme worship. It is *eucharistic*: that is, a sacrifice which may be appropriately offered to God in *thanksgiving* for the countless favors bestowed upon His creatures. No other mode of thanksgiv-

ing is higher, or more excellent, or more suitable to the Divine goodness.

(2.) It is a *commemorative*, or *representative* sacrifice; it exhibits the sacrifice of the Cross to view more accurately than the mirror exhibits the object, or the echo the sound which caused its birth. For it contains not only the image, but also the reality which it represents. Thus the *separate* pronouncement of the consecrating words over the *separated* elements signifies the *separation* of the Body and Blood, and effects it according to the extent and manner of the signification. In the first place, the words "THIS IS MY BODY," pronounced over the Host, act *immediately* and *directly* on the Body *only*, and by near contact, as it were, draw and unite it to the accidents of bread; and the words, "THIS IS THE CHALICE OF MY BLOOD," pronounced over the cup *directly* affect the sacred Blood *only*, and similarly place it under the appearances of wine. The double form acts upon the Victim like a sword with a double blade, one of which touching the Body only, and the other the Blood, *would actually separate* them, if the link by which they are united, could ever again be severed. In the second place, they appear as if they were actually separated. For the Body is visibly present under the appearance of bread, in one place, the Blood under the appearance of wine, in another. In this manner the Victim is invested with all the outward signs of that bloody immolation He once suffered in the flesh,—an immolation effected and consummated by the gradual and total separation of His blood from the channels of His body. This seems to be the sense in which the Catholic Church calls the Mass a *representative* and *commemorative* sacrifice.

In the third place, if we pass in fancy within the shell in which the Victim lies upon our altars, and view Him in the state to which He is, (so to say,) reduced, we shall discover another and perhaps a more striking likeness between His bloody and His unbloody immolation. The crowning part of His immolation on Calvary was the death which followed. His body became stiff and motionless; His soul lost all influence over it; and life, which is the principle of action, became extinct. All this is very vividly represented in the sacrifice of the altar. There the rigidity of death seems again to have seized on His sacred Body: it can not (as in that state, according to the almost unanimous teaching of theologians) move a single muscle; it can not see, it can not hear; it lies motionless and powerless in the Sacrament as in the sepulcher. The soul can exer-

cise influence over it; the intellect can not see it as the medium through which it looks out upon and acquires a knowledge of the world around. If the will were to call upon it in this sacramental condition, it could not obey its voice by any physical movement. The link, that unites the Body and the Soul in this unbloody state of immolation, is almost as useless for all purposes of life and action as if the separation of death again took place. Hence, it may be justly said, that the Sacrifice of the Mass, is a *perfect* image of the *bloody death* upon the cross: it not only represents to view the separation of the body and blood, but the separation of the body and soul: that is, not only the *manner* of the death, but equivalently the *death* itself. It is *representative*, therefore, and *commemorative* in a sense far different from that in which we apply the same word to the patriarchal and Mosaic sacrifices. These were figures without the reality, shadows without the substance, which were cast upon the elder ages to announce its promised coming, and were destined to pass away when its beams would have dawned upon the world.

(3.) It is an *applicatory* sacrifice, by which Christ applies to us the merits of the Cross. That application is made, no matter what may be the merits of these secondary minister who visibly offers. The good dispositions of the earthly delegated priest, have, of course, their own reward. But we speak here of that efficacy which it has, in as much as it proceeds from Christ, who principally offers. This efficacy does not in any way derogate from that of the great Sacrifice on Calvary, which was the full and only price paid for our redemption. On the contrary, it supposes and depends on it. The efficacy of the sacrifice of the Cross, consisted, first: in purchasing God's consent to have us restored to His friendship; second: in purchasing the immense treasury of grace necessary for that restoration; and third: in purchasing the internal and external means by which we lay hold individually of the riches it contains. Of these means the Mass, according to the Catholic Church, is the first and chiefest. It is a channel, through which the waters of grace flow in upon us; but these waters have their source in the Cross. It is the very perfection of that mediation by which Christ not only "merited pardon, but *applies* it also,"—applies it not as in other ordinances He has established for the same purpose. For here He is really and substantially present, body and blood, soul and divinity, and places us in possession of those goods He bought and fully paid for eighteen

hundred and odd years ago on the slope of Calvary. A few questions may be usefully asked:

Firstly: For whom does the Mass procure these graces?

It procures them for all persons in this life and in the next, in proportion to their different conditions and capacities of receiving them. Unlike the Sacraments, which apply the merits of the Cross only to those by whom they are received, the Sacrifice applies them to all, for whom it is offered; it applies them to ourselves and others, to the living and the dead. *Firstly, for the dead*, who have fought the good fight and have won the crown, but who must suffer for a time before they can receive it: the Mass obtains, according to the mode appointed by God, remission of the temporal punishment due when they departed this life.

Secondly: for the living it obtains remotely, or proximately, the remission of their sins, as well as of the punishment and satisfaction due for them. Finally, *for all*: it appeases God's wrath, and arrests His avenging arm. It is, therefore, a truly *propitiatory* sacrifice. Nay, it not only propitiates God when angered by sin, but also procures from him all temporal and spiritual blessings suited to our different wants and states. It is an universal instrument, which, unlike the Sacraments, is not limited to any one function in the dispensation of God's graces. It takes in on all sides, like a spiritual prism, the lights of the Holy Spirit and communicates them to us.

Secondly: In what manner does it produce these effects?

For *the dead* it obtains immediate and direct release from the temporal punishment according to the measure of the remission. For *the living* it obtains release, or the means of release from sin, by placing at their disposal the "grace and gift of penance." As reason leads the soul through the darkness of unbelief to the portals of Faith, so these graces lead it through the darkness of its sinful condition to the portals of justification. But it must not reject their guidance; it must not cling with lingering attachment to the sins from which they would divorce it. Otherwise the Sacrifice, like the Sacrament, will be powerless to assist them.

The Church does not tell us whether it produces these effects according to a fixed law or promise, by which its divine Founder might have annexed them to it: or whether the measure of its fruits be not, in the present economy of the dispensation of grace, dependent without any promise as to the amount on the free will and goodness of God, who, seeing His well-beloved

Son placed upon the altar, like the Lamb that was once slain, is moved thereby to give us the graces we ask or need, according to the measure of His own good will and pleasure.

Again, the Catholic Church teaches, that the Mass may be offered *for* the saints also. It is offered for them but not to them: for it is a true and proper sacrifice, the crown of public worship, and can, therefore, be presented to God alone. It is offered for them to thank Him for the graces He has bestowed upon them, for the rich merits with which He has enabled them to fill the treasury of the Church, and for the light of their example which illumines her from their thrones on high, as from countless "stars that shine in the kingdom of heaven." It is offered to excite their sympathy for us poor pilgrims in this vale of tears, and for the faithful but suffering members of the Church in that sadder vale of tears beyond the grave, the purgatorial prison.

Finally, the Sacrifice of the Mass contains in a transcendent degree all the perfections of the Mosaic sacrifices, gathers the scattered rays beaming through the other ordinances of grace into a single focus, and spreads them with an infinitely increased lustre abroad over the wide domain of the Catholic Church; aye, and into the abode of the faithful souls departed, and puts its pain and gloom to flight. It unites together the different portions of God's people in this life and in the next,—unites them in thanksgiving and adoration around the altar on which the living God is present, as they shall be hereafter united around His throne in heaven.

Such is, in brief, the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharistic Sacrifice. No well-regulated mind, considering it calmly and dispassionately, can deny that its parts make harmony with themselves. No well-regulated heart, if prejudice did not mar its promptings, would hesitate to choose, in preference to every other system, that which brings us into such close relationship not only with the angelic choirs and blessed dead, but with God Himself. One of the ablest opponents of the Mass, admits that it is among the most beautiful creations of the "human genius" of that Church, which knows so well how to accomodate its doctrines and its practises to the wants and sympathies of fallen nature. But is it "a creation of human genius?" This question brings us to the second part of the promise made in the commencement of these papers, to the proof of the doctrine we have explained.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FROM a recent number of the *San Francisco Monitor*, which a kind friend has sent us, we learn that we, unintentionally, did injustice to that able Journal, by crediting an article that first appeared in it, to another paper from which we took the article.

Of course WE were not to blame. Who ever admits that? But really in this case we were not; having had but rarely the pleasure of reading the *Monitor*, as it never finds its way directly from San Francisco to the AVE office, we had no means of knowing that the gifted writer of the poetry we copied, wrote exclusively for that paper. On the other hand, the paper to which we gave credit coming to us every week, and always welcomed, (as would be the *Monitor* if it came) had impressed us with the firm conviction that the learned Editor was a good judge of poetry, however much our faith in him as a *judge of pictures* may have been shaken; we therefore thought it quite natural that excellent poetry should be found in its columns.

In the present number we present our readers with a poem from the pen of MARIE, written expressly for the AVE MARIA; and we feel assured that the *Monitor* will be pleased that our Blessed Mother has received this valuable accession to the ranks of the regular contributors to her journal.

We would that all were animated by the same sentiments as those expressed in the letter of Marie, from which we take the following extracts,—assuring her that we think the edification that may be derived from them will more than justify us in disregarding any reluctance on her part to publishing them:

"SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Jan. 7, 1867.

"*Rev. Father*: Having seen your very kind notice of my attempt at verse-making, entitled "The Royal Catechist," I take the liberty to address you, and to comply with your invitation to add my small mite to your literary store of the beautiful AVE MARIA. Accordingly I enclose a poem on 'The Holy Childhood.' Should you deem it worthy a place in the pages of your excellent periodical, I shall feel truly honored; for it is indeed a privilege to sing the praises of our Blessed Mother and of her Divine Son.

"I have also the presumption to beg a favor—may I be permitted to become a member of the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart?

"With an earnest request that you will occasionally remember me in your prayers, I remain,

"Very Rev. Father, your respectfully,

"MARIE."

THE LION'S DEN.

A LEGEND.

[Translated from the French of L. D'Apply.]

If in their fervent devotion to Mary, her faithful servants sometimes accomplish prodigies, how many miraculous favors, in recompense, has not the Blessed Virgin conferred upon them!

The Abyssinians, converted by the first disciples of the Apostles, peaceably followed the religion of their fathers, and obeyed their dark-hued emperor without murmuring, for he was the descendant, they affirmed, of the great King Solomon. After ten centuries, however, a Nestorian heretic came to alarm their consciences, to sap their faith, and to overthrow their whole creed.

Philip was tall of stature and noble of countenance. He had a powerful voice and an imposing command of language; he knew how to ornament his discourses with those magic words which inflate the popular imagination and ring again in the hearts of multitudes. He had the art of taking reason by surprise and putting wisdom at fault; he did not claim to be a rigorous logician, but he made use of seductive images and comparisons; in default of arguments, he multiplied phrases, amused the ear, and mirrored before the eyes the false pearls of a brilliant but empty eloquence.

The eastern nations are always disposed to feed their minds with high-sounding terms, and the deceitful words of the Nestorian led astray a great number of Abyssinians.

Philip did not content himself with denying the hypostatic union of the divine nature with the human in the Person of Jesus Christ; he strove also to establish that the Holy Ghost did not proceed from God the Father, and he declaimed against the holy Virgin, whose crown he robbed of the most glorious of her titles—that of Mother of God.

The laxity of his doctrine drew to his party many people who were indifferent to religion, but who hoped, under the cloak of heresy, to glut their passions the more easily, or to follow the stratagems of politics more securely.

The scourge spread with such rapid contagion that the Negus, sovereign of the country, to arrest the evil, sent for a celebrated monk, named Elsa, to come to his court.

Elsa was an Indian, but his virtues, his talents, and his zeal, had rendered him worthy of admission into the order of Friar-Preachers.

He was small and unattractive in appearance. Nurtured in fast and abstinence, he seemed to have scarcely strength enough to stand. Nevertheless, his eyes shot forth fire, and when his shrill voice was raised among the multitude it had the irresistible force of the thunderbolt.

Surprised at his modest and poor exterior, the Negus could scarcely restrain himself from treating him with contempt; he did not believe him capable of fulfilling the task he had intended to trust to him, and he repented of having summoned him to his court.

"Is it thou," he asked distrustfully, "who causest all my dominions to re-echo with the renown of thy preaching?"

Wounded in his humility by this flattering question, the religious stammered, hesitated, and could scarcely articulate a short answer.

The regret of the monarch was redoubled. He despaired of him, and now only sought for some means of sending him home without affronting him.

"Heresy," observed he, with the design of frightening him, "has roared around us more loudly than tigers and lions. I have summoned thee to make it lower its head and reduce its voice to silence."

"My Lord," replied Elsa modestly, "God has no need of human aid to accomplish His works; He can confound error by the voice of the humblest of His servants."

"Dost thou dare to undertake it, and wilt thou strive against the eagle of our mountains?"

"I dare, with the help of the All-Powerful."

"But thou dost not know the heretic; he has the stature of a cedar, and his voice distills the wine of the palm tree; his gaze fascinates like that of the serpent; he has already deceived the half of my subjects."

"The Holy Spirit whom he blasphemes will speak against him and destroy all his charms."

"May God speed thy words, then! Since thy confidence is strong as the ebony-tree, I will give orders for the strife."

He summoned Philip to appear on the morrow in the grand square of Gondar, his capital, there to sustain the truth of his doctrines against the monk, in presence of the great men, of the chiefs of tribes, and ancients of the people, who would decide on which side lay truth and faith.

The rest of the day was employed in preparing the place for this theological tournament. An enclosure was made and furnished with seats. Two pulpits were set up for the two orators, and

a throne was erected for the Negus, whence he could view the whole assembly.

The heretic flattered himself that he would obtain a brilliant triumph. He passed the whole night in studying the speech he intended to deliver. He did not, however, apply himself to the arrangement of his arguments, as a general would arrange his battalions, but he sought for ideas the most likely to dazzle; he collected all those phrases which would act upon the masses and please the fancy of the multitude.

When he had completed his work he found it so perfect that he admired it himself, and went to sleep in the proud certainty of success.

On his side, Elsa prepared himself for the strife, but by prayer and mortification. He asked of God to put into his heart the necessary inspiration, and to give him persuasive words.

At the appointed hour the Negus ascended his throne, surrounded by all the luxury of these climates, and escorted by his whole court. The chiefs of tribes placed themselves gravely, each one according to his rank, on the benches destined for them. The people, attentive and silent, thronged the bars of the enclosure, and the two orators ascended the pulpits.

The contrast between their respective statures and attitudes forcibly struck that vast assemblage, who attached so much importance to bodily vigor; no one doubted that the Dominican would be vanquished.

"What!" said they, in their imaginative language, "shall the panther compare himself with the tiger, or the hyssop equal the palm tree?"

"God is great," answered an old man. "The cedar is the king of our forests, and yet produces no fruits; it is the humble herbs that furnish the bread upon which we live."

"I hope," said a young man, "that the giant will chastise the pride of this dwarf."

There was, perhaps, among all that concourse, but one single man who desired the triumph of the religious,—it was the monarch, and in desiring it he did not hope for it.

But all comments suddenly ceased. Philip had begun to speak.

He perceived the prepossession of the auditory in his favor, and he used it to crush the monk with the weight of his haughty raillery. He reproached him with the smallness of his stature, and with the simplicity of his exterior; he then displayed all the pomps of his phrases and hyperbole. He thought to silence the modesty of the religious, to disconcert his courage, and to put him out of countenance.

Such is the advantage of humility. Elsa was in no way discomposed by the contempt and the insult which the heretic heaped upon him. He did not feel cast down, because he had never puffed himself up, and since pride had built him no throne, he could not be precipitated from it.

He listened then to the Nestorian without anger or grief, and penetrating the very depths of his discourse, he remembered all his arguments.

When Philip had ceased to speak, his partisans arose with one accord, and overwhelmed him with acclamations.

"He is right," cried they, "he is right!" "Why should we stay to hear more? And what does this white-hooded monk want to say?"

Enthusiasm is contagious, even when it is factitious, and the entire multitude agitated their arms in the air, and would have hindered the Dominican from speaking.

A single look, however, from Elsa, astonished the people and imposed silence upon them. The preacher made the sign of the cross, and no one dared to interrupt him. In as great a measure as Philip had been haughty, insolent, contemptuous, the monk showed himself modest, charitable, logical. Then, when he had captivated his auditors, he examined one after another, all the arguments produced by his adversary, weighed them, and showed their futility and emptiness.

When he came to the praises of the Virgin, his accents became so sweet, so powerful and so persuasive, that the throng believed they heard a seraph singing a hymn to the glory of the Queen of the angels. Transported by the brilliancy and the truth of his teachings, the people could not let him finish his discourse, and interrupted him by their applause.

Philip retired, attended by confusion and hisses, and a great number of heretics were converted that day to Catholic orthodoxy.

The grand Negus, glad and joyous, descended from his throne and embraced the Dominican. He did not permit him to retire, but retained him near his person, and lodged him in his palace.

The favors his adversary enjoyed, and the shame of his defeat, far from enlightening the Nestorian, only embittered him the more. Instead of nobly confessing his errors and returning to the truth, he connected himself with all the factious and discontented, and now worked not only to sap the faith, but also to overthrow the throne and authority of the Negus.

The monarch was not long in ignorance of his designs. Certain faithful subjects, whom the con-

spirators had the imprudence to tempt, divulged the whole plot laid against him, and named the author of it.

Seized with fury at this news, the sovereign would have had Philip beheaded, if the religious had not interceded in his favor. He ordered the Nestorian to be brought before him, and addressed him the following reproaches and threats :

"Why dost thou seek to stir up children against their father, and subjects against their king?"

"My lord," answered Philip, hypocritically, "my enemies have two tongues in their mouths, and—"

"The lie in thy throat!" interrupted the Negus, more irritated still. "Death was on thy breast, if Elsa had not turned it aside. Without his prayers, the heel of my indignation would have broken thy head. But have a care, the viper is under the paw of the lion; and if it turns and hisses at him, he will crush it."

Philip did not profit by this warning. On the contrary he redoubled his intrigues; he pressed his accomplices to hasten the hour and hurry the execution of their plot.

When he was made aware of this, the Negus had the conspirator seized; they bound him hand and foot and cast him alive into a den, where the king kept four Nubian lions.

The ferocious animals sprang upon him roaring; they tore him limb from limb whilst quarreling over the body. Scarcely could the shreds of the garments be found which the unfortunate man wore.

The conspirators, furious at seeing their designs paralyzed and their chief punished, together with the heretics who were attached to him from a religious motive, reunited their strength to avenge him.

They excited the mob,—unstable ocean moved by every puff of air,—and stirred up a tumult about the royal palace. Then mixing with the seditious throng, they clamored for the death of the Dominican.

"By Solomon, author of my race," cried the Negus, "I will not condemn the innocent. Ye have seen the heretic torn in pieces by the teeth of lions: if he had preached true doctrine, God would not have failed to send his angels to snatch him from the jaws of ferocious beasts."

To this imprudent justification of his severity the factious replied: "Let Elsa be exposed to the same beasts. If God saves him, we will believe in his doctrine."

The prince found himself in a greater dilemma

than before. He would not deliver up the monk to certain death, and he saw that the excited multitude only waited for a pretext to rush to arms. He was alarmed, and had neither the weakness to yield to their clamors, nor the courage to resist them openly.

In this perplexity, and whilst one of his officers was amusing the populace with negotiations and harangues, the Negus hastened to the religious, and frankly explained to him the situation. He begged him to escape by a secret door, and place himself in safety.

"Please God," said Elsa, "my life shall never be a danger to your mightiness! I will go down into the lion's den. If God would save the people by a miracle, he will draw me from the abyss, and at least, these men who ask a sign shall see that martyrs know how to die."

He made them open the door of the palace, and presented himself to the multitude, saying in a loud voice:

"Cast me to the lions!"

Astonished at his heroism, the Abyssinians began to compassionate him. They gave way respectfully to let him pass, and many pitied him, and murmured in his favor.

Elsa walked with a firm step, but with a modest countenance. He went to die without display or ostentation, with evangelical simplicity, and the sublime humility of a confessor.

It was within a little of the hour at which the lions were supplied with their ordinary meal, and these sanguinary animals were impatiently tossing about in their den, their throats burning, beating their sides and uttering hungry roars.

The heretics, thirsting none the less for the blood of Elsa, rejoiced among themselves and gloated in desire over the spectacle of his tortures. They frightened those who, moved with pity, offered up their prayers for the religious.

Elsa would not consent that they should bind his hands and feet. He went down quietly into the den, making the sign of the cross and invoking the Holy Virgin.

At the sight of him the lions roared with fury and delight. They precipitated themselves upon him. The throng could not restrain a cry of anguish, and recoiled in spite of itself by a movement of fright and compassion.

The Negus shut himself up, weeping with regret for having trembled in presence of the mob, and he prayed heaven to watch over the monk, whom he had not the power to save from death.

However, some men of the multitude advanced

inquisitively to the brink of the den, and called their companions to show them the sight they beheld there.

They saw Elsa sitting peacefully in the midst of the lions. These monsters, less cruel than men, were lying around him. He was caressing them with his hand, and they were licking his feet.

The monarch, being told of the prodigy, ran to the spot, and made the Dominican come out of the den. The multitude followed him to the Church. After hymns of thanksgiving, Elsa had the joy of seeing the greater part of the heretics return to the orthodox faith, being converted by the miracle.

APPROBATION OF RT. REV. J. SWEENEY.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK,
January 31st 1867.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I should have sent my subscription long since for the AVE MARIA, which you have had the kindness to send me since its commencement; but my absence in Europe during a considerable portion of the past year, as well as the difficulty of procuring your currency, prevented me from sending it sooner. I enclose you a twenty dollar bill, (\$20) as my life subscription.

I wish you every success in your excellent and pious undertaking, and pray that it may be instrumental in spreading devotion more and more over this wide continent, towards the most Holy and Immaculate Mother of Our Lord.

I am, dear Sir,

Very faithfully, Yours in Christ,

J. SWEENEY,

Bishop of Saint John, New Brunswick.

WE have received the full report of the miraculous cure that occurred on the 1st of January, at Point Levy, near Quebec. The document is written by the Rev. Mother Superioress of the Convent in which it happened, and of itself is exceedingly interesting. The testimony of the Doctor is appended thereto, and leaves no doubt in any candid mind as to the supernatural interference to which the cure is attributed. The Catholic papers have already given to the public the substance of this wonderful cure, and have even spoken of the Episcopal declaration warranting the fact. We regret the good Mother did not subjoin that additional document.

In justice to the excellent Community where

the cure took place, as well as to our readers and ourselves, we have deemed it better to postpone the publication of the moving account, until we have received the written judgment of His Grace, the Archbishop of Quebec, to whom it belongs by right to pronounce authoritatively on the nature of such facts. Our course is the more openly dictated by the publicity the event has already obtained, and by the general edification it is calculated to create, when presented to the reading public, as such facts should always be presented, viz: accompanied with the evidences and the testimonies from which they borrow their weight and value.

For the AVE MARIA.

AN INVITATION.

Come to Mary, all that labor,
See her tender heart invites,
For her children sympathizing,
Mary here with love unites.
O come, if thou art weary!
Of the ways of sin and strife;
She will cheer thy exile dreary
And add sweetness to thy life.
If thy soul is faint and bleeding
With the wounds that sin hath made;
Mary, for thy soul is pleading,
Ask, and she will surely aid.
Come, and thou wilt ever find her
Solace in thy ev'ry grief?
Safety in thy ev'ry danger,
For thy ev'ry pain, relief.
'Neath the cross in tears she brought thee,
To the life of faith and grace;
Weak and faithless, though thou may be,
Ne'er canst thou her love efface.
Canst thou doubt that she doth love thee,
For whom He in torments hung?
Whom she offered ransom for thee,
When her gentle heart was wrung.
Come to Mary, great and lowly,
Saint or sinner though thou be;
She will make the just more holy,
And of sinful fetters free.
Come, and she will safely guide thee,
To a blissful home above,
Where in glory thou wilt e'er be,
Brilliant trophy of her love.

A PENITENTIAL tear surpasses in value the wealth of the world.

THE NOBLE GUEST.

Some years since, there dwelt in the beautiful city of Florence a holy Priest, whose entire time and care were devoted to the spiritual welfare of the flock committed to his charge. Wholly forgetful of himself, he lived solely to procure glory to God, and to secure the salvation of the souls entrusted to his pastoral care. His flock, combining all classes of society, from the haughty noble to the humble peasant, shared equally in his paternal love and solicitude; everywhere was he welcomed, whether in the mansions of the great, or in the lowly cottage. The domestic hearth was never more cheerful and happy than when visited by him, and it seemed as if he multiplied himself, to be everywhere present, to answer the calls and needs of his devoted charge. Yet, there was one place to which he always refused his presence, and no solicitations, however urgent, could induce him to yield his determined resolution on this point; this was the haunt of pleasure and worldly enjoyment; the evening party, the assembly for entertainment were strictly shunned by him—shunned, but not neglected, for these too concerned his flock, and when made acquainted with an anticipated pleasure and invited to be one of the guests, while he politely declined the invitation, he withheld not the kindly admonition so needed and useful on such occasions, for the maintenance of proper decorum, by imposing such restraints as religion and conscience require, and which without this admonition would have been often violated.

On one occasion, a lady and gentleman among the *élite* of Florence purposed a grand entertainment, to which much time and many preparations were devoted. The good pastor was passed by this time; no invitation was given him, whether because it was deemed wholly useless, or because wishing to give full scope to the enjoyment of their guests, they sought to avoid the advice the good priest never failed to give on such occasions. The holy man, noticing the neglect, and suspecting the cause, ingeniously sought a means to attain his end, of imposing the necessary restraint, which he feared would not otherwise be observed in so large an assembly and so splendid an entertainment, for which diversions of various kinds were being prepared.

On the morning of the festive day, he called on the lady and gentlemen in his usual kind and familiar manner of visiting his flock. Not a little

abashed on seeing him, and alluding to their entertainment, they excused themselves for their neglect in not inviting him, adding: "Reverend Father, we would consider ourselves highly honored by your presence, but knowing you never appear in assemblies of pleasure, we thought it useless to invite you; it is not too late however, and we hope you will yield to our solicitations, and gratify our guests and us by your presence."

The good Father offered his accustomed excuse, and added, "although I decline your invitation, with your leave, I will transfer it to another; among my acquaintances is a lady of great merit and respectability, whose friendship I wish you to cultivate. I will, in your names, invite her to your entertainment, and will conduct her to your mansion at the appointed hour; you will be most happy in her company, and will be indeed honored by her friendship. She is, as I have said, a person of distinguished merit and high birth; her sentiments, her manners, her whole deportment are fully in accordance with her exalted rank, and while I am sure you my friends will act towards her in a manner becoming her dignity, I trust your guests will be equally decorous and respectful, and allow nothing to escape them, whether in word or action, which would not be altogether worthy the presence of your distinguished guest."

Charmed by the proposal of the holy priest, and anxious to see the unknown lady who ranked so high in the estimation of their excellent pastor, the host and hostess not only acceded to his wish, but earnestly urged their invitation, and feared nothing so much as a disappointment, by a refusal on the part of the lady.

Evening came, and the brilliantly illuminated mansion with its splendid decorations bespoke no ordinary festivity. The assembled visitors, all mirth and gaiety, looked forward to unbounded pleasure in the enjoyment of the proposed diversions. Soon the whisper passed around that a lady of exalted rank and merit was expected to honor them with her presence, and the conversation of the good priest on that morning was fully detailed; the guests shared in the anxiety to see the noble lady, and many were the opinions and surmises expressed regarding her, and soon they were gratified. A liveried domestic entered the brilliant saloon, announcing the holy priest, bearing in his hands a large and splendid painting of the Madonna, magnificently framed, and the painting itself, a master-piece of art. For a moment every eye was fixed on the venerable priest, then,

as if drawn by some powerful and irresistible attraction, rested on the heavenly countenance of *Mater Amabilis*, whose charms the painting beautifully portrayed. The mild dark eye seemed to rest on every beholder, and each might have thought himself or herself, the favored one on whom this modest yet penetrating eye was fixed. Did he or she by a change of position view from another place the lovely Madonna, that mild eye seemed also to move, and rest as before on the enraptured beholder; then too, the parted lips as if about to speak in accents of maternal love, gently whispered to the hearts of the assembled guests—the effect was almost miraculous, and the design of the holy priest accomplished.

This was indeed the noble lady, the familiar friend of the venerable priest, in whose company he passed his happiest hours, whose virtues he studied, whose counsel he solicited, and in whose footsteps he sought to guide his own, and those of his flock.

Were any disappointed in the noble guest, the unknown lady? disappointed! oh no, but gratified, far beyond expression; and each one sought to give utterance to his joy and delight in lavishing thanks on the good priest, for introducing in their midst one of whose presence they were so unworthy; one under whose maternal eye they resolved to enjoy their diversions with deportment becoming the presence of their noble guest, *Mater Admirabilis*. The excellent priest, gratified with the reception of one whom he so tenderly loved, then deposited his painting in the most conspicuous place in the saloon, and assuring himself of the success of his mission, retired to his quiet and humble home, there to enjoy in silence and retirement his favorite occupation, to commune with his dear Madonna, and through her, with her Divine Son.

But let us return to the festive hall; there in the midst of that worldly assembly, remained the gentle, the modest, the retiring Madonna, calmly smiling on all; *silently* speaking to all. Happy house to claim so great a guest! happy company, to have for companion her who is the object of the veneration and admiration of the angels, and the whole heavenly court! But was she not a restraint on the amusements of the festivity? yes, she *was* a restraint; a becoming one, a necessary one; a restraint on every excess; a restraint on vanity, indulgence, extreme of every kind. Was the youthful maiden tempted to be vain of her personal charms, seeking to gain to herself admiration and attention? this she could not do in the

presence of the modest and humble Madonna; that gentle yet reproving eye was upon her, as a silent admonitor, and not without effect. Were words of envy, jealousy or detraction, (too often introduced into the best society,) about to be uttered; again there was the Madonna, listening to all, inspiring by her sweet smile that kindness, that charity without which the Christian vainly calls himself a Christian; therefore no unbecoming words were uttered in her presence, and the topics of conversation were altogether cheerful, pleasant and agreeable.

When summoned to repair to the banquet hall, could they leave their noble guest alone? was not her presence needed there too? Well then, the dear Madonna must accompany them, and each was anxious to be the honored one to conduct her to the festive board. But this honor was unanimously accorded to the happy host and hostess, who led the way, bearing between them their noble charge, and entering the hall placed the beautiful Madonna on a seat at the head of the table, to the perfect satisfaction of all.

No festivity ever passed more happily, more cheerfully, more innocently; every excess was strictly avoided to the end. Far from being wearied by the restraint imposed by the presence of this exalted personage, all retired peaceful and happy, having appointed a deputation to wait on the venerable priest, to return him their earnest thanks, and to request the favor that he would allow his dear Madonna to be copied by one of the first artists of Florence, each one determined to place her at the head of his own household, there to exert her mild yet peaceful influence.

THE COAT OF ARMS OF MARTIN V.—Pope Martin the Fifth took for his coat of arms a blazing fire, which he got engraved on his seal, for the purpose of reminding him of three things:

1. The bonfires that were made at his coronation; which by their short duration, warned him that his dignity, glory, and life, were soon to have an end.

2. The fire of the last day, which is to destroy the whole world; that universal conflagration, which is to consume tiaras, scepters, crowns, and reduce all to ashes.

3. The fire of eternity, lighted by the breath of an angry God; that fire, which is never extinguished; that burning furnace, where they, who shall have abused their authority, and the goods of this life, shall burn eternally; that pool of brimstone, that place of torments, into which each sinner falls at his death.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. III.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 2, 1867.

No. 9.

ANTHEMS, PRAYERS, AND HYMNS OF THE CHURCH TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BY THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.

IV.—THE AVE MARIA—THE CHURCH'S PART.

In the beautiful city of Ephesus, where ere-while arose the magnificent pagan temple of Diana, within and without whose walls the people were wont to shout, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," there arose, in the early days of Christianity, a spacious and noble church to the God of the Christians, bearing the hallowed name of the Virgin, and sacred to the tender memories connected with the name. John, the Beloved, had here fallen asleep in the Lord, the last survivor of the apostolic band; and Mary, whom he had so lovingly taken as his Mother, while she had as lovingly taken him for her Son, in accordance with the dying wish of Jesus, though she had probably never dwelt here, and had certainly died in Jerusalem, was so intimately associated with John, that she wastenderly remembered whenever his name was pronounced. From the early dawn of Christianity, the name of Mary had been, accordingly, most reverently invoked by the Ephesians; and her manifold excellencies and virtues had been deeply enshrined in their hearts. She had been the divinely assigned Mother of the favored Apostle, who had completed the foundations of their church commenced by Paul and Timothy; and she was warmly welcomed to their hearts, as their own Mother and Protectress. The chosen Patrons of Ephesus were "John, the Theologian, and the Holy Virgin Mary, Mother of God."*

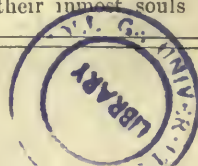
It was the year of our Lord 431, near the close of the Pontificate of Celestine I, that two hundred Bishops from various portions of the Church, especially of the East, were assembled in solemn Council in this the principal church of Ephesus,

to which we have already referred. They had been convened by the Pontiff, as a complement to the great Council of the Western Bishops, whom he had lately assembled in Rome under his own immediate presidency. In his name and as his Legate in chief, Cyril, Patriarch of Alexandria, presided over the august assembly. The matter to be pronounced upon was one of thrilling interest and vital importance, nearly affecting the great doctrine of the Incarnation, and the high prerogatives of the Virgin so intimately associated with that ineffable mystery. Nestorius, the proud and superficial bishop of Constantinople, had impiously divided Christ into two distinct persons, thereby destroying the great initial mystery of our faith, as well as the consequent efficacy of the redemption, and denying to Mary the title of *Theotocos*—Mother of God, which all Christian antiquity had so unanimously and so lovingly awarded her. She was no longer the Mother of God, but of the Man Christ Jesus only; and the Man, not God, had died on the Cross for our ransom. Between the two distinct natures, the divine and human, there was only a moral, not a personal connection; there were two Christs, not one "the God, blessed for ever."

All Christendom at once and simultaneously took the alarm. Not only were the foundations of Christianity threatened to be undermined, but its magnificent superstructure was rudely attacked and battered. Not only were the fruits of the garden Catholic to be destroyed, but all its beautiful and fragrant flowers were to be blighted. In assailing the Fruit of Mary's womb, the impious innovators sought to trample down and to crush the immaculate double lily of her divine maternity and virginal integrity. It has always been so. You cannot attack the Son without assailing the Mother, as you cannot disparage the Mother without disparaging the Son. They are as closely conjoined in logic, as they are intimately united in fact, by the tender relationship of Mother and Son.

So thought, and so felt in their inmost souls

* In qua Joannes Theologus, et Delpara Virgo Sancta Maria—Labb. Concil. Tom. III. Concil. Ephes.



and hearts, the Christians who lived in the early portion of the fifth century. The sword of heresy which divided Jesus, rent also in twain the heart of His glorious Mother, and with it the hearts of all her loving votaries and devoted children. The filial piety of the Ephesians was rudely shocked; they assembled in vast multitudes around the portals of the Virgin's Church, in which the Fathers had convened to deliberate on the heresy of Nestorius, and to render their solemn official verdict thereon, in the name of Christ, and in accordance with the faith handed down in their several churches from the beginning. Their deliberations were not of long duration. Every heart bounded with joy as the Letters of Cœlestine were read, setting forth with authority the faith of the Church, and placing the Seal of apostolic condemnation on the nascent heresy. It needed not the confirmation of the Papal Legate; the Pontiff's decision was received with acclamation, and entered entire on the official acts of the Council, as the decision of the Bishops, cheerfully and unanimously adhering to their visible head on earth. Nestorius was solemnly condemned and deposed from his office; the question was settled—*causa finita est*.

The pious enthusiasm of the people could not be restrained. They rent the air with their acclamations—the echoes of their hearts so warmly beating with love for Mary: "Long live the *Theotocos*—the Mother of God!" Says Darras:

"The people of Ephesus had besieged the church-doors during the whole day, in anxious expectation of the decision. As soon as it was publicly announced, the people broke out into enthusiastic transports of joy. The Bishops were escorted to their dwellings with lighted torches; they were covered with flowers, carried in triumph; the whole city was illuminated; and the smoke of precious incense, going up before the statues of Mary, filled the atmosphere with a rich fragrance."* The pious instinct of the people did but seize up and carry out the theological sentence of the Fathers. Their acclamations were but the response of the popular heart to the official declaration and fervid accents of eloquence of Saint Cyril, the Papal Legate. In his sermon, delivered at the second session of the Council, he greeted Mary with the following tender words:

"Hail, Mother of God! Mary, rich treasure of the universe, ever-burning lamp, light of the Church, crown of virginity, scepter of orthodoxy,

imperishable temple, Mother and Virgin, through whom He is who cometh Blessed in the name of the Lord! We hail thee, who didst in thy virginal womb contain Him who is immense, incomprehensible! Thee, through whom the Holy Trinity is adored and glorified, the cross honored and venerated throughout the universe; in whom heaven triumphs, the angels and archangels rejoice, the demons are put to flight; thee, through whom the fallen creature is raised up to heaven; thee, through whom the whole world, when crushed under the yoke of idolatry, was brought to the light of truth; through thee, holy baptism and the unction of spiritual joy are imparted to the faithful; through thee all the churches of the world were founded, and nations brought to penance."

And all the churches of the world re-echoed these pious and beautiful sentiments. The East responded to the West, the Council of Ephesus to that of Rome, Cyril and his Colleagues to Cœlestine and his Brethren; and the people of East and West, with one acclaim, sounded forth the praises of Mary, and proclaimed with loud voices and willing hearts her glorious and incommunicable title and prerogative of MOTHER OF GOD. The Pontiff did but embody, in a permanent form, this universal sentiment when he added the title, with the tender supplication annexed, to the AVE MARIA; thereby completing an Anthem and Prayer, which had always been in every Christian's heart, and was now destined, more than ever, to be upon every Christian's lips:

HOLY MARY! MOTHER OF GOD, PRAY FOR US SINNERS, NOW AND AT THE HOUR OF OUR DEATH!

Thou, who art so holy, because full of grace; thou, who art so near to God, because the Mother of God; thou, who hast therefore so much influence with God, who cannot resist the pleadings of one so pure and so dearly loved: Oh! forget not us poor sinners, redeemed by thy Son, but still struggling on amidst the darkness and dangers of our earthly pilgrimage; pray for us now, and more especially at the hour of the last great conflict between life and death, at the hour which will immediately precede the awful moment from which depends an eternity!

Is it wonderful that this petition, with the preceding portions of the AVE MARIA, should have become so very dear to every Christian heart, and should start so very readily to all Christian lips! In the dignity of its origin, in the simple terseness and comprehensiveness of its language, in the sweet memories and hopes which it inspires,

* Vol. I, p. 574 Am. translation of his Church History.

the AVE MARIA is unequalled by any other prayer than that only which Jesus Himself taught. An Archangel of God, in the name of God, intoned its first sentences in the cottage of Nazareth; the last of these was caught up and repeated by the inspired Elizabeth, who added thereto a fit sequel and pregnant complement; and after these angelic and inspired accents had been floating over the earth, and filling all hearts and tongues with sweetness and melody for four centuries, a sublime, because universal sacerdotal and popular acclamation, awakened into life by an impious heresy thrusting at Mary's great prerogative, took them up, re-echoed them again through the world; and added to them the plaintive cry of the poor sinner earnestly pleading, through her intercession, for pardon, for grace, and for final admission into heaven.

A. B.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the AVE MARIA.

MARY.

BY M. E.

Mary! The Hand, which e'en in simplest flow'r,
Makes beauty that a God alone could make,—
Beauty that our most perfect arts, with toil,
But roughly imitate,—that hand divine,
Created her, of all its works most fair.
The voice, that by its mighty word, called light,
Fair image of the breath of God, to thrill
A world's great veins with bright and wond'rous
life,

Name her, most perfect. And the searching Eye,
That sees a stain e'en on an infant's soul,
In her saw none; pure as His own pure thought
God made that favored heart. The royal pow'r
From which nobility finds birth, as we
Find vision from the light, placed her above
The noblest of the noble, in its realm.
The Mind that glances at a Universe,
And in that glance, masters the mysteries
That men call science, and with craving brains,
Toil but to gain uncertain, wond'ring thoughts
Of all the mighty laws God treasures there,
Breathed into hers, more of its light sublime
Than mortal intellect e'er owned. The Heart,
That in its God-like depth of tenderness,
Its infinite capacity of love,
Thought not e'en Cal'ry's sacrifice too great.
For token of its boundless love for us;
That Heart of God, pulse of the Universe,

In whose great throbbings, countless worlds find
life,

Held her as Mother, clung around her heart
In the sweet graspings of a baby's hand!
O marvel of a God's grand workmanship!
O jewel worn upon His holy Breast!
O thought of God, called Mary! did the world,
A palace of its richest and its best,
Build for thy dwelling, while thou honoredst it?
Did men crowd round thee, homage proud to give?
Did nature's every tongue, thy glories sing?
And where the brightness of thy presence shone,
Did mortals turn to thee with wond'ring love?
Nay, like the dew in heart of folded flow'r,
Unseen by all save Him, who placed it there,
Within thy modesty's fair temple hid,
Germ of the Universe! earth saw thee not:
Its shallow heart beat on, and did not know,
The glory of thy presence was its own.
O miracle of virgin motherhood!
At best beheld in thee the cheerful spouse
Of the obscure and humble carpenter.
O treasurer of God's most precious wealth!
It only knew in thee, the housewife poor,
Who kept the goods his simple cottage held.
Mother of God! it only saw in thee,
The Mother of the lowly Joseph's son.
And when the lofty Ruler of all things,
Climbed on thy breast and whispered in thy ear,
Toning the Voice, that Heaven's own music forms,
To lisp in baby accents, syllables,
That Mothers' hearts interpret into love,
It could not see the marvel God then wrought!
It knew not that each office of fond care
Thy favored hands performed, was to thee
A privilege the best that Heaven could give!
It knew not that each movement of thy Child,
Each wordless babble of His baby lips,
Each infantine caress He gave to thee,
Each human want His helpless body owned,
Was in itself a miracle divine!
Pride of God's Heart, thus wert thou hidden then!
Now—countless souls in one voice rising up
To where, in Heaven, thou list'nest tenderly,
Say "Full of Grace! through thee, all grace we
find!"
Now—God's whole Church, arrayed in sacred
pomp,
With His anointed gathered in grand crowds,
With incense rising, and with music sweet
In solemn chorus floating through proud domes,
With bowed hearts swelling, and with moved souls
hushed,
Assembleth to do honor to thy name.

Now—angels call thee Queen, and Heaven holds not
A throne more high than thine, save that of God!
Now—peerless one! God honors thee Himself!
Thou art the dear dispenser of His gifts,
Thou art the beauteous mirror of His love,
Thou art the most beloved of His heart,
Empress of all the worlds He rules and owns,
And oh! most lofty, noblest far of all,
Mary! *He calls thee "Mother," like a child.*"

SANOTITY SEEKS OBSCURITY.

BY DR. O. A. BROWNSON.

"My kingdom is not of this world." [St. John, xviii, 36.]

When our Lord says His kingdom is not of this world, He does not mean that His kingdom or His Church is not established in this world; or that it has nothing to do with the affairs or the government of this world, for it was set up on the earth, and its design is to make the kingdoms of this world the kingdoms of God and of His Christ. He simply means that His kingdom does not hold from the kingdoms of this world, is not founded on the principles of this world, and is not sustained and advanced by the means and methods approved and adopted by earthly kingdoms. "If My kingdom were of this world, My servants would strive [struggle or fight] that I should not be delivered into the hands of the Jews."

The authority of our Lord was unlimited. He held all power in heaven and on earth. He held it by an original, underived title as God, by inheritance as the only begotten Son of God, and by the gift of the Father. "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth." He could ask His Father, who would send Him twelve legions of angels to defend or to deliver Him from His enemies; He could with a word or a look strike to the ground any forces sent to arrest Him, and walk away in perfect freedom. Yet, He offers no resistance: suffers His servants to attempt no rescue: bids Peter put up his sword; as a lamb before the shearer He was dumb: He opened not His mouth in His own defence, or to proclaim His innocence: and suffered Himself to be led as a sheep to the slaughter. He was a King, greater than any earthly king, and yet He acted in a way which was by no means that of earthly kings. They require their subjects to fight for them, and even to lay down their lives for them; He, on the contrary, lays down His own life for His subjects, and dies on the cross that they may live.

The kings of this world place their glory in

their success, and their success in slaying or triumphing over their enemies; He, in being slain or crucified as a malefactor for His, and in looking for victory, glory and honor from defeat and disgrace. We may well say, then, that His kingdom is not of this world, and is neither founded on the principles, or advanced by the means that earthly kings adopt. Indeed, He reverses all the maxims of this world, or at least gives them a sense the world does not give them, and does not and can not understand. The world says: blessed are the rich, and cursed are the poor; our Lord founds His kingdom on the maxim: Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven. The world blesses those who are high spirited, quick to resent injuries, and to vindicate what they call their honor; He says: Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. The world blesses those who are prosperous, joyous, and know no sorrow; He says: Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted. The world blesses those who seek successfully after riches, honors, and place; He says: Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. The world has no respect for peacemakers, and blesses those who stir up strife, and are powerful in war; but He says: Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God. The world turns its back on those who are unpopular, and in disgrace; but He says: Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice' sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake.

The world worships success, and turns away with contempt from those who suffer defeat. It makes success the test of merit, and failure a proof of demerit. The cause that succeeds on earth, is for it the just cause. It cries: all hail to the victor, and woe to the vanquished. It holds all causes lost on earth as bad causes, and causes that ought to have been lost. Had Austria, in the recent struggle, succeeded against Prussia and Italy, she would have been in the right; but Prussia and Italy having succeeded, they are right; and the world does homage to Von Bismark and Victor Emmanuel. The Holy Father having failed to preserve against the powers of this world his temporal possessions unmutated, and being deserted and betrayed by the princes of the earth, is manifestly in the wrong, and the judgment of the world is against him: only the weak, the

superstitious, or the craven can desire his blessing. The world counts all causes lost on earth as bad causes, and all causes that succeed on earth as just causes, visibly approved by Heaven. It knows not that causes may be lost on earth to be found in heaven.

The world is always heathen. The heathen worshiped success, counted the successful the favorites of the gods, and held the unsuccessful, the unfortunate, to be under the divine wrath, and regarded it as flying in the face of the gods to pity them, or to seek to relieve them. So holy Job's friends, when they saw his worldly possessions gone, himself reduced to poverty, and covered over with boils, held that he was a great sinner, or he could not suffer such things, and called upon him to confess his sin. Though unable to convict of any sin, they still insisted that a great sinner he must be, and charged him with adding to his other sins the sin of hypocrisy. Yet the righteous, they who are just before God, are rarely, in a worldly sense, the most prosperous, and seldom fail to prove that whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son that He receiveth. The unsuccessful on earth may be successful in the world to come.

The saints are rarely the popular men of their age, and they almost invariably incur the opposition, often the real persecution of those whom their age and country count the greatest, wisest, and best, and most delight to honor. Mordechai sits in the king's gate unheeded, while Haman is grand vizier to the king. The lives of the saints all bear witness to the fact that if the world is ready to build the tomb and garnish the sepulcher of the saint when he has passed to his reward, and the Church has canonized him, it has little power to detect his sanctity, and seldom fails to treat him with dishonor and contempt while he lives in its midst. Good men, learned men, Priests, Bishops, and even Popes not unfrequently fail to discern the saint when he appears, and treat him as half insane, as wild, and extravagant, or as an impostor, moved by an unholy rather than by a holy spirit. St. Teresa's spiritual directors for a long time were doubtful whether she was under satanic delusions or really inspired by the Holy Ghost. The order dismissing St. Francis Regis from the Society of Jesus, was made out, and would have been issued if he had not died before it could be done. The holy founders of religious orders and congregations have always had to labor long in obscurity with their supernatural virtues unrecognized, to

encounter opposition, often downright persecution, not from the worldly and profane alone, but from good men, earnest men, devoted to the interests of religion and humanity.

Why is this so? It is because the principles and methods of the Kingdom of God are not those of this world; because as the Son of God, when He came to redeem mankind, veiled His Divinity under the form of a man, and when He gives Himself as food for the sustenance of the faithful, He veils both His Divinity and His Humanity under the forms of bread and wine, so does sanctity always veil itself under humble forms, and we recognize it not. We may say of the saint when he appears, as of our Lord Himself: there is no beauty, or comeliness in him, that we should desire him; his look is, as it were, hidden and despised, and we esteem him not. Sanctity seeks concealment, for it shrinks from the praise of men. The saint would not, nay, does not know his own sanctity; he would be known of God alone. God is the Beloved, the Spouse of his soul, and he would be to Him and with Him alone. He fears the praise of men—glory from the world, as coming between him and his Love, and painfully distracting his thoughts from his God. He not only conceals his sanctity from others, but even from himself. It is not strange, then, that the world should mistake him, and that his life in the world should be lowly and obscure. It is humility which makes him count himself nothing, and God everything, and which is the root of every Christian virtue, that deceives the wisdom of this world. He is humble after the example of our Lord, and has that mind which was in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of a man, thought it no robbery Himself to be equal with God, but made Himself nothing: taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of man, and in shape formed as a man, He humbled Himself; becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. The Blessed Virgin, the holy Mother of God, was the humblest, and, therefore, the most blessed of women. Before men, before the world, she was nobody; she was only the poor carpenter's spouse; but she was full of grace, the Mother of Her Creator, Queen of Saints, Queen of Angels, Queen of Heaven.

Well might our Lord say, "My kingdom is not of this world." It surely is not, and because it is not, because its subjects seek not their own glory, and look only to the glory hereafter to be revealed, is it able to overcome the world, and maintain faith, truth, justice and love on the earth. Its

subjects are powerful, precisely because they assert not themselves, but live the life, and rely on the power of Him who is all-powerful; and glory follows them even among men, because they seek it not, studiously avoid it, and seek only the glory of God. Fit type is Mary of sanctity, nay, of the Church herself.

ENGLISH SYMPATHY WITH ITALY.

[From the London Month.]

It would be absurd to question the fact that the sympathies of Englishmen are perhaps more largely enlisted in favor of the new kingdom of Italy than of any other cause or institution out of their own country. It seems certain, that at the time of the invasions of Sicily, Naples, and the Pontifical States by the Piedmontese, under the leadership of Garibaldi and Cialdini,—invasions utterly indefensible in morality, and in the former case solemnly disavowed by Count Cavour in the face of Europe at the very time that he was its main author and support,—not only did English feeling run entirely on the side of the aggressors, but the English Government and the English fleet lent the most important assistance (in the case of both the Sicilies) to an enterprise against the very existence of a monarchy with which the crown of England was at the time on terms of professed friendship. Were the American Government to protect by force the landing of a Fenian army in Ireland, at the very time that it was proposing friendship and tendering advice to England, it would perhaps hardly do more than what was done at Marsala and Messina in 1860. That this should have been done is a proof of the depth of feeling in this country in favor of the Italian revolution. The same may be said of the extraordinary enthusiasm created in England by the visit of Garibaldi, and the popularity which still hangs about his name. The causes of this feeling for Italy are not far to seek, and in many cases they are not such as can fairly be found fault with. Italy had long been oppressed and misgoverned, at least according to our ideas of the facts and our notions of government: some of her fairest provinces were in chains to an alien power: her aspirations after national unity could not but command sympathy. Many of her princes seemed weak and selfish, and to be reigning over unwilling subjects by the support of foreign bayonets. The air was full of tales of Austrian severities against patriots, and of the horrors of Neapol-

itan prisons. Italian exiles, moreover, worked with extreme skill the mine of English sympathy and Protestant credulity. Many of them found their way into society, some allied themselves profitably with English families, others exercised a powerful influence in the press, helped by the absurdly one-sided statements of English correspondents abroad. Behind all these influences and motives of sympathy, good, bad, and indifferent, lay the secret pleasure felt by Englishmen in the belief that the most Papistical country in the world was the most disordered, and the thought that the revolution in Italy might bring about trouble to the Roman Pontiff.

It is now more than six years since the accomplishment of the Italian revolution; though Venetia has only within the last few months been joined to the national unity. No men have ever been more favored by the external circumstances in the attainment of their object, than those who have during this period had the management of affairs in the kingdom. Every thing has been done for them: the two most powerful military nations in the world, France and Prussia, have dealt with their enemies for them, while the Piedmontese themselves have no greater victories to show than the disgraceful triumphs of Castel Fido and Ancona, except those achieved over the Neapolitan armies, most of whose generals had already been bought by Cavour. They have had most obsequious Parliaments to vote them whatever sums of money they required, and no opposition has been made to the sweeping measures of confiscation with which they have still further replenished the treasury, or professed to do so. They have been allowed to govern provinces which were supposed to have joined the Piedmontese kingdom with enthusiasm, with as much rigor and arbitrariness of rule as if they were inhabited by conquered rebels; and Europe has looked on in silence while they have gagged the press, imposed martial law on a great part of the new kingdom, shot down peasants by scores without mercy, and filled prison after prison with captives against whom no charge is made. Our press was loud against the domestic despotism of Ferdinand the Second: but we have shut our eyes against what is in fact the foreign domination of Victor Emmanuel over territories to which he has no right except that of a robber, unless it be true that the inhabitants desire his rule. We can cry out loudly enough against the cruelties practiced, in the frenzy of excited fear, against the negroes in Jamaica: and yet when Italians put in exercise

on Italians measures of barbarous oppression which have but few parallels in history, except in the Vendean excesses of the French Revolutionists, our press is deliberately silent, and we excuse what cannot be altogether hidden from the world by an indulgent consideration of the necessities of the case, and of the iniquities of Bourbonism.

Surely it is time for Englishmen to ask on what it is that their sympathy and their confidence have been lavished? Is it, in reality, the Italian nation that has triumphed? or is this like so many other revolutions in history, the victory of intrigues, fraud, and violence over weak governments and helpless masses, brought about by the most nefarious means, and only maintained by the extremest and most tyrannical rigor? Are the "twenty-five millions of Italians" of whom the King lately spoke to the Parliament at Florence, more free, more happy, more contented, better, richer, wiser, and more united than they were before 1860—or has the country been oppressed, drained, impoverished, and tyrannized over to a degree unknown to the rule of Austrians and Bourbons, under the pretense of establishing the fair but delusive imaginations called by the names of liberty and unity?

We confess we should be glad to know that the majority of Englishmen are prepared to entertain this question, and to receive evidence on the points which it involves. The public press, which so faithfully reflects the national prejudices, is, as we have said, ominously silent: yet its Italian and Sicilian correspondents could, no doubt, tell a great deal, if they did not feel that their revelations would be received with indignation. And yet surely Englishmen ought to be willing to listen to their favorite evidence—that of facts, and of facts which they can themselves appreciate. It would be idle to suppose that they can understand the misery of a Catholic population at the suppression of religious houses: some three centuries ago England had experience of that, but she is now past feeling on such matters. Nor again, can we suppose that the banishment or imprisonment of bishops, and a system of petty vexations on the part of the Government towards the clergy, can weigh for much as elements of distress with our own countrymen. They would resent injustice to any one speedily enough, and, therefore, injustice to their clergy; but the sense of wrong done to respectable gentlemen would be their keenest pang, if all the Anglican bishops were transported tomorrow. But Englishmen may surely be expected

to sympathise with populations ground down by an unparalleled weight of taxation; with provinces, whose commerce has been destroyed, and whose exchequers have been plundered by the peculations of so-called patriots; with countries into which that cruel weapon of modern despotisms, the conscription, has been introduced for the first time, against the will of the inhabitants, and in which the *sisters* of refractory conscripts are carried off by the soldiers as a punishment on their families. They may be expected to estimate rightly the character of a government which subsidises the press and bribes members of parliament in one part of the country, while it extinguishes the press by prosecutions and seizures, and carries its elections by the intimidation of a few voters and the utter abstention of the majority in another. They may be supposed to feel strongly when they hear of hundreds of persons arrested and imprisoned on mere suspicion, kept for months upon months not only without trial, but without a charge being made against them, or, if condemned by packed juries, subjected, for simply political offenses (in a country where the legitimate sovereign is in exile), to all the hardships inflicted in southern Europe upon the worst criminals. If facts like these can be substantiated against the present system of government in Italy, surely that system ought no longer to receive the moral support of England.

A pamphlet now lies before us, printed in the course of the last year at Paris, which has every claim on the consideration of those who may wish to know the real state of things in Italy under the government of Victor Emmanuel. It deals particularly with the kingdom of the Two Sicilies,* which is, of course, the part of the new State which has suffered most under the new Government, if we except, as far as the conscription goes, the provinces detached from the Pontifical territory, in which, as in Sicily, that terrible evil was before unknown. The pamphlet is certainly not the work of a partisan, if we may judge of an author from the tone of his pages. There is no declamation, no violent language, and no scope is given to the imagination. We have no doubt that M. Garnier would gladly see Francis the Second restored to his throne: but his point is to prove that nineteen-twentieths of the inhabitants of the Two Sicilies would rejoice at it as much and even more than himself, and the evidence of this fact is stated in the calmest and

* *Le Royaume des Deux Siciles. Memoire per Charles Garnier. Paris, 1866.*

most methodical manner. The pamphlet is as unimpassioned as a "blue book;" but "blue books" can often tell terrible tales by their statistics and their quotations, and it is in this manner that M. Garnier's pamphlet tells a terrible tale also. We cannot imagine any one reading it, and not being convinced that the whole of Southern Italy and Sicily is simply held by force for the Piedmontese crown, and that the invaders have been obliged to trample under foot every vestige of liberty and to violate the commonest laws of humanity in order to establish and to maintain their rule. A year after the "annexation," Massimo d'Azeglio expressed in his letter to Matteucci the conclusion which every fair-minded reader will form from the accumulated evidence in this pamphlet: that the Neapolitans ought to be left to decide for themselves, whether they wish to belong to the new kingdom, or not. "On that side of the Tronto," he said, "you require sixty battalions, and even these are said to be insufficient. If any Italians were to wish to bring the Germans into Italy, or keep them there, the rest of their fellow countrymen might fairly make war on them, if they did not wish for the Germans. But we have no right to shoot Italians, who remain Italians and yet do not wish to unite themselves with us."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANOTHER ROMAN LETTER FROM BISHOP LAMY.

The Most Reverend Archbishop has kindly permitted us (*Catholic Mirror*) to publish an extract from another letter of the Right Rev. Dr. Lamy, bearer of the dispatches of the Council to His Holiness. It is dated Rome, January 12, and it contains facts which cannot but be very grateful to the heart of every Catholic in the United States:

Most Rev. Dear Archbishop:

I hope you have already received the letter I had the honor to write to you soon after my arrival here. The Holy Father was rejoiced and highly pleased with the Council of Baltimore, and also to hear many particulars I gave him about the progress of our Church in the United States: but what pleased His Holiness most, and gave him great consolation in the midst of the troubles with which his paternal heart is afflicted, was the Letter addressed to him by the Fathers of the Council. He spoke of it in the highest terms. His expression in Spanish was the following: *Hermosa*

Carta, hermosissima; en pocas sentencias han hecho la historia de mi vida—"Beautiful Letter, most beautiful; in a few sentences they have written the history of my life." The Holy Father speaks the Spanish very fluently, and in three audiences I have had already, he used that language. On the third instant, I had the honor of serving his Mass, and of assisting him at the altar. I handed him, myself, the beautiful copy of the Decrees so nicely bound, and he admired it very much: *Que cosa, tan bellas hacen in America!*—"What beautiful things they make in America!" said His Holiness, looking at the volume, turning it over, and opening it. * * * * *

The late Council of Baltimore has produced a wonderful effect, not only in Rome, but also in France and Ireland. The other evening his Eminence Cardinal Barnabo said to me: "The Catholic Church has a grand arena in the United States of America: it is very consoling," he added.

Affairs in Rome are still *in statu quo*; they have rather a gloomy aspect. * * * *

Most Rev. Archbishop,

Your devoted Brother in Christ,

JOHN B. LAMY,

Bishop of Santa Fe.

MIRACULOUS OCCURRENCE AT TOURS.

The saintly man of whom mention is made in the following is well known to us. We had the pleasure of being introduced to him more than twenty-five years ago. We would have alluded to him sooner in the pages of the AVE MARIA, had it not been for the very fact of the long and intimate friendship which has existed between us since the year 1840. Of his antecedents previous to that epoch, we know nothing except that he resided for a number of years in Martinique until the troubles of that Island drove him out with many other French families, when he returned to his native land. Mr. Dupont is a gentleman of rare attainments as a scholar; in 1842 he published *L'année à Marie* in two vols: which he sent us, and which we consider as a most valuable monument of his piety towards the Holy Mother of God. It is not exact to say that miraculous cures commenced to take place two years ago: we think it should be twenty years, as since that time, we have seen no change in the affluence of sick and invalids to his house. We have seen with our own eyes more than half a dozen times, the scenes briefly enumerated in the follow-

ing report, and we shall probably come to the same subject again. We copy from the *Universe* an article taken from the London *Weekly Register* :

A private letter that has been communicated to us contains the following :

In France, at Tours, there resides a gentleman of independent fortune, and whose early life may be summed up in a few words.

Speaking of himself, M. Dupont says that in his early youth he was *Un diable d'homme*. In time he married a fervent Catholic, and soon his own conduct yielded to the influence of sanctity, and his life in a few years became as exemplary as it had hitherto been pitiable. His virtue was soon put to the test by the loss of his saintly wife, from which period the widower made rapid progress in every virtue, and shortly after God demanded of him one more sacrifice in the person of his only and cherished child. It was a daughter, then eighteen years of age, beautiful, talented, and saintly, the very delight and pride of her father, and the sole earthly joy of his heart. But the holy widower had climbed to almost an heroic virtue, and with prompt submission gives back to God that treasure He had vouchsafed him for a few years. The daughter had just returned from school, when a rapid consumption led her to the grave. Her virtuous father, with firm nerve, unshaken love of God, and calm resignation, himself prepares his child for death, exhorts her to meet her Creator with love, and while all around are drowned in tears he preserves a resigned countenance. The darling child expires, the virtuous father pours forth his grief in silent, ardent prayer, and consecrates his heart and soul yet more entirely to the most perfect love of his Creator. He divides his time exclusively between the poor, sick, and disconsolate, and makes himself all to all. He joins the society formed in that town to offer reparation to God for the non-observance of the Sunday and for blasphemies. This pious association meet every Tuesday evening, spend the whole night in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, and separate only after Mass and Communion on the Wednesday. They offer the like adoration and reparation on the first Friday of every month, and also pray for any other intention which may have been specially asked of them, such as the conversion of sinners, and of whom many owe the gift of repentance to their intercession. Some years ago there fell into the hands of M. Dupont a certain impressive picture—a painting—of the wounded face of Our Divine Lord—*Ecce Homo*. This picture he hung up in

his bed-room, which, indeed, is about the only room of his vast house which he appears to occupy. Out of devotion he burnt a lamp before the picture, the oil of which was discovered to have a certain miraculous healing power infused into it by God's all-powerful and unerring wisdom. I do not know when the miracles began, neither do I know which was the first cure wrought, or what particular circumstance induced persons to have recourse to the oil burnt in the lamp before the holy picture. At present, and for, at least, the last two years, M. Dupont's house is open to all, whether poor or rich. People come in crowds from Paris, etc., and all and each are invariably cured, though not instantaneously, unless with a few exceptions, where God has been pleased to make the bodily health entire in one moment. M. Dupont receives each sufferer, the lame, blind, paralytic, deaf and dumb, the complication of every disease. He inquires of each their illness, then either he anoints the part affected, or (as it is necessary in many cases) causes them to be anointed, that is, by signing the parts with the sign of the cross with the holy oil. M. Dupont then bids all assemble (and the numbers are often considerable), kneel down, and, facing the holy picture, recite with him certain litanies and prayers, which being over, M. Dupont rises up, and inquiring of the sufferer how he or she is, soon receives for answer that the pain has gone, or that in some other way they are suddenly relieved and in a few days are completely cured. The cures are usually gradual; but in some cases they have been instantaneous, as when a young peasant girl, living some distance off, convinced that were she, by God's holy will, to apply for an instantaneous cure of a frightful and painful swelling in her throat, it might prove the means of the conversion of some Protestants in her town. Accordingly the girl came to Tours, and at the ending of the prayers was entirely cured, and, moreover, returning to her town, her friends were so struck by this outward manifestation of God's power that nine of them embraced the only true faith. The cures are innumerable, and in some few cases have been obtained by simply applying the oil without visiting Tours for the purpose, as in case of the Duke de Rochefoucault, which occurred quite lately. This nobleman was lying dangerously ill, and had lost his reason entirely, and his death was hourly expected, when prayers are begged for him at Tours before the holy picture, and the holy oil is applied to the dying man, who instantaneously recovers his health and his

reason. This fact was signed by the Emperor and Empress and six thousand persons. About a year ago a young man arrived from Paris to be cured of some infirmity, and finding himself well, he proceeds to invite a young cousin to obtain some bodily cure in the same way. That young man also goes to be anointed with the holy oil; and on his cure goes off to Paris with his cousin, and prevails on the mother of the former to proceed to Tours likewise for a cure. This lady had been a cripple fourteen years, and was actually being carried out of her carriage and up the stairs when my aunt was at M. Dupont's to meet her. The lady was soon anointed. The prayers recited, she was at once relieved, but not cured. The next day she returns to be again anointed, having walked over three miles on her once paralyzed limbs, and a few days later she is entirely cured. The lady brings with her a maid servant afflicted with a deep and large cancer. The maid is led to an inner room, is anointed, and the prayers being over is at once free from pain. In a few days the cancer disappears, and in a short time the girl's flesh is restored to all its healthiness. These are only a few of the very many wonderful cures daily wrought at Tours. The Cardinal Archbishop of Tours, when questioned once on these apparent miracles, replied he considered M. Dupont so far advanced in sanctity that the gift of healing may have been given to him. Yet the Archbishop refrains from pronouncing, especially as it is the application of the holy oil, joined to M. Dupont's prayers, which seems to be the medium of God's pity on the sufferings of us His creatures, and that the wounds of His own divine countenance move Him thereto.

SODALITIES OF NEW YORK.

Sodality of the "Children of Mary of the Immaculate Conception," at the Church of Saint Teresa—Rev. P. Ferrall, assistant Pastor, Director.

This Church, now dedicated to God under the patronage of Saint Teresa, was purchased, together with the Presbytery attached thereto, by the Rev. James Boyce, from a congregation of Presbyterians, about the end of May, 1863.

It was solemnly dedicated to God, according to the ceremonial of the Catholic Church, by the late and lamented Archbishop Hughes, on Sunday, the twenty-first of January following. About two years later a large building adjoining the Church

was also purchased, altered and repaired, and converted into a Select Academy for Boys, whose number at present ranges at about one hundred and fifty.

The Congregations of Saint Teresa's, although only about three years and a half organized, have already signalized themselves, and taken the lead of the New York churches, in the display of generosity in the cause of charity.

The Sodality above named was aggregated to the Primary Sodality at Rome on the 6th of January, 1866; it contains now about sixty members, selected from amongst the most exemplary young ladies of the Congregation. They meet on the third Sunday of every month in the Chapel of the Institute conducted by the Sisters of Charity, one of whom is their Directress.

The meeting is opened by the Director invoking for them the light and grace of the Holy Ghost; after which he gives them instructions on the truths of Faith, or the principles of morality. They then sing the Litany of Loretto, after which the rules are read for them by the Directress. One of these rules directs that on the death of any member, a Solemn Requiem Mass shall be offered for her soul; at which all the members are required to be present, clad in their uniform—blue dress and white veil—and wearing their medals. On the twenty-second ult., the necessity arose, for the first time, of observing this rule. On that day a Solemn Requiem was offered for the soul of the first Sodalist who has died since the establishment of the Sodality.

It was truly solemn, impressive and edifying to see all the Sodalists, together with a large number of the congregation, collected around the bier, more disposed, no doubt, to pray *to* than *for* Mary's child, gone home to the arms of that heavenly Mother whom she loved so well.

On Sunday, the third inst., initiatory measures were adopted for the establishment of what will be called the

JUNIOR SODALITY OF THE CHILDREN OF MARY: the members of which will be selected from the boys and girls of the Sunday School, all who have made their first Communion, up to fifteen years of age. This is intended to be a kind of nursery for the first Sodality, as the girls on reaching the proper age will be transferred to it.

It is to be hoped that all will tend to promote God's glory, Mary's honor, the interests of Religion and the sanctification of souls.

SODALIST.

For the AVE MARIA.

ANGEL SORROW.

BY R. V. R.

"Our hearts are full of Angels,
When they are full of sorrows,"
And the angels and the sorrows
Loving messengers of God;
Our strongest, purest human love
Its tenderest fullness borrows
From the pity that we feel for those
Who are stricken by His rod.

Who hath never had deep sorrow,
Hath never felt deep sweetness,
The strange delight they only find
Who closely clasp the Cross;
And that life hath lacked its measure,
And that soul wants true completeness,
That hath not learned what heavenly gain
Lies hid in earthly loss.

"Our hearts are full of Angels,
When they are full of sorrows,"
We may hear if we will listen,
The flutterings of their wings;
And the low chaunts of their thanksgiving
For the coming of the morrow,
With the peace of heart and strength divine
That patient suffering brings.

Joy hath its blessed work to do,
But sorrows' ministrations
Are more divine because they lift
The soul to heights above.—
Te Deum ends its glorious strains
In humblest supplications,
But *De profundis* endeth
In the confidence of love.

THE DISGRACED COURTIER.—There are occurrences in life, which make so much impression on the mind, that we must be placed in the same situation as those, on whom the effects have been produced, to believe the reality of such effects.

Philip II, King of Spain, while attending Mass, observed two of his courtiers, who did nothing but talk during the whole of the sacrifice. On going out of the chapel, the King said to them: "Is it thus you hear Mass? Never appear at court again." This word was as a thunderbolt to both. One died two days after, and the other lost his senses. How dreadful then will it be to hear from the mouth of the King of Ages: "Go from me, ye cursed—go into everlasting fire."

NOTICE OF PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF ST. CECILIA, VIRGIN AND MARTYR; From the French of the Rev. Dom Prosper Gueranger. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham.

We owe an apology to the enterprising publisher for not having noticed sooner this valuable addition to our Catholic literature. The name of its author, the erudite Benedictine Abbé Gueranger, so favorably known to the learned and the religious world as the author of *Institutions Liturgiques*, is sufficient guarantee that the book is no ordinary work. The translation is good, yet occasionally marred by sentences which evidently show that it is but a translation.

It is gotten up in a very superior style of binding. We trust that every Catholic family will buy a copy, for in proportion as infidelity and immorality seek to impress their character upon the present age, so should Catholics be fully aware of the vital importance,—nay, the absolute necessity of reading the lives and meditating upon the virtues of those who closely followed in the footsteps of Him who came on earth to point out to us the only road to Heaven. Of all such lives we know of none whose example will do more good than that of St. Cecilia. To youth it teaches how the child of God can live even in the midst of the Pagan household, and present all the characteristics of a Saint. From its pages the married learn how the believing spouse can convert the unbelieving consort; to those who consecrate their chastity to God it shows how, when faithful to His grace, this heavenly virtue can be preserved in spite of the greatest obstacles. To all classes, St. Cecilia gives the example of the manner in which the riches of this world must be valued, in counting as a great gain to the possessor all that is given to the poor and to the Church of God.

And her glorious death teaches Christians at what price they must estimate the precious gift of faith. Again we invite all our readers to purchase and read this beautiful book. It should be in every Catholic library. Houses of education will find it one of the most appropriate works that they can give for premiums.

THE MYSTICAL ROSE; OR, MARY OF NAZARETH—THE LILY OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID: By Marie Josephine. Second Edition: P. O'Shea, N. Y.

Some time ago a gifted Protestant lady of Vermont undertook to celebrate, in studied poetry, the praises of the holy Mother of God, and as she entered in good faith this inclosed garden, such was

her delight in inhaling the perfume of the exquisite bloom of the mysterious parterre wherein her new work brought her, that she tarried as a loving denizen and servant, albeit she entered to gather but a wreath from the realms of Mary to adorn her own brow. But through Mary she learned to love the Church, and of course in the end became a Catholic. Yet the step was not a hasty one, and it was during the epoch of transition that she completed the "Mystical Rose" and gave it to the public. Waiving all partiality we likely now must feel for the well-known authoress as a favorite contributor to the pages of the AVE MARIA, we must say in all candor, that even before we had become personally acquainted, we were delighted with the exquisite freshness, and charming originality of her pages, and with no ordinary pleasure we heard of her entrance into the Church.

And Marie Josephine has the happy privilege of presenting to the public the first *poetical life* of the Blessed Virgin, and the work gives the writer a distinguished place among American authors. Its high literary merits and tender devotional sentiments will bestow pleasure and instruction on all who love the Blessed Mother of God. The work is gotten up in a style that does credit to the enterprising publisher. A more suitable book in every respect could not be purchased by our educational institutions as a premium for advanced pupils.

With the second edition of the MYSTICAL ROSE, we have also received a few advanced sheets of a new work, by the same authoress, entitled ROSA IMMACULATA. From what we have read of it, we may safely assert that it will bring new laurels and new merits to the author. It will be issued from the press before the 1st of May.

THE CHRISTIAN ARMED. Published by D. & J. Sadler, 31 Barclay street, New York.

THE SCHOOL OF JESUS CRUCIFIED. Published by the same.

These two works, written by Father Ignatius of the side of Jesus, are precisely the books that Catholic parents should have at this time—the beginning of Lent—lying on their tables, to be read at intervals, to be taken up now by one of the family, then by another.

What a salutary influence such books produce in a family; we cannot imagine, for instance, those books jostled by the light, insipid works, in which you look in vain for thought in a multitude of words. Again, if these books be left in the way of children—growing and grown up—

simply a glance at them may do good, suggest a good thought, and, as in the case of Augustin, at one moment or another, decide the future good career of many a son and daughter. We will return to these books in a future number of the AVE.

L'ECHO DE LA FRANCE.—We have already called the attention of our readers to the excellent periodical, edited by M. Louis Ricard, a gentleman whose well-known literary ability is a guarantee for the character of the selections in his paper. As its name implies—*L'echo de la France*—it consists of articles taken from the leading Catholic papers and periodicals of France.

Those in the United States who find it rather expensive to procure *all* the *Revue*s, etc., published in France, will find in the *Echo* a selection of the best articles of those *Revue*s for the comparatively small sum of four dollars. All college societies should take it for their libraries; and all who can enjoy the writings of Veuillot, Bishop Dupanloup and other living French authors, will find a treat in the *Echo*. We give the Prospectus of the *Echo* among our advertisements.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.—A commendable enterprise has been set on foot in Philadelphia, which we perceive receives the hearty approval of the clergy of the diocese.

The *Guardian Angel* is a very handsome monthly, published expressly for children, and judging from the first and only number before us, will be eagerly read by the young folks. We wish it every success in attaining the object it has in view.

The *Rosier de Marie*, with its many beautiful communications from all parts of the Empire, giving testimony to the increase of the devotion to our Blessed Mother in her fair kingdom of France, comes regularly, and is always read with pleasure; especially the interesting *Chroniques* of M. Venet.

The song, *Blessing of the Bells*, by E. Mack, published by John F. Ellis, Washington, D. C.

This is a perfect little gem. Its future success will prove the fact that a good *song* must express the words. I wish we had more such, in place of the sentimental trash we are forced to listen to. The beautiful bell accompaniment, through which the melody floats, touches the devotional chord of the heart, and causes it to vibrate in unison with the voice from heaven:

"Take up thy cross and follow Me,
Who wore the thorny crown for thee."

CORRECTIONS.—Page 98, 1st column, 15th line, for "any earthly sister," read *any one of her earthly sisters*.

Same page, 2nd column, 36th line, for "she is still far from you," read, *she is still not far from you*.

CHRONICLE.

HAPPY LIVES AND HAPPY DEATHS.

In the Convent of the Visitation, Georgetown, D. C., Sister Mary Isidore Ford breathed her last on the 4th of January. This privileged soul entered the Convent in 1817; consequently she had seen a half a century glide away in the peaceful, happy cloistered life of the gentle daughters of St. Francis de Sales. For fifty years, dwelling almost within hearing of the busy hum of the National Capital, yet never even casting one glance beyond the hallowed precincts of the monastery's walls! How many rival administrations have succeeded one another and passed away forever;—and how wonderfully have both war and peace developed the immense natural resources of the United States since Sister Isidore left the outside world to devote her youth,—her entire life to God, in hours of silent prayer and working love. What immense, powerful influences such "hours" passed within the shadow of the sanctuary, have upon the spiritual growth of our country, God alone knows; but we would not exchange the good effected by them in the scale of social progress for all the works of our modern philanthropists. And the good that has been produced by the direct influence of the cloistered life of the holy and gifted Visitandine Sisters of Georgetown, where Sister Isidore quietly dwelt for the last fifty years, in their education of youth, is witnessed in every class of Society. How many happy households can rise up and bless them for the mothers of families, whom they trained to be the honor, the pride, the support and the consolation of the home circle, and there is scarcely a Convent of any other Religious Order in the United States that has not among its professed members former pupils of the time-honored and celebrated House of the Visitation in Georgetown, District of Columbia.

This admirable institution is one of the oldest in the country. As we record the death of one who entered its walls before the greater part of the present uncloistered Religious Communities in the United States had even an existence in the Church, we are reminded that Sister Isidore is not a solitary instance in this Convent of Religious who can look back to a period anterior to half a century, and there find the epoch of her entrance into religion;—for on the 29th of the same month, the Community celebrated the FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the *Religious Profession* of three of its members—all still active sisters.

A valued correspondent writes that "they enjoyed their Festival and were duly crowned with golden crowns."

May we not easily indulge the belief that these "golden crowns," resting for a moment on venerable heads whose richest earthly diadems have been for long years the precious jewels of *voluntary poverty*, were but faint reflections of the golden crowns prepared for them in the kingdom of everlasting glory, by the Heavenly Bridegroom; for, with Saint Agnes, they, too, can say: "*Dexteram meam et collum meum cinxit lapidibus, pretiosas tradidit auribus meis inestimabiles Margaritas.*"

"He has girded my hands and neck with precious gems, and has set in my ears rings of peerless pearls."

RELIGIOUS RECEPTIONS AND PROFESSIONS.

In the Convent of Loretto, Toronto, Canada, on the 17th of January, the following young ladies made their Religious Profession: Miss Isabella O'Neil, Eleanor O'Neil, and Anne Don Carlos—names in religion: Sisters Mary of the Sacred Heart, Mary Justina, and Mary Camilla. At the same time Miss Margeret O'Neil, Miss Cushin, and Miss Duggan received the white veil—names in religion: Sisters Mary Anastasia, Mary Gertrude, and Mary Winifred.

In the Convent of the Ursulines, St. Martin's, Brown Co., Ohio, the following young ladies made their Religious Profession: Miss Kate McGeveny—in religion Sister Borgia; Miss B. Murphy, of Mayo, Ireland; Miss Annette Juliard, of France—Sister Mary.

In the Convent of Saint Xavier, Sisters of Mercy, Westmoreland Co., Pa., on the 14th of January, Miss Annie Shea—Sister Mary Jerome—received the white veil from the Right. Rev. Bishop Domenec.

OBITUARIES.

Died in Rochester, on the 11th of January, Rev. Columban Messner, of the Order of Capuchins.

At Saint Bridget's Convent, Titusville, on the 19th of January, of heart disease, venerable Mother Angela, in the sixty-sixth year of her age and thirty-ninth of her Profession.

At the Convent of Saint Xavier, Sisters of Mercy, Westmoreland Co., Pa., on the 10th of January 10th, Sister Mary Lucy, in the forty-fourth year of her age, and the nineteenth of her profession.

At the Convent of the Sisters of Holy Cross, St. Laurence, Canada, Sister M. Isidore, professed.

Requiescant in pace.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

For the AVE MARIA.

BETHLEHEM---SONNET.

BY M. J. C.

O Mother of my Saviour and my God!
 By those blest names in pity look on me,
 Low at thy feet; I kiss the sacred sod
 Where Christ my Lord and King was born of thee;
 In heart to-day I traverse land and sea
 To visit Bethlehem's stable, Holy shrine!
 And gaze, O Virgin Mother! upon thee,
 And kneel with thee before the Babe Divine.
 His little eyes are closed. Behold Him sleep!
 Those eyes which o'er our sins shall wake and weep,
 See'st thou in dreams the world-redeeming wood,
 My Infant Saviour! dost Thou long even now
 To shed for this lost world Thy precious blood,
 And press the thorns upon Thy Spotless brow?

REMARKABLE INCIDENT IN BELGIUM.

SIR: During the summer of last year there appeared in your columns a notice of the sudden and complete cure of an inhabitant of Petigny, in Belgium,—Madame Jalhay, who, having been bedridden for a number of years, was reduced to the last extremity by a complication of disorders, and whose strength was restored to her entirely and instantaneously. The health of the lady thus wonderfully raised from sickness has from that time remained perfect; and although now arrived at the age of sixty years—of which twelve were spent in great suffering—she displays an activity and vigour which are not often found at so advanced a period of life. The room in which the apparition took place which was so intimately connected with her recovery has become a sanctuary to which pilgrims resort from a great distance to pray; and Madame Jalhay is obliged to accept with resignation the correspondence and the numerous visits which have been entailed on her by the privilege which she has received.

It is impossible not to think that the district which was the scene of this wonder must be especially dear to the Holy Mother of God, since an event similar to that which happened at Petigny has occurred during the month of June in the present year 1866, at a place about twelve miles distant, and in the same diocese of Namur. The circumstance attending it I give partly from a letter on

the subject, which was sent to a religious publication by a gentleman in the neighbourhood who holds a position under the Belgian government, and partly from what I myself heard and saw on the spot, on occasion of a visit which I was able to pay there when recently passing through the neighborhood.

On the high-road which connects Philippeville and Cerfontaine is situated the small village of Senzeilles; and in one of the humblest of the habitations of which it is composed lives a virtuous family of the name of Evrard, consisting of the father, the mother, and two sons, of whom the eldest, Joseph, is in his twelfth year. The house in which they dwell contains little more than a single room, with a recess and a small passage between the entrance to this room and the outer door. The father's occupation is that of a mason, and the mother, whose health is weak, can do no more than attend to her household affairs.

On the fifth, and four following days of the month of April, of the past year, the elder of the two boys went into the fields to gather some food for a goat which belonged to them; while so doing he made a false step, and having slipped down a declivity for the distance of about a yard, he found he had received some internal injury at the knee. There was no exterior bruise, but the sprain was such that his whole leg was soon affected by it; and in a short time he was obliged to make use of crutches, and to discontinue his attendance at the village school. The children of his age were being prepared for their First Communion; and when they were admitted to the Holy Table their suffering companion was, to his great distress, unable to accompany them.

The pious mother had prayed long and fervently to the Blessed Virgin on behalf of her poor boy; but her supplications seemed to remain without response. On the third of June, the solemnity of Corpus Christi, she commenced another novena in honor of our Lady of Walcourt; and this she intended to conclude by taking her son with her on a pilgrimage to that famous sanctuary. On the same day (the third of June) took place the usual Procession of the Blessed Sacrament, and the mother, urged by her strong faith, would follow it with her boy. Painful indeed was the effort which it was necessary for him to make; and on arriving at the first halt, where Benediction was given from a temporary altar, he felt that his strength was exhausted. However, yielding to the urgent entreaties of his mother, he strove to keep up with the rest, and succeeded with the

help of his crutches in accomplishing the whole line of the procession.

On the following day (the 4th of June) the father left home at an early hour to work at a spot named Daussois, distant about a league from Sanzeilles. The mother obeying some interior impulse, and contrary to her usual habit, went to the fields, where she began gathering some herb exactly at the spot where her boy two months before had fallen in a manner which had been so fatal to him. The younger of the two boys, who is in his ninth year, had gone out, leaving his elder brother, Joseph, by himself in the house. The invalid was thus alone, sitting on a chair and leaning on the back of another, and at the same time reading in a book called *Pèlerinage à St. Hubert*. The boy's chair was placed close, to the entrance to the room, the door being open, as was also the outer door. It was about half-past eight o'clock in the morning, when on a sudden, close by him in the passage he saw four persons clothed in white: of these one was much taller than the other three, and she wore a head-dress resembling a crown; her robe was without folds; a crucifix as of gold hung from her neck, suspended by a chain of apparently the same metal; but there were about it none of the instruments of the Passion. Her face pale, but most beautiful. Her companions stood on either side of her—two on the right and one on the left; they also were robed in white, but they wore no crucifix, and their faces were veiled.

The boy experienced no feeling of fear, for he thought that the tall lady was one of his neighbors, whom he had seen the day before in a white dress as one of the bearers of the statue of the Blessed Virgin in the procession. He addressed her as "Odile." The beautiful lady did not respond to his salutation, but said something to him which he will tell to no one. She then continued in a soft and sweet voice: "*Rise and walk.*"

"I cannot," answered the boy, "I have a bad leg."

"*Try; walk as far as the wall.*" Joseph then stooped down to take his crutches, which were lying on ground before him.

"Leave your crutches."

Then rising up, he was going to support himself by the chair on the back of which he was leaning. The lady again spoke, saying: "Leave your chair."

The boy now rose up on his feet, walked to the wall, and on turning back again, found that the strangers had disappeared, and that he was himself perfectly cured.

Immediately, without stopping to think about what had happened, he ran up to fetch his shoes,—for he had been sitting barefoot, and was only half-dressed,—and then he flew off to his mother in the fields, crying out: "*I am cured! a beautiful lady has come and cured me!*"

The poor woman was lost in amazement at seeing her child, whom she had left just before in the house a cripple, thus running up to her, only half-clad, and freed from his infirmity.

When she recovered a little she returned to the village, and went with her son to M. le Curé, This venerable priest, who has had sole charge of the parish for upwards of thirty years, could not fail to acknowledge the sudden cure of the boy; but at the same time he treated the story of the apparition with prudent reserve. The mother, who was overflowing with gratitude, was unable to suppress the desire which she felt to start immediately for Walcourt, which is at two leagues distance, in order to thank her holy patroness, the "*Salus infirmorum*," for this great grace bestowed upon her: and notwithstanding her ailing health, and her being in almost a fasting state, she set out with several other members of her family, who desired to accompany her on a journey of devotion. M. le Curé had recommended that the boy should not go, but should remain with him at the presbytery; but the poor child was in such distress at seeing his mother start without him, that he was not satisfied until he was allowed to run after her. The place at which the father was at work was on the road to Walcourt; and great was his wonder when he saw the pilgrims, and among them, walking with perfect ease, his child, whom he had left that morning in what seemed to be a helpless state. He left his work and joined the company; and thus to the number of nine they went to kneel before the altar of our Lady of Walcourt.

I have said that I myself took advantage of an opportunity which offered itself, and made my way to Senzeilles when passing through the country this autumn. On entering the village I accosted an elderly man, who was engaged at work, and asked him if he knew the family Evrard, and if what I heard respecting the sudden cure of the young boy were true. He assured me that it was so, and that it was regarded in the village as the result of an apparition of the Blessed Virgin. He directed me to the house, which I soon found—a humble and retired abode, with only a blank wall on the side of the village green, the door and window being on the other side. On presenting

myself at the entrance, and stepping into the passage, I found the mother sitting alone, and was received by her with modest and gentle manners. At my request she sent for her boys, who were at school, and meanwhile she narrated to me what had happened. The injury in the boy's knee was regarded by the medical man as a sprain but was never fully understood by him: there was no exterior sign of contusion, and little seems to have been done excepting to bandage the limb in order to keep it in its proper position. However, no effect had been produced during two months of this treatment, and the boy appeared to be hopelessly lame. The mother told me that in the midst of her joy and astonishment, that which struck her the most was, on returning to the house, to see the bandage lying on the floor, not unfolded, but just as it had been when tightly wound round the knee, although it could not possibly have slipped off in that condition.

The beautiful lady who appeared to the boy was apparently very tall, and he was perfectly able to distinguish all her features: her hands were not visible, but when he leaned forward to take up his crutches he observed that her feet were bare, as were those of her companions. No one doubts but that it was the Blessed Virgin; and yet the boy will not say so, although it is evident that he knows who it was. Before directing him to rise and walk, the unknown visitor intrusted him with a secret; and with respect to this he will only say this much, that it is something personal to himself. The young Joseph has always been a docile, obedient child; his manners are modest and retiring; and to the questions put to him he answers briefly and clearly, without showing any wish to dwell on the subject of his cure. He serves Mass regularly, and takes no interest in the sports and amusements of the village youths of his age, but desires to study and to consecrate himself to God. His demeanor during my interview with him was simple and engaging, and there was about himself, as well as about his mother and younger brother, an air of frankness and modesty which at once won my confidence. The house—that is, the single room of which it consists—was most clean and well-ordered, and I could not help recalling to my mind that other poor abode which forms what is now the Holy House of Loretto, and was once the habitation of the Holy Family at Nazareth.

While I was there the venerable Curé came to make his daily visit, in which he never fails: and he urged on the good mother certain measures

which he thought necessary that she should take in order to keep up her strength. As to the apparition and the cure of the boy, the mother told me that M. le Curé had never spoken to her more than once on the subject. An official statement of the circumstances had been sent to the Dean of Philippeville, the immediate ecclesiastical superior of the district; and the venerable priest of Sanzeilles will no doubt abstain from giving any opinion as to the miraculous character of the cure until the chief authority in the diocese shall have made some declaration respecting it.

There has never been any other remarkable incident in the life of the boy Joseph Eyraud; but those whose sympathies may have been excited in his favor from what has been related above, will be interested to hear, that he was born on the same day on which our great and saintly Father Pius IX, proclaimed to the world, as a Catholic dogma, the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Mother of God.

A. B.

NAPOLEON I ON TOBACCO.—Amongst others Napoleon I either never could or never would learn to smoke. In Egypt he pretended to smoke—as he held out his possible conversion to Islamism—to please the Egyptians by adopting their customs. But he never could light his pipe himself. It was his Mameluke Roustan's duty to set it going. If his master let it go out again charcoal and matches were not ruinously expensive. Afterwards, when the Persian ambassador presented him with a very handsome pipe, he ordered his valet de chambre Constant, to fill and light it. The fire being applied to the bowl, all that remained was to make the tobacco catch; but in the way in which his Majesty set about it no smoke would have appeared from that time till doomsday. He simply closed and opened his lips, without drawing the least smoke in the world. "What the deuce!" he exclaimed at last. "There is no setting light to it." Constant diffidently ventured to observe that the Emperor did not proceed in the usual way of going to work; but the inapt scholar still returned to his bad imitation of the act of yawning. Tired at last of his useless efforts, "Constant," he blurted out, "do you light the pipe; I cannot." So said, so done. It was returned to him with the steam well up, going at high-pressure rate with a double Persian power of smoke. Scarcely had he drawn a whiff, when the smoke, which he did not know how to get rid of, went down his throat, coming out through his nose and eyes. As soon as he had recovered his breath, "Take it away!" he gasped, "take it away! What a set of pigs they must be! It has turned my stomach!" He was ill for more than an hour afterwards; and he renounced forever "a pleasure whose enjoyment," he said, "was only good to fill up the time of idle people with nothing better to do."

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. III.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 9, 1867.

No. 10.

ANTHEMS, PRAYERS, AND HYMNS OF THE CHURCH TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BY THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.

V.—THE MAGNIFICAT.

After the AVE MARIA comes the MAGNIFICAT. The latter is the complement of the former; or rather, it is an echo in the heart, and from the heart of the Virgin, of the inspired salutations of the Archangel and of Elizabeth. Its glowing utterances, inspired by the Holy Ghost, furnish us with a vivid portraiture of the inner life, of the very heart and soul of the Virgin, at the moment that she was full of grace to overflowing because she nursed in her Immaculate womb, and cherished in her heart of hearts, the very Source of light and life and love: even Him who was "the Way, and the Truth, and the Life." It contains a simple, touching, and, if summary, most eloquent and life-like autobiography of the workings of the Virgin's inmost soul; or rather, to use a more modern, and, though trite, perhaps a more striking illustration, it is a photograph of the Virgin's heart, the outlines being drawn by light flashed directly from the throne of Him who "dwelleth in light inaccessible." The inspired tongue of the Virgin was only the instrument employed for the word-picture; the Holy Ghost was the operator, and His light and His love the active agents.

And as in all well executed pictures, there are lights and shades, the latter relieving the former, so also in this. Here the lights are the almighty power, the wonderful condescension, and the astounding goodness of God exhibited in choosing her for the Mother of His Only Begotten Son; while the shades are her own heart-lowliness, humility, and almost self-annihilation, when the awful mystery of the Incarnation was accomplished in her, and she felt that she had been elevated, in spite of her nothingness, to the un-speakable dignity of Mother of God.

Extremes here meet in the heart of Mary, and

abyss cries out to abyss—the lower abyss of self-humiliation to the higher one of omnipotent goodness. The creature made perfect and the Creator who gave her all her perfection, here meet in the most intimate and tender union that we can even conceive of, and the MAGNIFICAT is the heart-cry of the creature, on the occasion, unique in its very nature, because it never had occurred before, and never could occur again.

This is the key to the wonderful, inspired prose-poem—the MAGNIFICAT. The Immaculate Virgin, the second Eve, more beautiful and more perfect far than was the first even when clothed in all the glory of her primeval innocence, stands forth in the full bloom of her womanhood, made immaculate and perfect by the plastic hand and abounding mercy of God, and bursts forth into the gushing Anthem of praise and thanksgiving to her great Creator, and to her beloved Bridegroom who has chosen and adorned her as His Spouse. All that does not fall within this scope—the reference to the fulfillment in her of ancient prophecies, and the prophetic glance at the future when "all generations should call her blessed"—are but incidental to the song of praise. They are but side groups to illustrate the main central personages in the picture:

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth exult in God my Saviour:

Because He hath looked down upon the lowliness of His handmaid; for behold henceforth all generations will call me blessed:

Because the Mighty One has done great things for me; and holy is His name:

And His mercy is from generation to generation, on those who fear Him."

His abounding mercies and wondrous condescension towards her, His lowliest and humblest handmaid, are placed in still more prominent relief and in a brighter light, by the contrast presented in His contrary dealings with the proud and mighty ones of this earth. He humbleth the proud, and lifteth up the humble; striketh down with His lightning the cedars of Lebanon, and cherishes and exalteth the lily of the valley:

"He showeth might in His arm; He scattereth the proud in the conceit of their heart:

He casteth down the mighty from their throne, and lifteth up the lowly:

He filleth the hungry with good things; and the rich he sendeth away empty."

After having, in His mysterious but all wise Providence, left His people for four thousand years to grope their way in partial darkness, with barely light enough to direct their footsteps, He hath at length vouchsafed to hear their cries, to realize their hopes, and to fulfill their desires, by sending to them the "Orient from on high," "who enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world;" and through Him to pour out a flood of light, with a torrent of genial and life-giving warmth, into their minds and hearts. He hath "sent Him whom He was to send," "the expectation of nations," "the desired of the eternal hills," "the Prince of peace," "the Holy of Holies," "the Lamb of God who was to take away the sins of the world," His only begotten Son, "in whom He was well pleased." The aspirations of four thousand years of anxious expectancy are at length attained, and ancient prophecy is fulfilled:

"He hath received (into favor) His servant Israel, being mindful of His mercy:

As He spake to our fathers, to Abraham and His Seed forever."

Glorious, immaculate, and magnificent daughter of the royal house of David! Thy exulting declaration of ancient prophecies fulfilled was true, as it was strikingly and lovingly made; and thy prophetic declaration, that "henceforth all generations should call thee Blessed," was to be no less strikingly verified by the event. It has already been accomplished; all generations have called thee Blessed. This epithet has been associated with that of Virgin, indicating thy dearest and sweetest prerogative, by the instinct of the Christian heart in all ages and in all nations! What if some, calling themselves Christians and even vaunting their superior light and intelligence, habitually omit the dear prophetic prefix, and even think and speak coldly, when they think or speak at all of her who wears it, as of right and in fulfillment of inspired prophecy she should, is not this coldness more than relieved by the glowing warmth of hundreds of millions of thy loving children and pious votaries in all generations, whose greatest delight it is to do thee honor, and to pronounce thy name with childlike reverence and love!

And is not the deficiency more than made up,

too, by the daily recitation in private devotion, and the swelling chant in public of thine own glorious **MAGNIFICAT** by tens of thousands of consecrated priests and pious virgins, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof! Is not thy noble Anthem of praise, when intoned in America, caught up, continued, and completed in China? Is there an hour of the day or of the night, while the earth, circling round on its axis, successively turns the various portions of its surface to the genial sunlight, which is not filled with its sweet melody? And though thy children may be cold and wayward, and even rebellious, thou, sweet heavenly Mother, art still their Mother, in spite of them, because the Mother of Him who is claimed as their Saviour, and whose brothers by adoption they must become if they would be saved at all.

Look down upon them, then, with thy serene and love-beaming Mother's eye, pray for them to thy Beloved Son, who will surely refuse thee nothing which thou mayest ask in heaven as He refused thee nothing thou didst ask on earth; and thou wilt bring them too to "the one fold of the one Shepherd," where brethren dwell sweetly in unity, and no dissensions or schemes mar the general harmony! Oh! if they could be induced to turn their eyes but for one moment, on thy loving face, they would be enchanted by the vision of loveliness, and would enroll themselves at once and cordially among the members of thy blessed Family, of which Jesus is the Head, and thou art the sweet Mother.

A. B.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ERRATUM.—Page 114, column 1, line 3, for refused read, *reassured*.

For the AVE MARIA.

MEMORARE.

BY UNA.

Oh, remember, dearest Mother,
 Never, never was it known
 That a soul who sought thy succor
 Pined unfriended and alone;
 For the track cleaved through the ether
 By the white-winged spirit, Prayer,
 Is a channel that must earthward
 Sweetest consolations bear.
 Earth has not a child so lowly
 That thou wilt not, Mother dear,
 Stoop to list his piteous story,
 And to comfort, calm and cheer;
 Nor a sinner so degraded

By the wrongs that he has done,
That thou wilt not crave his pardon
From the mercy of thy Son.

Well we know that He whose childhood
To thy gentle care was given,
He who was thy Babe in Bethlehem,
Calls thee Mother now in heaven ;—
That to thee, who shared his sorrows,
Soothed his faintest infant cry,
There is not a boon or favor
That his love can e'er deny.

So with hopeful hearts, dear Mother,
At thy shrine thy children pray,
When life's storms around them gather,
That the clouds may pass away ;
Or that, as through Calvary's darkness
Heaven's gates were opened, we
Through the gloom may find a pathway
To our Saviour and to thee.

ASH-WEDNESDAY.

As we approach the holy season set apart by the Church as a time of salvation, we rejoice in the nature of our labors. Fortunately we have no need of suspending for a while any political contest or warfare of any kind, in order to enter into the spirit of these precious days of grace and of conversion to our Father in Heaven ; under the eyes of our Blessed Mother, we ignore, the whole year round, those unprofitable and thankless strifes ; without any violent or painful transition we glide along noiselessly, led on, as it were, by the hand, child-like, as our Holy Mother, the Church, directs our steps from one sacred mystery to the contemplation of another ; every where we see the footprints of Jesus and His beloved Mother. How beautiful our path ! How sweet and delightful our associations.

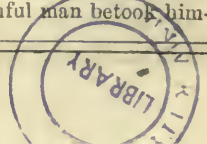
Even now, when the penitential career is announced, it should be no saddening news for our pious companions. The Christian, indeed, who feels how dangerous it is to be behindhand with God's justice, hails with joy the return of these days of penance and mortification, of retirement and closer communion with the world to come. He knows that in proportion as he will respond to the advances of Eternal Mercy, he shall lighten the weight of his alarming responsibilities. Therefore, Ash-Wednesday should bring on no desponding moods in our ranks ; are we not told by the Divine Model not to put on sad faces, as hypocrites do, when we fast, but rather anoint our

heads and appear cheerful ? There is no reason to sadden our countenance while fasting ; if sadness can be legitimate in fasting, it is only because we have made fasting necessary.

On Ash-Wednesday the Church solemnly announces the lenten penance, the time of atonement, the preparation for the greatest of our anniversaries. In this life-long warfare of the spirit against the flesh, the soldier of Christ needs be armed ; hence the summons of the Church to all her children to meet in her holy temples to be trained up in the exercise of spiritual arms. St. Paul has already described the particulars of their armor : " Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, having on the breastplate of justice, in all things taking the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit." (Eph. vi, 6.) St. Peter says also " that Christ hath suffered in the flesh, and that we must be armed with the same thought." (I Pet. iv, 1.) These apostolic teachings are now revived for our meditation ; but the Church does not stop there ; she carries back our thoughts to the beginning, to the day of our first parents' prevarication, which brought on us the dreadful penalty still unsatisfied.

Man refused once to obey God ; he was spared, rescued from endless ruin, but on one severe condition, viz. : that he should die : hence the terrible monition of the minister of God to his people while marking their foreheads with blessed ashes on Ash Wednesday ! Remember thou, O man, thou art dust, and into dust thou shalt return. Why then deceive ourselves ; why not consider life, as in reality it is, a short way leading to a tomb ? In sight of such an end, all is made clear to our illumined understanding. The infinite mercy of God who has deigned to fix His own heart upon poor man doomed to death, becomes still more admirable.

Such is the mind of the Church in marking the guilty heads of her children on this day with ashes ; a practice, however, much anterior to the beginning of Christianity, as Job himself, two thousand years before, " had covered his flesh with ashes," and the Prophet-King tells us that he had eaten ashes like bread. The same is repeated often and again in sacred Scriptures. This shows that they already understood what similitude exists between that dust of a material being visited by fire, and guilty man, whose body is doomed to be reduced to ashes under the fire of Divine Justice. To save at least his soul from the fiery darts of celestial justice, sinful man betook him-



self to ashes, and feeling how closely his fate united him to it, he felt himself, under its cover, as if shielded from the divine wrath of Him who resists the proud while He willingly spares the humble. In early ages ashes were distributed only on public sinners. These were ejected from the church by the Bishop at the opening of the penitential time, as Adam and Eve from the earthly Paradise for their transgression. Towards the eleventh century public penances became gradually obsolete, but the practice of the distribution of ashes became even more general. In the ages of faith, Christians approached barefooted to receive this solemn admonition and token of their nothingness; the Pope himself walked barefooted all the way from the Church of Saint Anastasia to that of Saint Sabina, and all the Cardinals in like manner. The exterior form of the ceremony is now somewhat altered but the spirit is unchanged. The station at Rome is yet the same Saint Sabina's on Mount Aventine. The ceremony opens with the blessing of the ashes, which are made of the palm branches blessed on Palm Sunday of the previous year. When the prayer of the blessing is over, the officiating priest sprinkles them with holy water, and perfumes them with incense; and when this is done he himself receives the ashes, standing on the platform of the altar, by the hand of the first dignitary of the Church actually present. All the rest, clergy and faithful, receive them, kneeling, from the celebrant; the former receive them on their heads, the latter on their foreheads, and because man once raised his aspirations to be a God he has now to hear the sentence brought on by his pride: Remember thou, O man, etc., and when he has humbled himself in the dust before his Creator, man rises again with confidence that He who looks with complacency on the humble frowns no longer upon him. He bears in mind the thought of Ninive, and finds in it a comfort, an encouragement.

Alas, if such truths insensibly yield to the pressure of evil days; if faith ever become so weak as to allow the disappearance of practices as old as Christianity, of which, in a manner, they are the basis, let us entreat you who chance to read this, to beware of countenancing a relaxation so fatal to our morals. Not a few live as unconcerned as if they were never to die, and yet the word of God is pledged; happy those who paused and duly received the salutary warning, for probably there are some who heard it on Wednesday and who will not see the end of Lent.

LENT---FIRST SUNDAY.

Lent is the name given to the forty days fast in imitation of the forty days and forty nights spent in fasting by our Blessed Lord Himself in the desert. This holy practice, therefore, is more than authorized by the example and commendation of the Divine Master; in His infinite wisdom He would go no further with the sons of men. Had He commanded to fast forty days and forty nights no dispensation could have been granted, and yet after such an example who will doubt its importance and necessity? It is true the Apostles did not fast in the company of the Divine Master; He Himself gave the reason of it, as we all know: "the children of the Bridegroom cannot mourn as long as the Bridegroom is with them." But when he had ascended to heaven they did fast, and decreed that the solemnity of Easter should be preceded by a fast equal in length to the one consecrated by "Divine example." This apostolic institution of Lent is attested by the earliest Fathers and the most remarkable Doctors of the first centuries. Fasting has ever been prohibited on Sunday; hence the anticipation of four days before the first Sunday in Lent to complete the number of forty days inaugurated in the wilderness.

Lent is a time especially dedicated to penitential works, the chief of which is fasting. Fasting is an abstinence which man voluntarily imposes on his own appetite in atonement for his sins. It would be idle to attempt to prove the necessity of penance, whilst inspired writers speak of nothing else more forcibly. Indeed, not only Divine Scriptures, but all nations unanimously testify in its favor. This idea, says the learned Abbot of Solesmes, that man can conciliate the Divinity by submitting his own body to expiation, has gone over all the globe, and is to be found in all religions, even among those in which the purity of patriarchal tradition is least discernible. The command of God to our first parents was one of abstinence: their violation of it entailed on their persons and posterity evils without number.

The refusal of the earth to produce any thing but briars, created and forced on Adam and Eve a state of privation in which they could read, plainly written, the law of expiation which an angry Creator had imposed on the rebellious limbs or members of sinful man. For more than sixteen hundred years men *abstained* from the flesh of animals; but when, to limit their iniquities,

He had narrowed the years of their existence, He permitted them to support their weakened nature with the substance hitherto refused. Hence, the abstinence from the flesh of animals, which has been considered everywhere as the essential part in the idea we form in our minds of the fast, as prescribed by the Church for lent. Whatever little indulgence or leniency may have been tolerated or allowed to suit exigencies of times and places, the Church has everywhere and always adhered to this fundamental principle, which consists in the actual suspension of the use of flesh meat. In the first centuries of Christianity not only the flesh of animals was prohibited, but also whatever was considered a product from animal substances, namely: eggs, fish, butter, cheese, milk, lard, etc. Wine, likewise was interdicted. This abstinence, however, did not yet constitute wholly by itself the fast of Lent; it required a limitation even in what formed the lenten food or diet, in this sense, that only one meal a day was permitted, towards the setting of the sun. In a second article we may more fully enter upon the particulars of ancient and modern usages regarding Lent and its practices. But we must make room for the regulations of various Dioceses. As far as we have been able to ascertain, these regulations seem to continue unchanged, very nearly the same as those for last year. We give below the Regulations for the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, as likely embodying in substance those of other provinces and dioceses in general:

1. All the faithful who have completed their twenty-first year, are, unless legitimately dispensed, bound to observe the fast of Lent.

2. They are to make only one full meal a day, excepting Sundays.

3. The meal allowed on Fast-days is not to be taken till about noon.

4. At that meal, if on any day permission should be granted for eating flesh, both flesh and fish are not to be used at the same time.

5. A small refreshment, commonly called collation, is allowed in the evening: no general rule as to the quantity of food permitted at this time, is or can be made; but the practice of the most regular Christians is, never to let it exceed the fourth part of an ordinary meal.

6. General usage has made it lawful to take in the morning some warm liquid: as tea, coffee, or thin chocolate made with water, and a cracker.

7. Necessity and custom have authorized the use of hog's lard, instead of butter, in preparing fish, vegetables, etc.

8. The following persons are exempted from the obligation of fasting: Young persons under twenty-one years of age, the sick, pregnant women, or those giving suck to infants, persons obliged to hard labor, and all who through weakness cannot fast without injury to their health.

9. By dispensation, the use of flesh meat will be allowed at any time on Sundays, and once a day on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, with the exception of the Saturday in Ember Week, and the last four days of Lent.

10. Persons dispensed from the obligation of fasting are not bound by the restriction of using meat only at one meal, on days on which its use is granted by dispensation. Those who are obliged to fast, are permitted to use meat only at one meal.

The time for performing the Easter duty, in this Diocese, extends from Passion Sunday to the second Sunday after Easter inclusively, wherever divine service is held every Sunday. Elsewhere, the time may be extended, according to the discretion of the Pastor, from the first Sunday in Lent to Trinity Sunday.

THE WHITE FRIARS; OR, MARY AND THE ORDER OF CITEAUX.

BY REV. ALEXIS RAYOUX.

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It was in the month of March, in the year 1098. Spring was just beginning to rejoice the fertile soil of Champagne, that beautiful country so diversified with hill and dale, and was putting off her winter mantle to cover herself with verdure.

A warmer breeze stirred the young leaves of the trees. The streamlets, unbound from the grasp of the ice, flowed down with plaintive murmur from the rich hillsides, whose generous vineyards are the pride and wealth of the country.

A thousand birds hailed with their warblings the resurrection of nature, and the advent of beautiful days. The alleluiahs of their concert were mingled with the alleluiahs of the faithful who were celebrating the joyous feast of Easter.

The roads that had been frozen up, and then filled with mud by the thaw, were almost completely dried up and passable, thanks to the bright sun of March. In the meadows and on the heath through which the roads wound, myriads of health-restoring colt's-foot were springing up with the early spring flowers, and the appetite-giving dandelion. The violet hidden in the moss

under the blossoms of the thornhedge, timidly offered to the passers-by the first perfumes of Spring,—humble daughter of the Gospel, she remained concealed and gave forth sweet odors.

It was truly a charming morning to set out early on a pilgrimage. It was delicious to breathe in the pure fresh air of the valley. The atmosphere is then impregnated by perfumes as well as by good inspirations and prayers. The fragrance of the plants joins with all the voices of nature to praise the Lord in the touching harmony of a morning concert. The solemn calmness which precedes and accompanies the rising of the sun, carries up the soul to God. The soul opens to Him like the flower to the dew of heaven and to the rays of the sun, which refresh it while giving it fruitfulness. The soft, serene light of the dawning day is the image of the mysterious glimmering which penetrates our soul, and inundates it with supernatural light in which it sees and finds God in every thing.

I know of no time more favorable to the loving contemplation of the Divinity than the moment of the appearance of the dawn. And, indeed, it is generally the holy hour chosen for meditation and prayer. It seems that God is more sensibly present in the midst of the creation which He reanimates and vivifies. Does He not caress it at the end of night, as a mother caresses her son who wakes calling on her?

The freshness of the morning, moreover, prevents the body from feeling the weariness which bears it down at midday, and which makes way-faring so painful. The dust does not yet rise under the foot of the traveler; it does not yet form, at the whim of the wind, a narrow cloudy horizon that shuts out the beauty of the landscape. The perspiration does not drop from the forehead, nor are the eyes dazzled by the brightness of the sun's rays—altogether we feel a renewed strength and an incomparable agility.

A day of more than ordinary beauty had just dawned. It showed forth Spring with all the grace and all the charms of its first fine days.

The sun made millions of ephemeral diamonds sparkle over the old forest of Molesmes. The oaks, whose ancestors had furnished the sacred ivy and the solemn shade to mysteries of the Teutates, unfolded their young leaves laden with dew. The sap mounted up through the branches of the young trees and dilated the bark of the beech and the poplar.

Life in complete fullness reigns around, and

with it the joy and happiness of all animated creation which feels that it is born again.

At that moment a band of monks, silent and sad, came forth from the Monastery of St. Peter, built in rustic style, in a large glade in the forest. They were of the Order of Saint Benedict. They numbered one and twenty. As they crossed the threshold of their cloister they bade a courageous farewell to their brethren who were to remain behind. Some of the religious seemed unmoved. In general, their sighs, their regrets, their tears, seemed to be addressed to their dear retreat, their well-loved cells, and the church, rather than to their brethren whom they were quitting. These did not appear to feel great sorrow at the departure of the pilgrims; the countenances of many showed no sympathy. The gestures of adieu were cold enough; the fraternal embrace was given as a formality that had to be gone through with. Nevertheless an attentive eye would have perceived much tenderness in some of those embraces, in the cordial grasp of the hand, in the glance of the eye, full of friendship and encouragement. As they were still in the hours of complete silence, which with all the Benedictines begin with Complin and end with Prime, not a word was spoken. They made the signs used in the Order. Some placed their hands upon their hearts and on their lips as if to waft a kiss of good-bye; others, raising their eyes and hands upwards, promised each other a rendezvous in heaven. The ceremony was not long; the travelers were in haste to depart. They seemed to respire the air when the gate of the monastery closed upon them. The one who conducted the band manifested his thankfulness to God by an expressive gesture; his followers, also, expressed their satisfaction at starting; and one might have concluded that it had long been desired and expected with impatience. Our travelers set forward; the most complete union of ideas and sentiments reigned among them: they were, in fact, a walking community.

The costume of these friars was simple yet imposing; a tunic of very coarse black cloth enveloped their bodies, which, for the greater number, were emaciated,—it was rather a sack than a garment in good form. They were girded with a belt of rude leather; from this girdle, joined without buckle, hung small loops destined to hold up the skirt of their robe, turned up outwards. Monastic poverty made it a duty for them to attend vigilantly to the conservation of their garments. Saint Benedict recommends to disciples, in his rule, to have for every thing belonging to

the Monastery, such as linen, tools, etc., the same care, the same respect that they have for the sacred vessels. This precaution of raising up the skirt of their tunic, facilitated their walking. The same precaution was enforced as a law in all the manual works which form, as it were, the foundation of the Benedictine rule. The pilgrims wore a sort of stocking coming as high as the knee, and on their feet had sandals of thick leather.

A strip of cloth, also black, was thrown over the shoulders, resting on the breast and back; this was the Scapular prescribed by the Legislator of the monks of the West, on account of labor, *propter laborem*. The tunic was surmounted by a large cowl buttoned to its collar; under this hat, the only one used in that time, the stranger, who might have met them in the forest, could have contemplated those noble figures of monks, those types which Titian, Corregio and the Beato have given us, so grand, so pious, so expressive.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MIRACULOUS CURE.

JESUS MARY CONVENT, }
POINT LEVY, CANADA. }

Glory to Mary, Immaculate, who has just given us a new proof of her protection.

May the recital of the signal grace she has accorded us, augment in all hearts love and confidence towards the most pure and Immaculate Virgin.

Since the month of November, 1864, our Sister St. Thomas, after an attack of pleurisy, from which she had never entirely recovered,—for she continued to find her chest oppressed and her respiration embarrassed,—lost her appetite, and experienced an insurmountable repugnance to all substantial aliments, such as meat, broth, etc.; added to this her digestive organs were greatly deranged, while she experienced at the same time a weakness which augmented every day. In January, 1866, being no longer able to fulfill her duties of mistress of class in our mission of St. Gervais, she was recalled to the Provincial House, where every care was lavished upon her. In the month of May her appetite seemed to return; it was then that, after the advice of the physician, she was sent to the sea shore, but a few days sufficed to prove that salt water air was quite prejudicial to her constitution; thus she returned to Point Levy, worse than when she had left it. Hemorrhage of the lungs had also commenced, and from that moment our dear Sister's health

rapidly declined; finally in the month of November, she was confined to her bed, having no longer the strength to dress herself. She had now become unable to digest solid food, and partook of nothing but a very little weak broth. At the same time the pains in her back, chest, and shoulders augmented, followed by an almost continued nausea, frequent fainting fits and sleepless nights.

The physician, who visited her almost every day, prescribed morphine, which at first procured her a little repose; but towards the end of December, the most powerful doses produced no effect. Expectoration became more abundant, and the doctor declared that there was no longer anything to be hoped for, that the patient was spitting up her lungs, and most certainly she would not see the coming spring. Our worthy chaplain then considered it his duty to warn our dear Sister of the gravity of her state, telling her that it was very probable that God would call her soon to Himself.

This news filled her at first with apprehension and terror; she was so young in religion, having made her profession two years before, it seemed to her that she had as yet done nothing for her God; however docile to the pious exhortations of the good Father, she soon became quite resigned and wished to prepare herself for the dread passage from time to eternity, by a review of her whole life.

God was well pleased with her sacrifice and her docility; contrary to her expectations she made this act of piety with much calmness and great consolation. Having finished her confession, she found herself completely changed—all her fears had vanished and had given place to an unbounded confidence, accompanied by a holy impatience to see her God face to face. It was then by the order of her superiors He asked of her a sacrifice greater than any she had yet made. These latter felt themselves inspired to command her to pray for her recovery.

Our dear Sister, who was far from expecting a like demand, was at first extremely agitated, and it was only after violent struggles that she could conform herself to it, but finally, generously entering into the sentiments of those who held the place of God, she consented to live as she had consented to die. She joined then, in a novena which was to terminate on the day of the Immaculate Conception. But it was not the one which Mary had determined upon. The patient was not discouraged; she received all at once the deep

conviction that she would be cured at the end of the month consecrated to Mary, Immaculate, and which for three years had been observed with much solemnity in our community. She promised, with the agreement of her superioress, a certain number of Masses, for the souls in Purgatory; a novena of canticles of thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin, before whose statue, at her request, a little lamp was kept burning during the whole month of January. In the mean time all the prayers of the community were offered up for the same object. So many prayers were not to prove sterile; our confidence was sustained by that of our dear patient, who often repeated to us with assurance, "on New Year's day I shall be cured." Never for a moment was her confidence shaken; the more alarming her state became, the more certain she felt of obtaining a perfect cure. She spoke with the same assurance to one of her brothers, who having come to visit her, was introduced into the infirmary, where he found his sister so changed that he no longer recognized her. Seeing her brother deeply moved, our dear patient hastened to say, "return the day after New Year's, and I will tell you something that will make you happy." The young man willingly promised to do so. On his return to his quarters, he lost no time in informing his parents of the alarming situation of his sister. This painful duty accomplished, he returned to his occupation, without, however, forgetting his rendezvous at the Convent.

On the 2d of January he was in the parlor; the Sister portress having recognized him, said: "You desire to see Madame St. Thomas; she will descend directly," whereupon she left him to go and seek the latter. The young man remained in the parlor in amazement, repeating abstractedly the words that he had just heard; all seemed an enigma to him. In the midst of his reflections his sister appeared at his side, all joyous and glowing with happiness; hardly could he believe his eyes. It was truly herself, however; it was indeed his dear sister whom he had already mourned as dead. All at once he thought of the alarming letter which he had written to his parents after the first visit, but he recollected at the same time that it had been forgotten in his writing case.

Here is another trial which proves how much our beloved patient was anxious to attribute her cure to God alone. In a visit which the physician paid her a few days before this event, she loaded him with questions respecting her illness,

assuring him that she did not fear death, and that he might freely declare his opinion. She obtained all she desired; he declared that she had reached the last stage of consumption, and had in consequence but a few days to live, and that although he saw no immediate danger, she could, if she desired, ask to receive the last Sacraments, upon which she rejoined: "What then would you say, doctor, if I were entirely cured for New Year's day." "I would say that it was a miracle." "Very well; I hope that if the miracle does take place that you will not refuse to give me your certificate." "Certainly not,"—and the physician withdrew. Our Sister, restored to health on the very day she had predicted, waited two days longer in order to assure those around her that she was indeed cured before presenting herself to the doctor. But on the 3d of January, no longer able to contain herself, she went herself to open the outer door. The doctor, on seeing her, thought that his senses were deceiving him; he gazed upon her without being able to utter a single word. Recovering himself at last, he exclaimed: "You might have been dead, and I would not have been so surprised as I am on seeing you now;" after which he conversed an hour with her, in presence of the Sister who had taken care of her during her illness.

We have thought necessary to give these details in order to prove the gravity of the illness, and to give, at the same time, an idea of our dear Sister's profound conviction of her approaching cure. Consequently, on New Year's eve she had all the clothing prepared that she was to wear on the morrow. That day even the miracle was commenced; the patient partook at noon of a little meat, without experiencing any inconvenience. In the evening she sent away all the syrups, basins, cologne, etc., which were on the table, saying that she was going to sleep during the coming night and would not need them. She slept, indeed, until two o'clock, and then fell asleep again to awake at six. She had no more pain, no more fever, she felt but a little weakness, which however did not prevent her from dressing herself, and waiting until the hour of Mass, which was at seven o'clock, to receive Holy Communion, which by the orders of her superiors, was given to her in the infirmary. A short time afterwards she partook of a hearty breakfast; during the rest of the day she took her regular repasts, with the appetite of a person in perfect health; went freely about the house; repaired to the Chapel, and remained kneeling for about a quarter of an hour,

at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, to thank her for the signal favor she had received.

Since then the strength of our dear Sister has daily increased; she has already resumed many of her old employments, she has even ventured out for a drive in spite of the rigor of the season, and has experienced no harm from it.

Glory, praise, honor, gratitude and love to Mary Immaculate!

[Here follows the certificate of the physician, Joseph Lachene, a graduate of Laval University, which we omit for want of space.—Ed.]

OUR LADY OF THE CHAINS.

A Legend of the Fourteenth Century.

[Translated from the French of L. D'Appilly.]

I.

A nocturnal murder, audaciously perpetrated in the heart of Palermo, and in the most populous street, had plunged the entire city into stupor and affright.

Two hours after midnight, cries of distress, uttered in a heartrending voice, had made the inhabitants tremble. They opened their windows,—they ejaculated at hazard terrible but vague threats. The assassins fled, and the darkness, increased by a black fog, was so deep that it was impossible to follow their track.

At length, the most intrepid lighted torches, seized in haste the first arms that came to hand, and descended. At sight of them, a shadow, which was lingering near the corpse, slipped through the mist, and made off. It was doubtless one of the murderers. Many men started at once in pursuit; they did not succeed in reaching him, but they followed the sound of his footsteps as far as the vicinity of the Zibelli gardens, where his further course left them at fault.

In his hurry, the fugitive let fall his purse; they picked it up, hoping that it would assist justice in discovering the guilty.

Meanwhile they had lifted up the victim. The unfortunate man was still breathing; but the streams of blood which flowed from his gaping wounds had nearly exhausted his strength.

"God have pity on me," sighed he, "my death is just. I have merited—"

He could not complete the sentence, and expired in the hands of the bystanders. The sumptuousness of his dress, betraying a personage of high rank, augmented the compassion which his state inspired; but the crowd was hushed to si-

lence, full of horror, when the lamentations of Matteo, the only servant by whom he was accompanied, made known that the dying man was Count Vogliano, minister and favorite of the King of Sicily.

When they carried the corpse to the palace, they found, on the ground, a bloody dagger. The *sbirri** secured it as a precious piece of evidence.

In spite of all the precautions with which the news of this misfortune was enshrouded to soften the blow to the heart of the countess, she gave vent to her grief in cries and violent marks of despair. There is nothing that evil-speaking will not despoil of its poetry. Some women maliciously remarked that in the midst of all her clamor, the beautiful widow had no tears in her eyes.

As soon as the day had come, she ran to throw herself at the king's feet, asking, with streaming eyes the punishment of the murderers.

Martino IV loved the count; he raised the widow from his knees, and with many kind expressions, promised a prompt and complete satisfaction.

He called for the chief of Police, and after having overwhelmed him with reproaches, he commanded him, with threats, to pursue the assassins with all the vigor of the laws.

"If His majesty would deign to excuse my freedom," answered Borbero, "I will venture to open my mind, and I am sure that you will approve of my idea."

"What idea?"

"Far from despoiling the body of the lord count after the assassination, one of the murderers dropped his purse in his flight. It was not, then, by robbers that he was struck down, moreover, the chiefs of companies, who are under my orders, do not shed blood, except in the last extremity. I interrogated them this morning and I can swear that not one of them has participated in the action. I fear much that instead of a crime we are only the witnesses of an act of revenge."

"And who, then, has dared to turn his vengeance against the person of my minister and of my friend?"

"Your majesty is clement, and all your subjects bless and adore you; the lord count exercised with rectitude and loyalty the authority which he held from you; but his merit and favor excited the jealousy of many of the great. There are scarcely any noble families who did not think themselves right in hating him.—Will justice dare to strike them?"

* Police force.

"By the splendor of God! The guilty shall be punished, even if they were my own brothers."

"But these lords will justify their hatred by charging the memory of the late minister with crimes and transgressions. This prosecution will reveal many mysteries which it were better to leave in the shade. If your majesty will deign to consent, I will have some notorious criminal transported into a foreign country. He will be convicted by contumacy of this attempt, and we will amuse the public vindictiveness here by solemnly burning him in effigy on the theater of the assassination."

The king became pensive and weighed irresolutely the reasoning of Borbero. Then, shaking off these speculations with an effort, he pronounced in a firm tone:

"Seek for the criminals and return no more to this palace till you can announce their execution!"

In retiring, Borbero made the following reflections:

"The king wishes for malefactors; I will furnish them. Thank God, Palermo swarms with vagabonds and beggars; I have only to choose. I am not going to raise enmities which will crush me, by casting the accusation upon noblemen. I will have some poor wretches seized. If fasting and the sufferings of the dungeons will not wring the avowal I need from their despair, instruments of torture shall make them give way. The most worthless blood of the rabble is too precious for the manes of this Dogliano, who dared to inspect my doings and had promised to ruin me. And whom has he not outraged? Has he not shamefully driven from the council the cowardly Bisarto who stomachs with fawning patience so cruel an affront? Had he not insulted Lord Giglielli, in the honor of his young wife? Too old to wipe out this stain, Giglielli might have committed to younger hands—but I will not ruin myself by irritating so powerful a family. He has killed the count Scarmini with his own hands, and it is known that the widow has long been training her son to vengeance; but the child is only sixteen years old. There is no family of the nobility which has not felt the weight of his insolent power; of how many citizens even has he not earned the execration? The richest, the most honorable merchants of the city—he has ground down by extortion and plunder. He has dishonored the Zibelli—"

At this name, the chief of the *shirri* paused; an idea suddenly enlightened his mind, he raised his head and exclaimed aloud:

"Behold my criminals! Cecilia has three brothers; it is precisely towards their gardens that the fugitive was tracked, and they are not of the nobility!"

II.

The house of the Zibelli stood in a retired street, in the midst of gardens. It was built in the antique style, on the model of a Roman villa. The principal door, turned towards the south, opened in the middle of a semicircle adorned with stone benches, and shaded by two rows of trees. It was entirely of oakwood, strengthened by thick iron braces.

A narrow corridor, paved with mosaic, and guarded by a porter and a dog, led, between two rows of small rooms used by the servants, to a little square court, surrounded by covered galleries, and having in its center a basin of white marble.

The main building was of two stories; the twelve apartments which composed it were separated by a passage. A large peristyle on the north side commanded a garden, shut in by walls, which offered by a low postern, a secret means of access to the ramparts.

It had been built by Francesco Zibelli, the father of the young people who now dwelt there. The returns of the commerce, in which their family had been engaged for many generations, had little by little formed for them a rich patrimony. They possessed on the quays an immense warehouse, where every kind of merchandise was sold, like in the Asiatic bazaars.

Joseph, the elder of the sons, was sole manager, with his wife, of the cares of trade. Many galleys were continually visiting all the coasts of the Mediterranean on his account, and bringing him the riches of every land.

Engaged all day in his stores, Joseph hastened every evening to return to his brothers, in the country residence, the government of which his seniority had placed in his hands.

All who knew him agreed in representing him as an upright, honest, and loyal man. He spoke little, but experience lent great wisdom to his words. On the morning of the day which had preceded the murder, he had gone out alone, and the neighbors had not seen him return.

The character of Robert was in striking contrast with that of his brother. As Joseph observed sobriety in conversation, so Robert loved to show himself gracious, polite, sprightly. The gravity of the first imposed reserve and respect; the gaiety of the second,—his joyousness, his good humor,

made his company sought after. So they had chosen opposite careers. Robert was attached to the court, and according to the expression of the time, was likely to make his fortune there, if elegance of manners, advantages of person, sagacity, wit, all the qualities, in a word, which go to make up a perfect knight, were appreciated there, for these the merchant's son could have taught to noblemen of the most illustrious houses.

Angelo, at the age of eighteen, was still only a student, a lover of noise, dissipation and pleasure. All his ambition was limited to running about the streets during the night, with a troop of young madmen like himself, shouting and singing ballads. Lively, rash, ardent, the conflict with the world had not yet brought out the traits of his character. He had only the germs of virtue and vice, and age would have to anneal his soul before he could emerge, a made man, from the fixed mould of maturity.

For the rest, on account, perhaps of the difference in their tastes, they lived together and with their sister-in-law in patriarchal union. Joseph exercised, with fatherly supervision, the authority which seniority gave him, and head of the family by right of birth, this authority excited neither umbrage, nor defiance, nor jealousy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLISH SYMPATHY WITH ITALY.

[From the London Month.]

[CONCLUDED.]

M. Garnier's pamphlet is too closely packed with documents and statistics to admit of easy abbreviation, and its facts are so abundant as to embarrass any attempt at selection. It is, moreover, short enough to be easily read through by any one who takes an interest in the subject.* We shall confine ourselves in our present remarks to a single point of the many which it raises, and that by no means the most sensational. The horrors of the laws enacted to meet the case of what is called "brigandage," and the manner in which the liberty of the press and the liberty of the person are understood under the Piedmontese would furnish us with far more startling details than the few facts that M. Garnier has gleaned concerning the expenditure of public money in the new kingdom: but we must, for the moment, content ourselves with these. At all events they ought to have some weight in a country like our

own. We shall pass over the interesting account with which the pamphlet begins of the commercial and financial prosperity of the Two Sicilies under the late king Ferdinand. No monarch of our time has ever been so much abused: but he at least understood his own subjects, and in all material improvements he took the lead among the sovereigns of Italy. He was profuse in his expenditure on public works—the *seventh part* of his budget was devoted to this department. He made the first railway in Italy, the first suspension-bridges, the first electric telegraph, the first "lenticular" lighthouse: the first steamboat launched from an Italian yard was his. He placed lighthouses all round his coasts: the expenses which he incurred in making roads and bridges, cleansing and dredging out ports—notably that of Brindisi—providing anchorage for ships, and introducing and perfecting manufactures, were immense.* What has been done in this way since the expulsion of his son is but the carrying out of works begun by him: but the tendency since his time has been to ruin the commerce and manufactures of Naples, which were so far in advance of those of Piedmont. The colleges, schools, and hospitals which he founded and supported were numberless. The Piedmontese have distinguished themselves by nothing but suppression and destruction. Here is a description of the conduct of the invaders, who came, according to their own profession, to cement the union so ardently desired by the Neapolitan population with themselves:

"The Government decreed the closing of the arsenals and dockyards. The fleet was taken to Genoa: the dockyard at Castellamare oppressed, and all employed in it dismissed. The arsenals on land, so rich in military stores, were pillaged shamelessly and recklessly: 250,000 muskets and all the bronze cannon in the arsenals and forts were sent to Piedmont. After the fall of Gaeta, pillage and destruction knew no longer any bounds at all. The palaces of Naples, of Capo di Monte, of Portici, of Caserta, of La Favorita, so rich in magnificent works of art, became the spoil of Turin and of the succession of plunderers, who came to Naples, one very soon after the other, to exercise the functions of proconsul. These men were to be seen sporting themselves on the banks of the Dora in the same luxurious carriages which once belonged to the Bourbons of Naples. What remained after their pillage of the royal plate was sold by auction: the kitchen-ranges were taken away and sent to Turin."

We seem to be reading an account of a set of savages who by some chance have got into a well-

* It contains less than 200 pages, of which about fifty are filled with documentary proofs and illustrations.

* M. Garnier gives a curious quotation from an article by Count Cavour in the *Revue Nouvelle* in 1846. "Thanks to heaven," says the Piedmontese statesman, "here we are in the kingdom of Naples, where we have some railways finished, while in Piedmont they have not been begun: other railways are being made, others are projected, skillfully designed, and ready to be carried out. Naples is the first state of Italy which has set railways to work." Count Cavour goes on to lament over the revolutionary passions of the time, which prevent governments from executing great projects. "*Les grands travaux publics ne pourront s'exécuter en Italie, tant que les vrais amis de leur patrie ne se seront pas groupés autour des troncs qui ont de profondes racines dans le sol italien.*"

furnished house. Surely King Victor Emmanuel must have had some means of getting his dinners cooked without pillaging his cousin's residence at Naples?*

M. Garnier (pp. 15, 16) quotes the speech of a large manufacturer (Polsinelli) in the Parliament at Turin, after the annexation, describing the flourishing state of manufactures of every sort under the Bourbons, and their destruction under the new Government. It was the same with the finances. Ferdinand II left the treasury full, and the credit of the Neapolitan funds far higher than that of the Piedmontese. Count Cavour could not bear this, and, when the kingdom of Naples came under his government, he took measures to lower its credit, which would have possibly made him liable to utter loss of character if he had used them in the case of the interests of any commercial property intrusted to his charge. He annulled the sale of a large quantity of Neapolitan *rentes* to the house of Rothschild, which had been agreed on by Garibaldi's minister, Coppoli, at the high rate of 90, on the ground that Rothschild was a Bourbonian. Then he sold to the same house 650,000 ducats at the lower rate of 74, to which he had reduced the funds by a previous transaction carried out with some friends of his own. Then he made the Finance Minister propose a loan for public works on impossible conditions, and by this means the Neapolitan funds were at length nearly reduced to a level with those of Piedmont in the market, and so the unification of the debts of the two countries became less difficult.

The present hopeless state of the Italian finances is too well known to need comment here. It must be remembered at the same time that Italy is now one of the most highly-taxed nations in the world, and that an immense amount of property has been sold or seized by the Government to fill up the still gaping deficit. But it is not generally understood that an indefinitely

large share of the embarrassments of Italy are to be laid to the charge, not of simple mismanagement or profuse expenditure, but of wholesale and shameless dishonesty on the part of officials, and of enormous sums pocketed by the chiefs of the revolution. Speculation seems to be the order of the day, and to have passed into a principle which no one ventures to question. Certain practices are resorted to by the Ministers of Finance which would certainly make our House of Commons stare. M. Sella, in his statement in December 1865, placed on the credit side a sum of more than 249,060,000, as *fonds de caisse*, having avowed that shortly before the Treasury only possessed 75,000,000, and that 59,000,000 of Treasury notes were in circulation. There is also a wonderful head called *résidus passifs*,—which means something on the wrong side, we know not what—it amounts to a milliard *plus* 45,000,000. In 1865 M. Sella told the chambers that although he was bound to give them an account of the public expenditure of 1864, they had only just received that of 1859, and that he was not yet able to give them that of 1860. The ministers open "credits" on their own account, which the Treasury—the *Cour des Comptes*—is obliged to register "under reserve." The number of illegal drafts on the Treasury is endless. The *Popolo d' Italia* of Jan. 26, 1865, states that an official document of the *Cour des Comptes* proved that the Minghetti Ministry had issued 28,000 illegal and 8,000 irregular drafts. But out of 927,663 that were presented to it in 1864, the *Cour des Comptes* found 79,985 open to grave censure. The money seems to have been spent in great measure in the bribery of deputies and the subsidising of newspapers. Count Cavour, when a French gentleman expressed some alarm to him at the hostile attitude of a portion of the Chambers, simply opened a drawer full of gold and began to move it with his hand. He then showed his friend a bundle of letters from members of the Opposition, begging for money! The annexations were brought about by the same wholesale expenditure, which was also used to produce the appearance of popular welcome to Victor Emmanuel as he went about. The King is said to have complained to Count Cavour that wherever he went he always found the same faces in the crowd assembled to cheer him. M. Bianchi, the biographer of Cavour, says that his contemporaries "have no right to know the entire story of the means employed to bring about the marvellous transformation of Italy." One deputy has

* Similar meanness was displayed in many other places by the adventurers, who occupied prominent positions under the revolutionary regime. No one seems to have had his head more completely turned than Farini—a man whose book Mr. Gladstone could never by any possibility have thought worthy of translation, if he had known his true character. Farini was appointed in 1859 dictator of the duchies of Parma and Modena. He took up his quarters in the palace at the latter place; he made his wife and daughter wear the gowns of the exiled Princess, and his servants the liveries of the Duke. He took for his own use all the plate, the table-linen, and even the shirts which the latter had left behind him, and gave himself, notwithstanding the bitter satire which his proceedings excited, all the airs of a sovereign. His table was loaded with the most extravagant luxuries, and all the time he talked loudly about his desire to die in indigence. This poor man went mad at last, and the details of his degradation are far too revolting to be mentioned here. In his madness he was continually haunted by the idea that he saw Colonel Anviti, the faithful servant of the Duchess Parma, whom he had handed over to a mob of ruffians to be barbarously murdered.

insinuated that it was all very well to bring about Italian unity by profuse bribery, but that the system degenerated into abuse when the same means were required to maintain the state of things which it had produced. Men whose names have been honored in this country have been branded by the "unitarian" press itself as large gainers by the revolution. The *Popolo d'Italia* of April 12, 1864, gives some details as to the payment of eminent patriots:

"The ex-minister Comfrotti had, at one time and another, the sum of 72,000 ducats. The ex-minister Scialoja had 65,000 ducats. The father of Scialoja, as indemnity for the post which he lost in 1848, had 18,000 ducats. MM. Alexandre Dumas" (what had he done for Italy?), C. de Cesare, and G. Ferrigui received 400,000 ducats. MM. G. Massari, Ciccone, and the Marquis G. Carracciola di Bella, for certain "agronomic studies," received, during the time of the elections, 50,000 ducats. The Lieut.-Governor Farini, besides his salary, received 11,000 ducats a-month, and besides, 200,000 francs for traveling expenses."

Traveling must be rather expensive in Italy!—but then Farini was a poor man, and always wished to remain poor. The list of robberies of public funds which have been committed with impunity, some of very large sums, fills a page and a half of M. Garnier's pamphlet. Our readers may remember the immense sums which were found at Palermo and Naples when Garibaldi entered those cities. No account has ever been given, or ever can be given, of the manner in which this treasure vanished. All that is known of the kind as to that period is the decree of Garibaldi seizing the eleven millions of ducats which constituted the private fortune of the different members of the royal family. This was allotted by a decree, signed by Victor Emmanuel, to the political "martyrs" of Naples.

It is not, of course, easy, especially at a distance, to discover the details of a wholesale system of peculation and corruption. Nor do we suppose that any system of government can be altogether free from abuses of this kind. The Italian Revolution seems to have brought up to the surface a good many men properly belonging to the lowest moral strata of society, and when persons of this class get into power, it can hardly be a matter of wonder that they should look first of all to their own interests. Occasional phenomena of the kind on which we have been dwelling would hardly influence our judgment of the government of a new country. But it would surely appear that this corruption, spoliation, peculation, and bribery has been up to a very late period an indispensable element in the machinery by which Italy has been governed. If this is so, it surely throws great light on whatever appearance of union and satisfaction can be alleged as evidence of the success of the Revolution: it has

a singular significance by the side of other equally demonstrated facts, such as the discontent of Southern Italy, and the measures used to repress it; and it shows us clearly what sort of men those are to whose character and integrity the Christian world is asked to be content to see committed, not only the fortunes of their own magnificent country, but those of the Holy See and of the Church itself.

ANTHEMS, PRAYERS AND HYMNS OF THE CHURCH TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BY ARRIA.

As a Catholic, a lover of the Blessed Virgin, but, above all, as a convert, we wish to call attention to the magnificent tribute Archbishop Spalding is building up in the pages of the AVE MARIA to the honor of the Queen of Heaven. No man of the age is more capable than he, by natural endowment, varied culture, and a deep, tender piety, to perform this work; for he has the gift of genius, an imagination to conceive, and a heart to feel all the grandeur, dignity and incomparable beauty of his theme, with a power of expression at once clear and profound. His style is singularly sustained, and harmonious, and impresses one with the idea that the writer, like Webster, never puts forth his whole strength; that there is ever a latent force never developed—in short, that the man is always greater than his theme. But he has now a subject that will tax even his extraordinary powers to do it justice. When we heard him at Notre Dame, last May, preach upon the Blessed Virgin, in tones so eloquent and inspiring that not only our tears, but those of prejudiced Protestants around us, proclaimed the power of the orator, we could not then imagine any thing more convincing and persuasive than his arguments, embellished by rare gems of poetic beauty, and irradiated by a passionate devotion that touched the coldest hearts.

But we find in these essays all of the Archbishop's wonted eloquence. They exceed, of course, in copiousness of detail, the great effort we have alluded to, and really seem to have brought to the surface that latent force that has doubtless waited for the fitting occasion. In these songs of the Church he will find full scope for the play of his imperial fancy, and in the prayers a mine of love that will satisfy the yearnings of his own loving heart. And what a subject for his practiced pen!

No other has so kindled the souls of saints and martyrs, for the Blessed Virgin is the key-note of Christian devotion. Superficial readers must not imagine these essays are simply adapted to poetical or purely sentimental readers; they are a part of the history of the Church, and an important part, for they chronicle its worship and the inner life of its saints and martyrs. The hymns to the Blessed Virgin are, in truth, the very bloom and essence of religious literature. They are the voice of the Church militant, singing from age to age the joys, trials and triumphs of a Christian soul. We look forward with eager interest to the promised chapters, for already his glowing words have carried us back to the happiest period of our life,—to the radiant days of our conversion. We have, through him, lived over again those diamond mornings and vermillion sunsets, when nature, in all her glorious manifestations, sang a perpetual *Te Deum* with our heart.

And why should the Archbishop's second chapter, especially, have carried us back to this epoch of our religious life? Simply that Almighty God, through an *Ave Maria*, bestowed upon my poor soul the priceless gift of faith—a gift I had sought for years with sorrow, suffering and tears, but in vain: I implored the *Son*, while I despised His Blessed Mother. Through the pious *ruse* of a friend I said my first "Hail Mary;" but it was not long before I lay a happy, weeping suppliant at her feet. It was not, perhaps, fitting here to speak of my own personal experience; but I was, in some sense, constrained to add my mite confirmation of the power of a simple "Hail Mary."

Let every one read these beautiful essays upon the Hymns, Prayers and Anthems of the Church, and call the attention of others to them; they will repay many perusals.

DEDICATIONS.—At St. Paul, Minn., on the 10th of February, a new church was solemnly dedicated, under the patronage of Saint Patrick.

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION AND PROFESSIONS.—In the Ursuline Convent, Marquette, on the 25th of January, Sister Mary Incarnation, (Josephine Bouille, of Deschambault, C. E.)

Sister M. Andrew made her religious Profession. At the same time, Miss Bridget Quinn (of Haughton, Mich.) and Miss Dion (of Quebec) received the white veil.

In the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 13th ult., eight novices were admitted to their religious profession.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

OUR MOTHER'S MESSAGES.

SOLITUDE OF NAZARETH, }
MONTH OF SAINT JOSEPH. }

Dear Children: Behold another sweet month opening to our devotion; sweet in *grace*, at least, though as far as nature is concerned, I fear that stormy March would be inclined to contradict my words. You have already guessed that I wish to speak to you of dear Saint Joseph; and indeed has he not the best right to a place in our little circle to-day, since the Church, ever eager to honor most whom God most honors, has transformed this entire month into a long festival, to commemorate the august prerogatives of the foster-father of the Saviour Jesus. Foster-father of Jesus! Let us linger on this word a little; oh, if we only meditated a little while on the mystery of love these words express, it would be enough, it seems to me, to make our hearts expand in most tender devotion for this dear saint. We don't know how to meditate, do you say? Ah, that is true; it is, perhaps, too serious an affair for little brains; but you can think and chat, can you not? So we will try and make this serve us for meditation; but, first of all, do you really love Saint Joseph? Oh, I hope so; it would be sad indeed, in loving Jesus and Mary, not to love one who is so very dear to them. And yet do you know I fear that you do not love him with that tender, confiding love he so merits from young hearts? Still, if you don't love him thus, you wish to learn to do so, I am sure, and here as ever we will take the Child Jesus for our teacher.

I am so glad to speak to you of Saint Joseph, as it keeps us still with the dear Infant Jesus.

Though the Church, who has all our Saviour's lifetime to live in a single year, is hurrying us on towards saddening scenes, far different from the bright pictures of the Crib, still we must not look for Saint Joseph there; his loving mission was finished before the dark day of Calvary dawned. It is at the Crib, in the wild deserts of Egypt, in the sweet house of Nazareth, that we must look for this dear Guardian Angel of the Child Jesus, and of His holy Mother. Happy, privileged Saint! how sweet was his lot! We almost envy the bright angels around the new-born Babe, breaking the midnight stillness of that joyous Christmas night with their sweet canticles of praise; and when we think of the good Shepherds, and the faithful Wise Men called so indul-

gently to pay their tribute of love to their Infant God, we would like to have been in their place. They are indeed singularly blessed, yet see, dear children, great as was their privilege, it was, in one sense, but passing; for though they prolonged their visits as long as they could, they were obliged, at last, to bid farewell to the dear Child Jesus and His Virgin Mother.

How much they must have wished to remain always with them! and this was Saint Joseph's happy lot. The life-long companion of Jesus and Mary! What a world of bliss this truth contains! With an adoring love, much deeper than the homage of the Shepherds or the Wise Men, must that happy Saint have hung over the Infant Jesus, whom he was permitted to call his Son,—drawing, as he gazed, fresh love from the sight of that beauteous countenance, which even then was filling heaven with enrapturing light and joy.

And when Mary, in the delicacy of her love, would share with Joseph the sweet task of tending her darling Child, think, dear children, what must have been the feeling of that happy foster-father, as he pressed the little Jesus to his heart! Could the united love of all the fathers in the world have equalled that of Saint Joseph for his adopted Son! But a bitter sorrow soon crept over the joy of Mary and Joseph; it was when, but eight days after that blessed Christmas night, they saw the precious blood of the Infant Jesus flowing beneath the cruel knife of the circumcision, while their thoughts were hurried onward to the dark passion, already painted to their mind. Yet even here Saint Joseph found a deep joy, in his sweet privilege of giving the adorable Babe the name of Jesus, a name ever so blessed, so beauteous, so adorable, since it pronounced Him the Saviour of the world.

When again, at the Presentation, was it not Joseph who was chosen to bear that adorable Holocaust to the great temple, while, like Mary, he joined the humble offering of his own life to that of Jesus?

Night has stolen over Bethlehem; the Child Jesus is sleeping on His Mother's bosom, but St. Joseph, does he sleep? Oh, I love to think that the sweet thought of Jesus' presence must have often chased sleep from the loving heart of the foster father. Let our hearts linger for a moment on this strange mystery. But now what new light is this which inundates this most hallowed apartment? St. Joseph does not start; he who lives in the continual presence of his God, is not surprised by an angel's visit. In meek sub-

mission he receives the command of the heavenly messenger, and hastens to awaken the Mother and Child to set out on their long journey for far-off Egypt. Then again we see the arm of St. Joseph encircling his God when sharing with Mary the blessed weight of their precious burden, while they traverse the burning sands of the dreary desert. Again, when night had drawn its dark curtains over the glittering plains, we find Joseph watching over his sacred Charge. In Egypt, too, we find St. Joseph,—the guardian angel of Jesus and Mary, their protector, their guide, their sole protector, their earthly support. To those who reflect, as all my little children are doing now, how many happy, yet sad scenes must this long sojourn call to mind.—How much toil and want and fear must the holy Family have suffered in that wicked foreign land.—How painful to think that the gentle Child Jesus must bear all this, too; yet must there not have been a world of sweetness to Mary and Joseph in the very fact of sharing their sorrow with Him?—How high must have seemed the labor done for Him,—how trifling the pain endured in His presence, for, dear children, have we not also sometimes felt how sweet it is to suffer for Jesus? What a joy above all for Mary and Joseph to watch their adorable Son growing in grace and beauty beneath their eyes, to guide the steps of their Creator, to catch the first sweet accent of His adorable lips, to drink in the bliss of His loving smile, or receive His winning caresses, such as the Heart of Jesus alone would bestow! All these privileges, dear children, and oh so many more, were given to Joseph to share with Mary,—can we then fear to love Him so much? And now if we accompany the holy Family on their return to their native land, and linger in thought around the threshold of peaceful Nazareth, what countless scenes to which the sweet childhood of Jesus must naturally have given rise, will steal upon our hearts! Each one became more bright and beautiful in measure as the Divine Child "*Grew in stature and in grace, in favor with God and man.*" Yet in all those adorable pictures close to the forms of Jesus and Mary we find dear Saint Joseph.

Is it a wonder, then, that throughout all eternity not only all men, but the brightest angels in heaven also, will contemplate his blessed lot with a holy envy. We had proposed to take the Child Jesus for our teacher in our devotion to St. Joseph, yet in all I have said I have made the former but a passive picture without lending to His adorable lips a thousand beautiful things that He

might so naturally be supposed to pronounce in favor of his foster-father;—have I disappointed you in all this, dear children? I think not; for if you remember the most beautiful lessons that Jesus has deigned to teach us is contained in those deep words: “*I have given you an example; as I have done, do ye likewise.*” And when we see the loving *abandon* with which He makes Himself a helpless little Child to confide Himself more completely to his care,—when we see Him calling St. Joseph by the sweet name of Father, and winding His arms around his neck, in the touching familiarity of a loving Child, does not He seem to say, “*Little children, love St. Joseph as I love him; love him as your father, your protector, your guide.*”

I might have profited by this interview with my little friends, to tell you of the high virtues of this great Saint, but I think a picture of him with the Child Jesus in his arms, preaches more eloquently in his favor than all I could attempt to say. How poor, how humble, how holy must St. Joseph have been to treat so familiarly with Him who has said that it is to the humble alone He reveals Himself, and that He takes His delight in a pure heart.

And now, dear children, what are we going to do to please the Child Jesus and our dear Mother, by honoring St. Joseph in a particular manner, during this month? Many of you now accord, I doubt not, yet permit me to suggest a little practice I know will be very agreeable to him. Perhaps you have already the holy habit of repeating every day the Hail Joseph, his Memorare, and that beautiful little prayer, beginning, “Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I give you my heart.” But in case you should not know them, I will beg leave to slip them in some little odd corner of our dear AVE MARIA, on purpose for my little friends. I will also beg permission to join a little prayer, very famous in the annals of Saint Joseph, on account of the wonderful miracles of grace that have been wrought by it, which proves how dear it is to Saint Joseph’s heart. If, in your families, or school, the Month of Saint Joseph is made in public, of course you will assist at the exercises with the greatest attention; but should it be otherwise, why, you can make your own little Month, by saying, every day, those prayers I have mentioned, adding a decade, or even a chaplet of “Hail, Saint Joseph.” And then there is Saint Joseph’s great feast—on the 19th of March; you must not fail, dear children, to prepare yourselves for this great festival, by a fervent novena, for a great Saint,

and many others that are not great saints, have affirmed that never was any grace refused which was asked on this day. But the sweetest homage that you could pay to Saint Joseph, on this day, would be to receive Holy Communion in his honor; for then you would have the dear Child Jesus to offer to him once more, as Mary must so often have done. Then, dear children, I should like you all to have a picture of this great Saint, and what would be better still, one of his medals which you should always wear as a gage of your confidence, and of his protection. Perhaps you have neither medal nor picture at present! This is a great query, to be sure; but don’t you think that by being very good and docile for a whole week, your kind parents or teachers would give you one as a reward. What an acceptable proof of your devotion to good Saint Joseph such efforts on your part would be.

But now, dear children, I will say farewell, though my heart will often seek you during this month, at the altar of our dear protector. How many will be the prayers I will whisper there in your behalf; and for my part I will claim, every day, at least three “Hail Joseph’s” in my intention. You promise not to disappoint me? Thank you, dear children, and once more farewell.

DEVOTION TO SAINT JOSEPH.—That devotion to Saint Joseph is peculiarly pleasing to our Blessed Lady, we cannot for a moment doubt; in fact, those who have been most devout to her have been insensibly drawn on to a great devotion to Saint Joseph, and this in a way for which they could scarcely account. It has, indeed, seemed to some as if our Lady almost refused their requests, that they might apply to Saint Joseph’s intercession. In temporal matters, in cases of special temptations or perplexities, when the acquiring of an interior spirit has been the object, or when persons have need of peculiar direction, Saint Joseph has been found again and again to afford special and most speedy help. Indeed, our Blessed Lady has even condescended to desire her children to “go to Joseph” in their needs, as though she loved to share with him the power which she exercises over the loving Heart of Jesus. We read in the life of Saint Teresa that, in one of her visions, she was presented by our Immaculate Mother with a gem of inestimable value, as a reward for the fervor with which she endeavored to extend devotion to her Sponse; and to Saint Gertrude she showed the glory of his throne in heaven.

[*Flowers of Mary.*]

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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No. 11.

ANTHEMS, PRAYERS, AND HYMNS OF THE CHURCH TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BY THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.

VI.—THE CRIB OF BETHLEHEM—THE GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

What melody is that, which breaks upon the stillness of the night, and resounding through the upper air rivets our attention, and enchants our ear with its marvelous sweetness! It is that of an Angelic band intoning the GLORIA IN EXCELSIS, whose strains are at once taken up by the countless myriads of angels in the heavenly court, and are afterwards to be re-echoed by myriads of human voices throughout the earth! Earth is to unite with heaven in swelling the notes of that Anthem of praise, even to the end of time! "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST! ON EARTH, PEACE TO MEN OF GOOD WILL!"

It is not properly an Anthem to the Virgin; but it was first chanted by Angelic voices on occasion of an event in which she bore a most conspicuous part; which hailed her as the Mother of the great Man-God, who was to reconcile earth to heaven. He, her divine Son, was to give glory to God, by bringing to the foot of His throne, willing captives of divine love, hundreds of millions of a fallen race ransomed from the trammels of sin and death; and to give peace to men of good will, by reconciling them to themselves through their reconciliation with God. He was the First Born of the living, and the only Begotten Son by nature of His Father; but myriad others were to become His brothers by adoption, and through this sweet title, adoptive Sons of His eternal Father. Through Him they would thus become members of the Holy Family, like Christ Himself, having the heavenly Father for their Father, and like Him, looking up tenderly and lovingly to His earthly Mother as their own. This was the fountain-head of the Glory to God, and Peace

to men, proclaimed in the angelic Canticle of praise and exultation.

The scene of the great event, which called forth the Anthem, was laid in an obscure cavern, used as a stable, lying on the outskirts of Bethlehem, erewhile "the least among the cities of Juda." Thither, the Immaculate Virgin had repaired sorrowing, with her espoused husband and protector, Joseph, at the very crisis of her life, because there was no room for her in the crowded inns of Bethlehem. And here, in the mid-watches of the night, when all is hushed into silence, and darkness broods over the earth, her Son is born, wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger. Mary looks on, as only a Mother can look on her first-born; she idolizes Him in her heart of hearts, as her Child, and bending lowly in adoration, she worships Him as her God. Joseph tenderly and lovingly joins in the worship: all is silence and enraptured devotion, when suddenly the Gloria in Excelsis of the first Mid-night Mass is chanted by an Angelic choir, and the humble shepherds, keeping their night-watches in the neighborhood, hasten to swell the band of devout worshippers.

Who that has faith and a human heart in his bosom, would not wish to annihilate time and distance, and to unite himself to those first worshippers of the New-Born King of men and angels! Whose heart so cold, that it would not be melted with emotion on witnessing that spectacle! Who would not delight to honor and to love that peerless Mother, along with those poor, but select and most devoted worshippers! Who could look coldly on that mother, or begrudge her the luxury of her Mother's heart, swelling with emotion as she looked upon her New-Born Babe, and witnessed the reverent love for herself, which in that assemblage was blended with the lowly adoration of her Son! Who could have the heart to disparage that Mother now, or to think that whatever of reverence and love is given to her, is so much taken from her divine Son! Not so, surely, thought the shepherds; not so, surely, thought Joseph.

Not so certainly, thought the Wise Men from the East, who soon come hastening to the scene, under the guidance of that mysterious Star, bringing their rich offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. See, how they fall down and worship Him reclining in His manger, and smiling so sweetly upon them! See how they open their rich caskets and present their precious gifts! Does the Babe receive these with His own tiny hands? Do his lips fashion the words of gratitude and love which greet their offerings? He might have done all this, had he chosen to put off the voluntarily assumed weakness of infancy; but he does not; His silence and very helplessness are more elegant than any words. Besides, what needs He either hand or lips to receive gifts or give forth utterances? His Mother's hands and lips, as well as His Mother's heart, are all His own; what she says and does, He says and does; He needs no other appliance either for utterance or for action!

It is scarcely to be supposed, that the Shepherds and Wise Men were the only visitors to the Crib of Bethlehem. The former must have spoken of the marvelous angelic canticle, and of the angel's message to themselves, among their neighbors of Bethlehem; and the latter could scarcely have visited the court of Herod, and passed through Judea with their brilliant equipage, without exciting attention and awakening curiosity to the object of their journey. No doubt many hastened to that grotto, the most of them probably led by curiosity, others perhaps by envy or malice, but no doubt a few of them by more worthy and elevated motives.

And without any overstraining of the few simple facts contained in the Gospel record, we may well imagine, that along with the good and the simple-minded, there were found among the visitors, representatives of the principal Jewish sects of the day, of the Herodians, the Sadducees, and the Pharisees. Nor is it difficult to imagine their respective feelings, while they look casually or stare curiously at that Crib containing the New-Born King of the Jews; at that lowly Mother and humble foster-father, who hovered over it so lovingly.

The courtly Herodian sneers at the humble, and to him, contemptible surroundings of the Babe. Is this puny thing then, born in poverty and squalor, surrounded by the beasts of the field, the new *King* of whom we have heard so much? Is that lowly woman to be our queen regnant? A likely story truly, to strike terror into the minds of our

courtiers, to awaken the fears of our great King Herod! They accordingly hasten back with all their forebodings dissipated; but their guilty master is not so easily reassured. The Babe of Bethlehem, meantime, through angelic warning is removed from His Crib, and is carried into Egypt; while the cruel edict of extermination goeth forth, and the slaughtered babes of Bethlehem and its confines send forth their wails to heaven, as their young blood is poured forth in martyrdom for Him who had become a Babe to open heaven for them. The rude whirlwind of persecution sweeps away on its airy wings these tender rosebuds, bearing them aloft to the gardens of paradise, where they will bloom with undiminished fragrance and unfading luster for ever more!

The worldly and sensual Sadducee, whose idol is riches, whose "God is his belly," looks on the scene with ill disguised contempt; and he shudders at a spectacle, in which so much poverty is blended with so much hardship. He turns away, and will have none of the Babe or His Mother. The Pharisee looks on the scene with a steadier gaze, and more censorious and supercilious eye. So here, amidst darkness and rags, reposes in a manger the promised Messiah, who is to shake off the yoke that weighs so heavily on the necks of our people, and to lead us to prosperity and glory! And this poor peasant girl, whom these simple and deluded people, who know not the law of the prophets, are so earnestly engaged in reverencing, and almost worshiping, because she is His Mother, I see not what there is or can be in her to excite so much admiration, to win so much love! I will have none of them!

Shall we Christians imitate the worldly Herodian and Sadducee, and the supercilious Pharisee; or rather, shall we not catch up the spirit and follow the example of the humble shepherds, and the simple-minded, devout Wise Men from the East?

A. B.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE death of those children of Mary, who are faithful in honoring St. Joseph, is supremely calm and sweet. St. Teresa, speaking of the death of her first daughters, who were very devout to St. Joseph, says: "I observed in them, at the moment they were expiring, an unspeakable peace and tranquillity; one would have said that they entered into an ecstasy, or into a prayer of heavenly repose. Nothing exterior indicated that any temptation troubled the intimate peace which they enjoyed."—*Month of St. Joseph.*

For the AVE MARIA.

ADVENT OF THE PURIFICATION.

We see thee shrink from Gabriel's voice,
Unconscious of thy worth,
Yea, shrink e'en from celestial praise,
As lowliest of the earth.

Abased and humbled now we come,
This day to promise thee
HUMILITY, without whose shield,
No child of thine can be.

Humility of heart and mind,
Whose modest bashful mien,
In every act itself conceals,
And seeks ne'er to be seen.

Humility that numbers all,
As worthy love and praise,
Itself, alone, it deems unfit,
Its modest head to raise.

Humility, whose beauteous charm,
Drew grace into *thy* heart,
Without whose influence even *thou*,
Wouldst not be what *thou art*.

[We need scarcely remind the readers of the AVE MARIA that all the children of Mary begin on this day the novena preparatory to the Festival of the Annunciation.]

DEVOTION OF SEVEN SUNDAYS CONSECRATED TO HONOR THE SORROWS AND JOYS OF ST. JOSEPH.

We have thought it would gratify the readers of the AVE MARIA, to offer to their piety, during this month consecrated to Saint Joseph, a devotion in honor of the seven sorrows and joys of this great Saint. We feel, at the same time, that we cannot attain our aim in a more satisfactory manner, than by borrowing from Saint Joseph's admirable *Propagateur* the following pages we there find on this subject.

"It is in the joys that Providence procures us, and in the trials that He sends us, that we recognize our true friends: those who interest themselves sincerely in what regards us. This is why the holy Church invites us so often to honor the joyous as well as the sorrowful mysteries of Jesus, Mary and Joseph; and, in fact, when we sincerely love any one, we are equally touched by all that can rejoice or afflict our friend. It is thus that

the faithful clients of Saint Joseph have embraced with avidity the pious devotion of the seven Sundays consecrated to honor, in a particular manner, his sorrows and his joys.

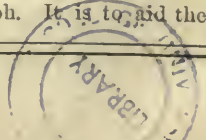
The Sovereign Pontiffs, who have so gloriously occupied the chair of Saint Peter during these latter ages, have enriched with precious indulgences this beautiful devotion, in order to induce the faithful to adopt it.

Thus we see, that by a concession made by his Holiness Gregory XVI, on the twenty-second of January 1836, an indulgence of three hundred days is granted, to whosoever recites, during seven consecutive Sundays, (left to the choice of the faithful), the prayers known under the name of the *seven joys and seven sorrows of Saint Joseph*; and on the seventh Sunday the indulgence is plenary. The holy Father, Pius IX, wishing, in his tender and ardent love for Mary, to spread throughout all nations the devotion to her chaste Spouse, has extended to the entire Church the solemnity of the Patronage of Saint Joseph, which falls on the third Sunday after Easter.

To animate in pious souls a new confidence in her who is invoked as the patron and model of a devout life, he has added new and very rich indulgences to those with which his predecessors had already enhanced the exercises in honor of this great Saint.

To the indulgences already attached to the devotion of the seven Sundays, the Pope, on the first February, 1847, accorded to each Sunday a plenary indulgence applicable to the souls in Purgatory; and on the twenty-second of March, of the same year, His Holiness extended these indulgences to all those, who, unable to read, or not possessing the prayers in question, recite, on these same Sundays, the Our Father, Hail Mary, and Glory be to the Father, etc., seven times, in fulfilling the usual conditions requisite for gaining a plenary indulgence, namely: Confession, Communion, and a few prayers for the wants of the universal Church. The zealous clients of St. Joseph have corresponded to this pious invitation of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, by embracing with eagerness the salutary practice of these seven Sundays consecrated to honor the glorious Spouse of Mary.

The signal graces that they have obtained, the numerous miracles which the Lord has been pleased to work in favor of those who have made them with confidence and piety, have contributed in these latter times, to extend the exercises in honor of Saint Joseph. It is to aid the cli-



ents of Saint Joseph, as much as it lies in our power, to acquit themselves of these holy exercises, that we now offer them these prayers, in order that addressing themselves to him with deeper love and fervor, they may obtain all that they demand in his name, for themselves, and for all those in whom they are interested, either in this world or in the next.

Although there is no epoch fixed for gaining the indulgences attached to this holy practice, we think, however, that a preference might be given to the Sundays preceding the festival for Saint Joseph, or to some particular circumstances, in which more abundant graces are required: such as to obtain the conversion of a sinner; to find out one's vocation; the success of an enterprise where the glory of God is at stake. It is necessary in order to gain the indulgences before mentioned, to recite these prayers during seven consecutive Sundays; if there be an interruption, even involuntary, all must be recommenced. It would be salutary to render, at least once a year, this tribute of love and gratitude to Saint Joseph, as a slight return for all the graces received from his charity. It will prove also, an excellent means of obtaining new graces through his patronage.

The following is a fact from most trustworthy authors, which shows how agreeable this precious exercise, in honor of Saint Joseph, is to him, and what graces it procures to those who make it with confidence and piety:

Two Fathers of the Franciscan Order were coasting the shores of Flanders, when there arose a frightful tempest, which swallowed up the vessel on which they had embarked, together with the three hundred passengers aboard. Divine Providence permitted that these two religious succeeded in laying hold of a spar of the vessel, to which they clung during three days, having continually before their eyes a watery grave, threatening at every moment to close over them.

Faithful children of Saint Joseph, full of confidence in his powerful protection, they recommended themselves to him as the help of the shipwrecked, and the star of the sea, to conduct them to port. Their prayers were heard: the storm abated, the air became serene, the turbulent sea grew calm, and hope found place once more in their hearts.

To crown their joy, there appeared a young man, full of grace and majesty, who, after having kindly saluted them, offered to serve them as a guide. They advanced then happily towards the port; the wind and the waves rendering obedi-

ence to him whom the Lord of the winds and the waves had once obeyed. Having regained the shore, the two religious threw themselves on their knees at the feet of their deliverer, whom they had taken for an angel sent them from heaven, and after having uttered their heartfelt thanksgivings, they besought him to disclose to them his name.

I am Joseph, replied their benefactor; if you desire to render yourselves agreeable to me, let not a single day pass without devoutly reciting seven times the Lord's Prayer, and the Angelic Salutation in memory of the seven sorrows with which my soul was afflicted, and the seven joys which inundated my heart, during my sojourn on earth in the company of Jesus and Mary. At these words he disappeared, leaving them penetrated with a deep joy, and glowing with a most sincere desire to honor and serve their amiable benefactor all the days of their life.

We find in this touching incident most powerful motives for admiring Saint Joseph's readiness to lend prompt assistance to those who invoke him. Faithful servants of Saint Joseph, who wish to render yourselves agreeable to your powerful protector, and serve him according to his desire, should you not prefer this practice to all those established in his honor, since he has himself declared in the most formal and authentic manner how agreeable it is to him!

Be persuaded that he says to you as to those privileged religious: I am Joseph, in whom you should place your entire confidence, since I have both the power and the will to assist you in all your wants. Jesus Christ, my Son by adoption, and the Blessed Virgin Mary, my chaste Spouse, will refuse me nothing that I ask in your favor; recall with love the memory of my sorrows and joys, and I promise that you will experience the salutary effects of my aid, in the midst of the storms of this life, where you are continually assailed by temptations and trials.

Accept then this promise, and be certain that the best means of participating in the favors of Saint Joseph is to take part in his sorrows and his joys by reciting the prayers approved and enriched with indulgences by the Sovereign Pontiffs. The sentiments which will fill your hearts in meditating on these mysteries will be one of the most acceptable tokens of love that you can render to St. Joseph, and be a pledge of his protection, during your life and at the hour of your death.

EXERCISE IN HONOR OF THE SEVEN SORROWS AND
THE SEVEN JOYS OF ST. JOSEPH.

I.

Chaste spouse of the holy Mother of God, by the sorrow with which thy heart was pierced at the thought of a cruel separation from Mary, and by the deep joy that thou didst feel when the angel revealed to thee the ineffable mystery of the Incarnation, obtain for me from Jesus by the heart of Mary, the grace of surmounting all anxiety which might trouble the repose of my soul, with that of drawing from the adorable heart of Jesus, the unspeakable peace of which He is the eternal source.—*Pater, Ave, Gloria Patri, etc.*

II.

Foster-Father of Jesus, by the bitter sadness which thy heart experienced in seeing the Child Jesus lying in a manger, and by the joy which thou didst feel in seeing the Wise Men recognize and adore Him as their God, obtain by thy prayers that my heart, purified by thy protection, may become a living crib, where the Saviour of the world may receive and bless my homage.—*Pater, Ave, Gloria Patri, etc.*

III.

O thou, to whom God confided His only Son, by the sorrow with which thy heart was pierced at the sight of the blood which flowed from the Infant Jesus, under the cruel knife of the circumcision, and by the joy that inundated thy soul at thy privilege of imposing the sacred and mysterious name of Jesus, obtain for me that the merits of this precious blood may be applied to my soul, and that this divine name may be engraved for ever in my heart.—*Pater, Ave, Gloria Patri, etc.*

IV.

August Minister and holy Confident of the Holy Ghost, by the cruel agony by which thy heart was torn when the Lord declared that the soul of Mary should be pierced with a sword of sorrow, and by the joy that thou didst afterwards experience when the holy Simeon added that the Divine Infant was to be the resurrection of many, obtain for me the grace to compassionate the sorrows of Mary, and have part in the salvation which Jesus brought on the earth.—*Pater, Ave, Gloria Patri, etc.*

V.

Glorious Ambassador of the Most Holy Trinity, by the extreme affliction laid upon thy heart, by the order to fly into Egypt, and by thy joy in seeing the idols overthrown at the arrival of the living God, grant that all impressions of sin being destroyed in my heart, the empire of my pas-

sions may be likewise annihilated.—*Pater, Ave, Gloria Patri, etc.*

VI.

Angel of the earth, glorious St. Joseph, who sawest with admiration the King of Heaven, submitted to thy orders, the consolation that thou didst experience in bringing him back from Egypt, was soon troubled by the fear of Archelaus. But reassured by the angel of the Lord, thou didst abide with joy at Nazareth in the company of Jesus and Mary; obtain for us by this joy and this sorrow, that disengaged from all fear, we may enjoy the peace of a good conscience, and may live in security, in union with Jesus and Mary, experiencing the effect of thy salutary assistance at the hour of our death.—*Pater, Ave, Gloria Patri.*

VII.

Faithful Coadjutor of the great council, by the bitter sorrow with which the loss of the Child Jesus crushed thy heart, and by the lively and holy joy which inundated thy soul in recovering thy treasure on entering the temple, I conjure thee not to permit me to lose for a moment my Saviour Jesus; yet should this misfortune befall me, grant that I may share thy eagerness in seeking Him, and obtain for me the grace to find Him again, never to lose Him more.—*Pater, Ave, Gloria Patri.*

THE WHITE FRIARS, OR, MARY AND
THE ORDER OF CITEAUX.

BY REV. ALEXIS RENOUX.

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[CONTINUED.]

Each had a voluminous breviary under his arm. This book of prayers is a collection of sheets of parchment, upon which had been copied, during the cloister-watches, from Lauds to Prime, on the grotesque table of the *calefactorium*, the Psalter of David, divided according to the prescription of the Rule, and also the Order of the offices of the year, of the feasts of the Saints, and, lastly, the common offices of the various classes of the Blessed: Apostles, Martyrs, Pontiffs, Confessors, and Virgins. The litanies and prayers peculiar to the house, completed the holy book. These pages of parchment were superbly illuminated; the naïf genius of the time had represented the subject of the festival, or some of the principal traits of the life of the saint whose office was placed on the page.

Some of the younger religious carried, also, the missals and manuscript copies of the Latin Fathers of Rome and Gaul; there were the conferences of the Blessed Cassian of Marseilles, the treatises of Vincent de Lerins, of Cæsarius of Arles, the dialogues of Saint Gregory the Great, and many others. Others carried wallets containing ornaments of the church, tapers, and priestly vestments, and provisions for the journey. The Prior had the most precious burden. On his shoulders he bore a heavy cross, which, with the holy rules, constituted his entire wealth. The book of rules he carried in a snow-white linen wallet resting upon his heart.

Our travelers were provided with another garment, to be used when required, perfectly clean, and carefully folded; it was a mantle—*cuculla*—which was used as a choir-habit, for the celebration of divine service, or for the chanting of the office. It was of the same color as the other garments. This mantle is the ancient toga of the Romans, preserved by Saint Benedict and his disciples through all the various modifications of dress which ages have brought about. This robe of ample folds is open only at the top. It has large sleeves, falling to the knees, in which the arms move at ease. The cowl of the tunic is brought from under the mantle, and falls on the back. When occasion requires, the cowl is drawn over the head. When so placed, it forms a sort of irregular triangle, the sides somewhat curved, and appears like a niche, in which is encased the visage of a future saint; the modesty with which the monk keeps his eyes fixed on the ground, in the attitude of a culprit condemned to death; the placidity of his countenance; the good humor of his visage, might help the illusion as to the nature of the man sheltered under that antique *coiffure*.

Let us, for a moment, contemplate these morning travelers. Their head is closely shaven, except a narrow circle, or crown, of hair. This symbolical ornament gives them an air of royal majesty. Beside the fact of many of them being of illustrious families, some, perhaps, of princely houses, they are all truly kings in one sense. In these barbarous times they have to conquer and tame vivacious and violent passions. They hold them subjugated under the yoke of mortification. They know how to govern their heart, their imagination, and their senses. Certainly, such an empire is worth that of the conqueror of nations, according to the words of the wise man: *Melius est qui dominetur sui quam expugnator urbium*. They

wear the beard long, descending to the breast; the old men with snow-white beards; others, with heavy beards turning gray; the younger ones with beards fair, and soft, and sparse. In front the old men walk, with feeble step, pushing aside the damp bushes of the route with their staff, the support of their old age. Their forehead is covered with wrinkles; the lines, which are the writing of years and of suffering, proclaim the combats and victories, the labors and macerations of these veterans of the Abbey. Their cheeks are dry and pale. On looking at two of the first in rank you would say that their faces resembled old parchment stretched over the bones. In the orbits of their eyes, sunken by age, shine, like a crystal lamp, beautiful eyes, limpid and bright. Their look has all the simplicity of the dove. There is still fire in the pupil of the eye—the holy fire that animates the soldiers of Christ and prompts them to seek the martyrdom of penance, or of blood. The expression on the countenance of the old men is slightly sad; or, rather, it is a mixture of sadness and calm joy. They were leaving a house which, naturally, they loved, as there they had passed the greater part of their monastic life; there they had suffered; there they had loved God; there they had received graces and favors from heaven.

There, their minds had been initiated in the mysteries, and their souls with Jesus. They were attached to those cloisters; to the gardens; to the graveyard, where many of their former companions were sleeping; to the oratory, which had seen their ecstatic contemplation, and where they had wept sweet tears of compunction. They sadly cast a backward glance upon the beautiful meadows, the vineyards cultivated by their hands, fertilized by the sweat of their brow, and upon the orchard, the trees of which they had planted. And, at their age, they were quitting the certain for the uncertain. They knew not whither they were going. Moreover, though their intention was good, their going forth from the monastery seemed irregular. It is not surprising, then, that the minds of those good Fathers were agitated, from time to time, by disquietude and irresolution. God, who inspires the best designs in the hearts of His elect, leaves them, sometimes, exposed to all the fluctuations of doubt, even when they are occupied in the execution of His adorable will. Besides, how perfect soever we suppose men to be; howsoever detached from the earth, yet, on account of the imperfections inherent to human nature, they all still have their little attachments to the things here below.

While they will quit friends, parents, native land, their riches, and possessions, they will preserve an affection for a trifle, for a mere nothing.

Saint Gregory says that the thing the most difficult for one to quit is one's self, one's soul, one's affections, one's memories.

On the other hand, it seemed to those worthy cenobites that, in going out from Molesmes, they were emigrating, like the Israelites, from the bondage of Egypt, towards the land promised to their desires and sighs. They feel themselves guided interiorly, like the Hebrews were, in a sensible manner, by the column of smoke. We shall soon know what was the cause of the different emotions that affected the souls of our pious travelers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOMAN, AS DEVELOPED IN THE CHURCH.

BY ARRIA.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTION.

The perfectibility of man, and the elevation of society, is the goal to which all science and philosophy tend. It is, then, not surprising that a great modern philosopher, in his celebrated classification of the sciences, should place sociology at the base, as the sum of all science, the unknown quantity taxing universal knowledge to decipher; yet sociology, as a science, cannot be said to exist, though there is a widely prevalent system of philosophy which is endeavoring to create it.

This philosophy, in its scope, embraces universal phenomena,—not only the known physical forces of nature, but the less obvious ones that go to form races and nations, and from which man, as an individual, is evolved. Time and labor will fail, as heretofore, in classing man as a purely material force, in blotting out the supernatural elements of his soul, his free will ignored, and he moving with fatal necessity in the great procession of forces we call life. Its projectors forget that man is a compound of mind and matter, and while physical causes may and do affect the latter, the spirit of man is not so determined; it acts through the material, in obedience to spiritual laws,—to supernatural powers. The soul, in its lowest estate, is conscious of invisible influences, which, though impalpable to eye or ear, are so subtle as to defy classification, yet they powerfully move the heart of man. Nature is reflected through the consciousness of each soul, as in a mirror, and is thrown back again in images bearing the seal of

its divine origin. It is also the tablet of the supernatural, and speaks to man with the authority of an oracle; sways him as a reed in the blast, and moves him to action. Here we strike the great problem of all philosophy—the origin of our knowledge: whether it is gained through the senses, or our Creator has implanted within our minds innate ideas corresponding to His own nature; the atmosphere necessary to the vibration of the divine harmonies. Revelation throughout the ages has confirmed, substantially, the school of philosophy recognizing this view. Great minds, from Plato down, have delighted in demonstrating the dual nature of humanity, and even with the natural eye piercing the shadowy veil that obscures it. But, opposed to this, is the huge body of heathendom, with its pantheistic theories of the universe,—confounding the Creator with creation,—not perceiving that the universe is united synthetically to God by the creative act.

Pantheism claims to ennoble man, in presenting a theory of the universe which is sublime; but it is the sublimity of despair; the suicide of the spirit. It destroys all moral consciousness, and contradicts every spontaneous aspiration of the soul for an individual and eternal state of being. This divine despair finds no point of repose; no window of hope through the endless years of eternity; the universe has become a phantasmagoric dream, forever changing into manifold forms, which are as quickly destroyed. Physical science, or Positivism, appeals to a more common order of intellect than poetical or dreamy Pantheism, which is especially attractive to the aspiring and imaginative mind, which it excites with images of grandeur, until man becomes, in his own conception, little less than a demi-God. Positivism, on the other hand, addresses itself to the elaborative faculties of the mind; deals only with phenomena; every thing is to be classified; and to foretell successive events, under certain previous conditions, is the utmost boundary of human knowledge. The higher aspirations of the soul, for truth, beauty and perfection; the irrepressible flights of imagination through starry worlds of space, are here denied fruition. The restless fever for knowledge, and for action, always circumscribed and bounded on earth, point to never-ending time and opportunity. The thirst for love, forever mocked by imperfection, satiety and death, looks forward with sustaining hope to a love reaching to the heights of possible conception, always a promise as well as a fruition. "dreams of superhuman beauty, reflected thr

the souls of poets and painters, and embodied in color and marble, have *never* had their real counterpart on earth. Nature, though constantly hinting or suggesting beauty, never presents it entire in itself. In her boundless magnificence she nowhere shows us the perfection and harmony of art, which is the especial work of the soul, subordinating the elements by which it is surrounded, to a supreme law of beauty, existing only in the soul. Hence the artist has been justly called a creator. These two systems of philosophy, in various forms, lie at the bottom of ancient and modern civilization. To trace them in detail is to give the history of the races and nations where they have prevailed. While one philosophy is subversive of the fundamental tenets of Christianity, the other is not obnoxious to it, and is, in some sense, an auxiliary, or, rather, a fore-runner of it.

Christianity has indeed a complete and sublime philosophy of its own—a *reason* for its faith, a foundation in nature, and grace for its morals. Society then, in its different aspects, is the fruit of philosophies or religions. The individual is the exponent of society, for its countless influences upon him, from the cradle up, have gone to make him what he is. Woman, more especially, is its final manifestation,—the flower, the fruit of all that has gone before, for she is the subtlest essence of its complicated forces. In the march of civilization she has been universally acknowledged as the *test*, as it were, of the *status* of a race or nation, for the condition of woman is the place which man assigns her.

Philosophers have written folios to settle the proper position of woman in society, but strangely enough she follows man as his shadow, and rises and falls with his specific gravity. In Christian communities she wields a leading influence, for there the moral nature of man is elevated, and in harmony with her own. At this stage the Blessed Virgin is the *ideal* of man and woman. The philosophers we have briefly sketched, may be supposed, by superficial observers, to have exhausted themselves, but they contend to-day throughout the globe, with Christianity. The struggle is not ended; and were it not for the promise of the Most High, we should almost fear their dark cohorts would yet overpower the sons of light. But in reviewing the past we take courage, for when we reflect upon the obstacles Christianity has already overcome in political and social life, the characters it has formed, the souls it has developed, we believe that if Christians are

true to their cause, it must yet triumph gloriously. For is not the history of the Church the history of the family, of the state; in short, of civilization?

From these general principles we have, in fact, but to deal with one, yet that one the last result of a long series of equations. We do not propose to analyze social theories or philosophies, but to show, from past facts, the power of Christianity as manifested in the character of woman. While mythology has in harmony with nature exalted the feminine element, for its highest, purest deities were women, yet how low and degraded her position during its reign. Modern philosophies have placed her in a commanding position, for St. Simon, Fourier, and even the great originator of Positivism have put her at the head of all regenerating movements. Comte canonizes the good woman, and permits her to be prayed to after death. St. Simon placed her at the summit of his complex social hierarchy as the "Supreme Mother." We state these facts to show that science, literature, and philosophy recognize her as the key-stone of the social arch, and yet under *their* influence she occupies a degraded position. In the Catholic Church alone woman has found her true sphere under the shadow of the cross,—her immortal destiny; for we can show that no character in Eastern story, in Greek tragedy, or Roman verse, can compare in any real element of greatness with the Christian wife, mother or consecrated maiden. We accept, then, the scientific axiom that she is the *test* of civilization, and let our argument for the Church, as the highest civilizing agent, rise or fall with her. We will select persons of similar temperaments and talents, and demonstrate, through their lives, the value and influence of their characters for good or evil, upon the family or society. We need draw no fancy pictures, but let facts, faithfully exhibited, speak for themselves. We shall thus demonstrate that the Christian religion has, through its influence, elevated man; and for the first time in the roll of ages, placed woman upon the moral and spiritual pedestal her Creator designed her to occupy, as conclusively shown by all the analogies of nature, confirmed by grace. Woman is not only the acknowledged key-stone of the social arch, but she has a profound theological value. She stands at the head of *both* dispensations. After Eve's disobedience the curse laid upon her was in being placed under the dominion of man, showing, by implication, that she was previously either his superior, or his equal, to say the least. Mary came to repair Eve's fault and restore woman to

her spiritual superiority, for does not the Blessed Virgin stand at the head of all created intelligences, the Queen of hierarchies, of angels, and of man? Is she not the eternal model of physical and spiritual beauty; and thus, through all ages, the inspired dream of art? When she was first presented, through revelation, to the knowledge and worship of man, a thrill of recognition at once revealed her as their soul's type of perfection, elsewhere vainly sought for.

Raphael, without ever having seen, with bodily eye, the Blessed Virgin, could paint her to the satisfaction and delight of innumerable multitudes. Why could he thus paint her?—Because he had but to look with the eye of faith into his own soul, and there, mirrored upon the altar of its innermost shrine, her divine lineaments beamed upon him, and he was enabled, by his transcendent genius, to embody in living colors, the universal ideal of all religious souls.

The Blessed Virgin is, then, the type of all possible womanly perfection,—the ideal towards whom every Christian woman aspires. As a maid, she sets an example of the highest renunciation,—that of resigning all hope of becoming the mother of the promised Messiah, rather than sacrifice her virginity, already consecrated to God in the temple. As a mother, she consents to the most terrible torture, that Jesus might die for sinful men. Self-sacrifice is stamped upon every recorded act of her life, and her unequalled humility was the foundation of all her greatness. She renounced all, and by it gained the highest place in Heaven, as the Mother of God manifest in the flesh. "Graces have been various in the saints," says the Apostle, each of them in correspondence with grace received, excelled in some virtue. One labored for the salvation of souls, the other led a penitential life; this one a contemplative life, that one braved torments; their glory in Heaven differs according to their merits. The Apostles are distinguished from the martyrs, the confessors from the virgins, the innocents from the penitents. The Blessed Virgin having been filled with all graces, was also more elevated in all sorts of virtues than each saint in particular; she taught the Apostles and was the queen of martyrs, since she suffered more than they; she was the first of virgins, the model of married persons; she had perfect innocence united with perfect mortification; in a word, she possessed *all virtues*."

Thus we see that the glory of Mary surpasses all created intelligences, and is eclipsed only by

her Divine Son. She reigns by His side, and is, through Him, the most powerful channel of grace. We quote this admirable summing up of the Blessed Virgin's virtues and graces as the standard of comparison by which the characters of the Christian women we intend to portray, shall be judged. Great as they were, not one will possess all these virtues in relation, but will approximate more or less thereto. Such is the privilege of the saints.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FIRST DOLOB:

The Prophecy of Simeon.

To be the mother of her Lord—

What means it? This, a bleeding heart?
The pang that woke at Simeon's word
Worked inward, never to depart.

The dreadful might of Sin she knew
As Innocence alone can know.
O'er her its deadliest gloom it threw
As shades lie darkest on the snow.

Yet o'er her Sorrow's depth no storm
Of earth's rebellious passion rolled:
So sleeps some lake no gusts deform
High on the dark hills' craggy fold.

In that still glass the unmeasured cliff,
With all its scars and clouds is shown:
And, mellowed in that Mother's grief,
At times, O Christ, we catch Thine own!

—Aubrey De Vere.

OUR LADY OF THE CHAINS.

A Legend of the Fourteenth Century.

[Translated from the French of L. D'Appilly.]

[CONTINUED.]

The last child of Francesco was —; it was Cecilia.

Such was the information which Borbero had obtained by the enquiries he had secretly set on foot. He hesitated for a moment to continue the prosecution. But the riches of the Ribelli were a powerful bait; he summoned their servants.

The first who was interrogated was an old man of seventy years, almost entirely bald. He said that he was named Giacomo and that his employment was to guard the door.

"How long have you been in the service of the Zibelli?"

"Since I came into the world; my father was their porter before me, and at his death I inherited his place."

"That is in one word giving the panegyric of your whole life. The habits and manners of these young folks are well known to you, and they doubtless impart to you the knowledge of many mysteries, which they hide from servants of less approved zeal."

"Certainly. I saw them born, and they have given me a thousand proofs of confidence and good-will."

"I thought so; and it is for that reason I had you sent for; I am certain beforehand that you will answer my questions with entire sincerity. To lie to justice is a crime which the laws punish without pity; you would not sully the reputation which sixty years of irreproachable honesty have earned for you; besides, it is an illusion to hope to deceive us: it is so easy for us to verify declarations, that we always arrive at the truth, no matter in what forms it is disguised."

"Holy Madonna! can these good young people be accused of a crime? It is an infamous calumny!"

"Truth is the surest means to make their innocence evident.—Francesco Zibelli left four children; the youngest daughter, and the eldest son dwell no longer with their brothers?"

"Pardon me, my lord: the young lady alone has left the house."

"Has not Joseph an extensive warehouse on the quays?"

"Yes, my lord: but he returns every evening after the sales are finished."

"However, he did not return the night before last; try to recollect."

"The night before last?—It was the festival of his wife: he would not have failed to come to supper."

"Take care! your affirmation is contradicted by all the neighbors, who have borne witness that the festival did not take place."

"I can swear it to your lordship. It is true that Signor Joseph arrived during the night:—the neighbors, perhaps, did not observe him."

"This explanation will be admitted with difficulty. In this season of the year, daylight lasts until very late."

"It is for that reason, no doubt, that Signor Joseph found himself detained so long at the warehouse. I was sleeping in my chair, I remember very well opening the door to him."

"What time was it?"

"I cannot determine exactly—it seems to me that it was near midnight."

"Was he alone?"

"Absolutely alone. It would have been impossible that he should have been accompanied by any one without my remarking it."

"What dress did he wear?"

"The ordinary dress that he wears in his store."

"Did he have sword or dagger?"

"Neither. He is not a nobleman, like Signor Robert; he goes always unarmed."

"He is very imprudent to venture out without defence at such a late hour, in a city full of vagabonds."

"I never saw him with arms. Nevertheless, he might carry them under his cloak."

Borbero, at this avowal, let a gesture of a satisfaction escape him, unperceived by James, and made a sign to his secretary, who hastened to write in an affirmative style:

"He carried arms concealed under his cloak."

"How did he call to you?" began Borbero again.

"He does not call to me; I know his step and his manner of knocking."

"He passed you by without addressing you, after letting you wait for him so long? That is not the manner of a polite man. Courtesy would demand that he should excuse himself."

"Signor Joseph is of a prudence above his age, and he always speaks but little."

"He was perhaps engaged in thought?"

"He might have been in haste to rejoin his brothers and his wife."

"Ah! he was in haste to get in. Does he often oblige you to stop up late to receive him?"

"Never; I suppose there must have been very pressing business, to keep him so late that night."

"What time was it?"

"I cannot say; I had just waked, and my eyes were still scarcely open."

"Did you hold a lamp in your hand?"

"The corridor and door are familiar to me; I have no need to see."

"You might have let in some robbers?"

"When I do not recognize the sound of the knocker, I assure myself through the wicket whether he that knocks is of respectable appearance."

"Do they say you have a hard and ungrateful master?"

"Oh! no; only he has many cares. Commerce, the management of the property, every thing rests upon his shoulders. It is not astonishing that he laughs but little, particularly since the misfortune happened to the young lady."

"That is natural; that affront must have embittered his character, for it is above all upon him that it falls; he would have been very cowardly if he had not resented such an outrage. Others in his place would not have stopped at sighing."

"My master, young as he is, has great experience; he knows that in striving against the powerful, the weak are always broken."

"Do you seriously think, between ourselves, that he was ignorant of his sister's conduct, up to the day when she so shamefully published the scandal of her irregularities. There are people who, at the time, suspected him of complicity."

"Him, my lord?"

"Eh! eh! for a mercantile establishment, the protection of a minister is sometimes worth a little sacrifice?"

"How wicked the world is now-a-days! Signor Joseph has forbidden the young lady's name to be pronounced in his presence."

"And how have his brothers received this prohibition?"

"They respect it, they would not displease their brother: they have been too well brought up for that."

"So Joseph's authority is almost absolute, and they would obey blindly whatever they were told to do?"

"He would not ask them to do any thing criminal."

"They would not fail to lend him their aid in a difficult and dangerous undertaking?"

"They would not leave their brother in danger, if they could free him from it."

"If one of them was found guilty, then, they would not abandon him, as they have their sister?"

"They did not abandon her—it was she who ran away."

"So you think that nothing would be too much for them to save their brother. And did they not strive to recall Cecilia to the path of honor?"

"I do not know; these gentlemen do not render me an account of all their actions."

"How have they transmitted to her, her portion of the paternal heritage?"

"She has not received it. Signor Joseph has it administered for her, and will restore it with all the profits when she comes to claim it."

"Very good. At what time did the other two brothers return, the same night?"

"Signor Robert had been attending a royal hunt. I saw him enter towards evening, and he did not again go out. As for Angelo, he had

been in the house since his return from the schools."

"The door was then opened without your knowledge, or in your absence?"

"I had not left my post since nightfall."

"You impose upon justice! We shall take a note of that."

"I assure your lordship that I speak the truth; I will take an oath of it on the Holy Gospel."

"We are acquainted with the people with whom Angelo was in company that very night."

"That cannot be! No, on my eternal salvation! He did not go out again, I should have perceived it. These people are mistaken."

"We will confront you with witnesses. Are the walls very high? He is young: could he not have climbed them? For the attestations are positive."

"The walls of the garden, perhaps. But in the garden there is a postern, which is not guarded, because it is never used."

"How is it fastened?"

"With an iron key, of which the handle is a cross."

"Is the key in your lodge?"

"No, my lord; it should be in the apartment of Signor Joseph, since the time he has occupied that of his father, my late master."

"That is well! justice will appreciate your declarations. But until the truth comes to light, you cannot return to the house of the Zibelli. You must remain with me."

"I conjure your lordship not to afflict these young gentlemen. Every body loves and esteems them, and I will guarantee their innocence."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOTICE OF PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF CATHARINE McAULEY, Foundress and first Superior of the Institute of Religious Sisters of Mercy. By a member of the Order of Mercy; New York: D. and J. Sadlier & Co.

"Thirty thousand pounds in the Bank of Ireland, six hundred a year in perpetuity, Coolock House, with its appendages, jewels, plate, etc,—the exact value of which Catharine herself never ascertained, and several policies of life insurance, were the principal items of Catharine's fortune." This item, which commences the Ninth Chapter in the charming work just issued from the press of Messrs. Sadlier, in the goodly inheritance of Miss McAuley, bears an analogy to the graceful wit, and touches of deep pathos, which we find in this admirably written biography; and in the same manner as the heiress of Coolock House was in life

a welcome guest in the halls of fashion; so also do we predict that the jewels of natural wit and pathos which adorn her written life, will make it a welcome visitor, on fashionable tables, where *religious works are so seldom met*,—where, perchance, this mingling of the tear and the sigh so characteristic of Erin may awaken many a noble soul to the reality of possessing immortal faculties that can never be satisfied save in God alone.

In a literary point of view,—as a charming biography, this work may well take a place by the side of Boswell's life of Johnson, just as Miss McAuley, in a worldly point of view, held an eminent position among the wealthy and titled in Dublin. We love the work for these qualities as we love Catherine McAuley, "well fitted as she was by nature, to take what is called a high place in society, and with all her talents finely developed by careful culture," "when whirled along by a handsome carriage and four, the heiress of youth, beauty, fortune, and rare ability,"—but we love it immeasurably more when it gives us the same character transformed into "the poor nun in her ill-furnished cell, with her broken wrist and lonely nights all unattended; where we plainly see the ennobling grace of God in the only complaint which escaped her, as the death cough seized her and made her nights so painful. "I so disturb the poor Sisters." When we find her indeed "a chosen medium of salvation, applying mercy to so many in religion, and out of it;" when "we find her graces equal to her mission, and read of over three thousand religious ladies attracted by her spirit, uniting in the Order of Mercy which she established; now ministering to want, and laboring to redeem ignorance in almost every quarter of the globe, then this work takes a bright place among the biographies of God's chosen ones, and we value it at a price above aught the world can pay.

To the Mother of God under her consoling title Our Lady of Mercy, Miss McAuley dedicated her congregation of co-laborers, and her biographer tells us that "she was never weary of extolling her who, next to Jesus, is the most perfect model of every virtue. All religious persons, she would say, ought to make known her virtues and power wherever they have influence, but we, who are her own chosen children, who bear her name and that of her sweetest attribute, MERCY, we are specially bound to love and honor her." "She appointed the Rosary and office to be daily recited in honor of Mary, and novenas to be of-

fered with much solemnity before her feasts, especially the Feast of our Lady of Mercy. She urged the Sisters to cultivate among the poor a great devotion to the Mother of God,—a devotion which she said would lead them back to Him even if they should have the misfortune to wander for a time. Indeed she was often touched with the great devotion the poor evinced towards the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Son and the Mother are never separated on their lips, and in the south and west of Ireland the poor peasant or co-laborer frequently dies murmuring in his expressive Gaelic, 'O Holy Mother!'"

"She had also great devotion for Saint Joseph, the foster father of Jesus and spouse of Mary."

The pious and gifted author of this life, true to the teaching of her spiritual mother, affectionately dedicates her work "to Mary, the bright rose of charity, the spotless lily of purity, the fragrant violet of humility, the glorious exemplar of religious perfection, the Mother of Mercy, the Mother of God." As the work commends itself by a double claim to the attention of every Catholic; first, as the life of one of the brightest ornaments of the Church in the present century; secondly, as a special work of mercy, the proceeds of its sale being devoted in advance to a work of a purely charitable nature, we trust every reader of the AVE MARIA will procure a copy, and we cordially hope that one of the collateral good effects produced by the written life of "Mother Catherine," will raise a sum for the present Works of Mercy in our midst, somewhat similar to the fortune that the heiress of Coolock vested in her first house of Mercy.

Additional Stanzas for Music on Opposite Page.

O gentle, chaste, and spotless Maid,
We sinners make our prayers through thee;
Remind thy Son that He has paid
The price of our iniquity.
Virgin most pure, Star of the Sea,
Pray for the sinner, pray for me.

Sojourners in this vale of tears,
To thee, blest Advocate, we cry;
Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,
And soothe with hope our misery.
Refuge in grief, Star of the Sea,
Pray for the mourner, pray for me.

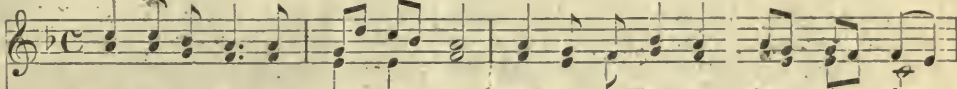
And while to Him who reigns above,
In Godhead One, in Persons Three,
The Source of life, of grace, of love,
Homage we pay on bended knee;
Do thou, bright Queen, Star of the Sea,
Pray for thy children, pray for me.

Gail, Queen of Heaven.

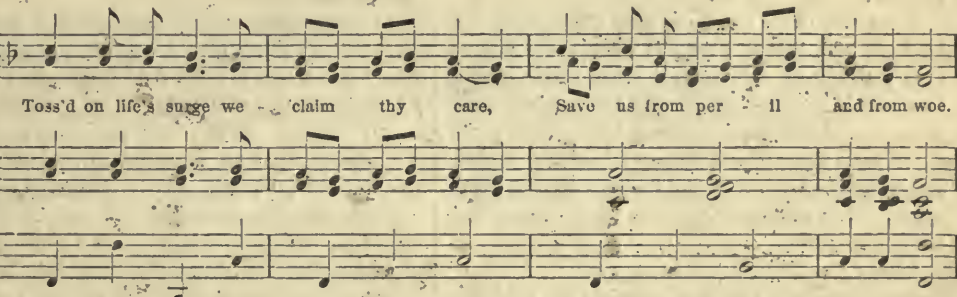
ARRANGED BY PROF. M. E. GIRAC.

DUET.

Treble Alto.



Hail, Queen of Heav'n, the O - cean Star, Guide of the Wand' rer. here be - low.



Toss'd on life's surge we - claim thy care, Save us from per - il and from woe.

CHORUS.

Soprano.




Moth - er of Christ, Star of the Sea, Pray for the wand' rer, pray for me. A - men.

Alto.



Moth - er of Christ, Star of the Sea, Pray for the wand' rer, pray for me. A - men.

Tenor.




Moth - er of Christ, Star of the Sea, Pray for the wand' rer, pray for me. A - men.

Bass.



Moth - er of Christ, Star of the Sea, Pray for the wand' rer, pray for me. A - men.



Moth - er of Christ, Star of the Sea, Pray for the wand' rer, pray for me. A - men.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

LITTLE JOSEY.

CHAPTER I.—ON THE DOOR-STEP.

Two little children without father or mother, two little children all alone in the wide world, one cold winter night, lost in the street of a big city,—without friends, without home, without even a crust of bread to eat,—frightened at the sight of the wide street and strange faces that surrounded them, shivering with the cold, hungry and tired they wearily plodded on they knew not where, while the big tears filled their eyes and rolled down their cheeks. Dear Lord, take pity on poor children who have neither father or mother!

Peter was the name of the elder, and the younger was called Joseph. Poor little Josey! only eight years old, and all alone in the world. But no, not entirely alone; his brother was with him, his strong good brother Peter, four years older than little Josey, whom he partly carried and partly led along on the frozen slippery pavement, trying to keep his spirits up by brave and consoling words.

"Josey," said Peter, "lean on me."

Ah, if you had seen how tenderly he held his weary little brother, you would not have said that Josey was all alone in the world. "Don't cry, Josey; our dear Lord won't forget us." And then if you had seen how gently he wiped the tears from the cold face of his sorrowful little brother, you would have felt like crying yourself.

Peter was also very tired, and his heart felt sad and sore, but he tried to walk very straight, to hide his weariness; and when the big tears would come into his eyes, he turned aside his head to conceal them and hastily wiped them away with the sleeve of his old jacket. Dear Lord, take pity on poor little children who have no father or mother!

Far away, miles and miles from the big city, Peter and Josey had lived with their parents. Very poor but very happy were they all, in their little log cabin, until death entered its door. First the father died and then the mother, so the poor little boys were left orphans.

They had an uncle, who for many years lived in a distant city, where it was said he gained a pretty comfortable living at the carpenter's trade. Some good neighbors wrote to him about his

nephews, and he answered, requesting them to send Peter and Josey to him. So the neighbors sold the few articles of poor furniture that they found in the cabin, the old clothes of the mother and father,—and with the money of the sale to pay their way, Peter and little Josey started on their journey to find their uncle in the big city.

They cried bitterly as they took their last look at the old log house, and turned into the graveyard to say a prayer beside the fresh-made graves of their dear father and mother. But theirs was the joyous age when, happily, the dark shades of sorrow are quickly succeeded by the bright smiles of youth; so that as they journeyed on, Peter carrying the little bundle containing all their wardrobe, which you may readily believe was not heavy enough to make him very tired, they soon recovered the gaiety and light-heartedness belonging to their years.

At length they reached the crowded thoroughfares of the great city where their uncle lived. Little Josey was a good deal frightened at first by all the crowd and noise, so he kept very close to his brother. Peter had his uncle's address. After some time he mustered up courage to ask some of the people who were hurrying past him to show him the street; but no one paid much attention to him, until a kind-hearted Irish woman seeing his distress, came to his assistance.

When they reached their uncle's boarding-house it seemed that the poor children's trials had just commenced, for a week before their arrival their uncle had fallen from the roof of a house and was killed. Poor children, what now were they to do?

I told you that Peter's bundle of clothes was very light; but their purse was still lighter, containing only a few coppers. Orphans indeed, what now was to become of them? Dear Lord, take pity on poor little children who have no friends in this world!

It was one of those rare days of winter when the rays of the sun seem almost warm; every thing in the city looked gay and happy; the military companies paraded the streets in their bright uniforms, their brilliant flags floating in the breeze, and their enlivening strains of martial music captivating the hearts of hundreds of little boys. Peter and Josey could not resist the enchantment: they joined in the crowd of excited little boys, and buying some apples with their last cent, for the time being, they seemed to forget how all alone they were in the wide world.

But now, the soldiers are all gone. The little

orphans have eaten their apples—their purse is empty; the weather has changed; the snow and sleet fall steadily upon the deserted streets, and the dark shades of night close around them; they are cold, hungry and frightened. Dear Lord, take pity on the poor little children who have no friends in this world!

Heavily tramped those tired little feet through the long street. At last they could go no farther. Worn out with fatigue, they seated themselves upon the steps of a grand-looking house, from whose windows the bright light gleamed warm and bright.

"Oh, I am so hungry," said little Josey.

Peter held out his hand to a passer-by: "Sir, my little brother is very hungry; for the love of the good Jesus give me something for him."

The man threw him a cent. Peter ran to a baker's across the street, and soon returned with a bit of bread which he gave his brother.

"Have you none for yourself, Peter?" said Josey.

"Oh no," replied the brave boy; "I don't want any; I am not hungry."

"Oh my! I am so cold and so sleepy," continued Josey.

Peter opened his little bundle, and with the poor contents made a bed upon the step. "There now, Josey," said he, "lie down, and rest your head upon my knees." Then he covered him as best he could.

"But what will you do, Peter?" said Josey. "I am sure you are cold too, and you must be very sleepy."

"No, no," said the brave Peter, "I am neither cold nor sleepy."

Little Josey was soon fast asleep, and in his dreams he murmured "Oh, mother, mother, I am so very cold." Then Peter took off his own poor coat, and spread it over his little brother. Ah, if you had seen him shivering in the cold north wind, and with his frost-bitten hands trying to warm those of his little brother, you could scarcely have restrained your own tears.

CHAPTER II.—THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

It was Christmas eve. In the grand house on whose steps Peter and Josey were freezing in the cold, all was joy and mirth. A happy group of children stood around the gaily illuminated Christmas tree. I am sure you never, even in your own houses, saw a more beautiful one. There were bright little lamps of every hue—red,

blue, green and yellow—hanging from its green boughs; gay-colored ribands interlaced the branches, and turned around some new treasure: here it was a magnificently dressed doll and there a drum, now a horse and then a carriage. Sugar fruit of every variety and candy ornaments of every description loaded the tree. Around its trunk was clustered a farm and all its appurtenances; gilt-edged books full of bright pictures and a regiment of wooden soldiers. Never did the most imaginative of the children, not even little Willie, who often had wonderful day-dreams, ever imagine such a tree as that! The children were in an ecstasy of delight, and their parents shared their joy. The grandmother—who had come from Germany, the country where Christmas trees first came into fashion—declared that in Nuremberg itself, where all the most wonderful things were made, she had never seen such a splendid tree.

And now the gifts were all distributed. Willie was particularly delighted with his books—above all, the one that was full of poetry; Mary's heart rejoiced with maternal pride over her new doll, and no commander of a victorious army ever regarded his tried veterans with more exultant pride than Johnny regarded his wooden soldiers.

"When I grow up to be a man," he exclaimed, with an enthusiasm that made his voice ring through the room, "I mean to get a crowd of soldiers, and go to Palestine to fight the Turks."

A merry laugh from Willie and Tommie made Johnny turn very red in the face. He knew he must have committed some blunder, so he hurried to repair it.

"Now, Tom, you needn't laugh; for I didn't mean turkies what we eat, but Turkies that fight the Christians!"

Here the merriment, which became even more boisterous on hearing Johnnie's line of distinction between turkies and Turkies, was interrupted by Willie saying "Oh! mother, do let me read you this beautiful poetry in my new book, all about the dear little Infant Jesus:

At last Thou art come, little Stranger,
And Thine Angels fill midnight with song;
Thou hast come to us, gentle Creator,
Whom Thy creatures have sighed for so long:
Thou art come to Thy beautiful Mother,
She hath looked on Thy marvelous face;
Thou art come to us, Maker of Mary—
And she was Thy channel of grace.

Thou hast brought with Thee plentiful pardon,
And our souls o'erflow with delight;
Our hearts are half broken, dear Jesus,
With the joy of this wonderful night.

Thou wilt stay with us, Master and Maker,
Thou wilt stay with us now evermore;
We will play with Thee, beautiful Brother,
On Eternity's jubilant shore."

"Mother—mother," said little Mary, as Willie concluded, "do you know that Willie can write poetry too?"

Willie blushed, as Mary growing very animated continued—

"Why, you know when you had me such a nice bed fixed up all for myself, he said that it looked so pretty, with its soft white pillows, that he could just make some poetry about it; and, what's more—that he was going to do it. So he sat down and wrote it off, and I learnt it all by heart;—and oh, it's beautiful!" exclaimed the now quite excited Mary.

"Can't you repeat it now, Mary?" said Tommie, looking rather comical.

"Yes," said Mary. "But, it isn't poetry to laugh at!" and in a sweet voice she continued—

"Dear little pillow, so soft and so white,
Made by mother to keep her pet warm;
While sweetly I sleep on my pillow of down,
I fear not the wild wolf nor cold winter storm.

Many poor children are wanderers to-night,
Sleepy, and nowhere to rest their poor heads;
No mother to love them, and rock them to sleep
On soft downy pillows, in warm cosy beds.

Jesus, dear Jesus! in pity look down;

Give the poor little wanderers something to eat;
A warm house to shelter and keep them from
harm,

And a soft downy pillow to soothe them to
sleep."

Poor Willie's face became very red. As Mary finished, he felt that it did not sound, somehow, like the poetry he had read. But Mary's voice was so sweet, and she spoke with such genuine feeling, that even their parents were touched by Willie's rude rhyming.

"Oh, Mary!" said Willie, with a quivering lip, "I did not think you would have said them. Now every body will just laugh at me for making bad verses!"

"No need to be discouraged, my boy," said his father, as he caught sight of Willie's tearful eye. "The verses are not so bad, after all, for a little boy only ten years old, and the sentiment does justice to your heart. Now, say your prayers; and before falling to sleep in your own warm bed, pray the sweet Infant Jesus to shelter all poor little wanderers to night."

Mary still continued a firm admirer of Willie's

poetry, and as she sank to sleep she murmured—

"A warm house to shelter and keep them all warm,
And a soft downy pillow to soothe them to sleep,"
And the Infant Jesus heard Mary's prayer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHO IS DEATH?

"Who is Death?" inquired little Annie of an older sister, as her eyes thoughtfully rested on the image of Death attached to the crucifix. "Who is Death?"

Her sister was silent, not knowing how to reply. What is Death, and what is it to die, were questions more easily answered; but *who* is Death, was more difficult, and little Annie was quite too intelligent a child to be satisfied with an answer that would have satisfied ordinary children, by picturing to their minds some fearful representations. Nor was it her sister's wish to render the thought of death painful and terrifying to this innocent child. Death, to many, bears with its fears and terrors that need not be heightened by extravagant pictures, exciting phantoms portrayed to the imagination. Yet, Annie's question must be answered, and her sister had recourse to evasion, inquiring of the child, her thoughts on the subject.

"Tell me Annie" she said, "what you think about it;—*who* is Death?"

Little Annie was thoughtful for a few moments, and then replied: "Why, death is every body."

"Death is every body," repeated her sister. "I do not understand you; explain yourself, Annie."

"Don't you know," said the child, "we have all got to die, and when we are dead, we will *all* be Death. Now, isn't Death every body?"

The sister acquiesced, and was obliged to acknowledge herself instructed by a child many years her junior, and at the same time learned a lesson useful for all to know, that if in reality we ourselves are Death, as little Annie thus expressed it, our life should be conformable to our name and condition. The vanities of the world, its deceitful joys, its fleeting pleasures, should not occupy us, nor claim our attention *now* any more than when in the cold embrace of Death, we shall be extended on the icy bier. Heaven alone, should be our aim, ever remembering that we are hastening on our journey to Eternity, and that each moment of time, advances us to the end of our sojourn here, to *that* Eternity, whether, happy or miserable, to which the path we have trodden on earth will lead.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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No. 12.

ANTHEMS, PRAYERS, AND HYMNS OF THE CHURCH TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BY THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.

VII.—THE ANGELUS.

Something more than a quarter of a century ago, I was walking on the Corso, in Rome, near the Piazza di Spagna, where two beautiful twin churches sacred to the Virgin flank the entrance into this great thoroughfare of the Eternal City. I was a stranger, and as a new man was prepared to receive new impressions. Every thing naturally attracted my attention. All was life and gaiety. The street and the Piazza were crowded with people making their way to and from the Pincian Mount, which overlooks the grand northern entrance into Rome. The old and the young, the grave and the thoughtless, were there, taking their afternoon promenade. The sun had already sunk to his rest, and though the day had been more than usually sultry for the season, the evening was cool and balmy; and the breeze which had sprung up, laden with the perfume of flowers, was most grateful and refreshing. The throng of promenaders moved gaily along, yet with the decorum and gravity which so well become, and are so gracefully worn by the descendants of the ancient Romans. The young laughed, the old smiled, and the hum of conversation was continuous and apparently ceaseless.

But lo! a change soon came over the scene! The bells of the twin churches of the Virgin, and along with them those of the other three hundred and sixty-three churches of Rome—which city reckons a church for each day in the year—rang out simultaneously their heavy but harmonious peals, each of them first giving forth three solemn strokes, and then pausing; after which came three more, and again three more, each followed by its appropriate pause; finally, there came from hundreds of bells a prolonged succession of simultaneous

strokes, when all ceased together. Never in my life before had I been so impressed with the music of the bells. They all chimed together, and they seemed to understand one another. The people certainly understood what they said; for never before did I witness such a change as now came over that busy, and joyous throng. The hum of voices suddenly ceased. All were at once hushed into solemn and significant silence, the men reverently taking off their hats, and the women and maidens gracefully bowing their heads in devout prayer and meditation. They all appeared riveted to the very spot where the music of those wonderful bells had first caught their ears. Even the little children were silent and reverent, following the example, and even appearing to catch the spirit of their seniors.

It was the AVE MARIA, a half an hour after sunset—as the ANGELUS of this hour is piously called by the Romans. For besides this, there are two others, observed with almost equal devotion in the holy city; the former about sunrise, the latter at noon. But this was the most impressive of all, probably because it was the first which struck me on my arrival in Rome. With the other two I became afterwards familiar, during a residence of several years; but the remembrance of this first one was the most vivid, and it reflected its favorable hue on all the rest. Whether the devotion be now so general and so impressive as it was thirty years ago, after the sad havoc made in many simple and devout minds by the teachings of Cavour, Mazzini, and Garibaldi, I am not able to say from any accurate personal observation; but from the best information I can obtain, it is still piously kept up by the great mass of the Romans, if not so publicly and impressively, at least with as much devotion and fervor, by those who prefer to hearken to the sweet music of the bells, to listening to the discordant cries of revolution and anarchy, issuing from the foul throats of infidels.

That touching devotion of the Angelus at Rome, at that sweet hour of the Ave Maria, which

awakened such emotions in our young heart, was no isolated case, no sudden outbreak of popular fervor. It was a stated and cherished worship, in which the heart had, to the full, as much part as the head. As already intimated, it was but one of three such daily acts of devotion, regularly and willingly performed by the entire population to mark the great divisions of each recurring day. The entire pious exercise, in fact, revolved in a daily trinity of movement, thus furnishing a striking commentary on the old adage of the schoolmen, *omne trinum est perfectum*—every trinity is perfect; or, three is the perfect number. The idea was no doubt borrowed from that which constitutes the highest perfection in the Godhead Himself—the Trinity of Persons in the one divine Nature. The Angelus Bells ring three times three, and then, in the concluding cadence, four times three, at each of the three daily recitations; as a kind of shadowy representation on earth of the glorious Trinity in heaven, whose infinite mercies and superabounding goodness the devotion so graphically portrays.

But this is not all. The devotion is as little isolated or local in point of space, as it is in that of time. It is world-wide in its extension. Those Angelus Bells, the music of which fell so sweetly and eloquently on our young ears, were to go echoing through all the cities and villages, through all the hills and dales of the earth. They were, moreover, never to cease their significant tolling. For as the music of one set was dying out in the distance, that of another was to take it up; and so, as the earth revolved around its axis, and successively marked the hours of sunrise, noon, and sunset at different points of its surface, the strains of that melody was to break out in a continuous and uninterrupted series, and so to begird the world, and awaken successively its inhabitants in every country and clime to sweet and profitable remembrances of the most holy persons and things. Thus this devotion, like other exercises of Catholic worship, has in it a touch of the sublime, whether we regard time or space.

And we may add, that the feature of sublimity also marks the significance of its subject matter. For what is the ANGELUS? It is a simple but touching rehearsal of what took place on occasion of the Archangel's memorable interview with Mary in the Cottage of Nazareth. It repeats in simple language the substance of the Archangel's message with the very words of Mary's reply, and the wonderful effect of the interview, in the terse

language of inspiration: "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." It is a most comprehensive, a most vivid, and a most touching drama of the Incarnation; so simple as to be level with the capacity of the dullest, so vivid, as to impress the lowest as well as the highest, so touching, as to go right to the heart of every one who has a spark of faith in his bosom. Its frequent repetition, particularly under circumstances calculated to inspire so much devotion, cannot fail to keep fresh in the memory, and to embalm in the heart, that greatest of all the events in human history, on which all our hopes for grace here and eternal happiness hereafter depend; and which, without such frequent remembrance, would be very apt, through human frailty, to fade away insensibly from our minds and hearts altogether.

The very words of the Archangel's salutation, followed by those of Elizabeth, and the touching invocation of the Church to the Virgin, are interspersed between the three acts of the drama, giving it still more significance and life; while the concluding prayer, in which from the Incarnation we pass rapidly to a view of the passion and cross, and after having traversed the region of the shadow of death, come to the beautiful light and glory of the resurrection, tells the whole story of man's struggles, hopes, and ennobling anticipations of a glorious eternity.

A. B.

For the AVE MARIA.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

BY E. M. G.

Down in the vale of Sin,
Deep in the dark abyss,
Where the vices howl, and rage within,
And the storms of Pride stir up the din,
While the passions creep and hiss,
The human race, in blank despair,
Were groping, writhing, wandering there,
Nor knew they hope, nor love, nor prayer,
Nor e'en the name of bliss.

'Twas only *want* they knew;
A stinging discontent,
A maddening hunger after the true,
A hopeless thirst for the heavenly dew,
With the curse of banishment.
Harsh discord, malice, fear, and hate,
More hideous made their woeful state,
They thought themselves the slaves of Fate,
Whose chains could not relent.

Oh, 'twas a piteous sight,
To God the Father's eyes,
When He saw His children, who by right,
Were formed for His love, and peace, and light,
And a home within the skies,
Blind creeping like the reptile cold,
To hate, and lie in the poison mould,
Nor let one germ of grace unfold,
While they clung to a code of lies.

Now the Council the sublime,
(The Three Divine in One,)
As just rebuke for the Tempter's crime,
And pitying man in the Gulf of Time,
Would send to earth, the Son.
But where, in that realm of guilt and woe
Should the spotless King of Angels go;
What fitting place for Him below
Since the Demon's work is done?

In the land of Israel,
Where dwelt the chosen race,
One focus of light and glory fell,
To scatter the frightful force of hell
And the stain of Eve efface.
But lo! in the mind of God, before
The mountains rose the valleys o'er,
Or ocean dashed the rock-bound shore
He knew this soul of grace;

Conceived her, for this hour,
When on her virgin tongue,
Like the unshed fragrance of the flower,
Or cooling drops of the summer shower,
The world's salvation hung;
And nothing on earth, in air, or sky,
That wears the clear majestic dye,
Of holiness and purity,
Like Mary, ever sprung.

Strong in her Godlike mind,
Unbounded in her love,
With a mystic vision unconfined,
And a pitying heart for all mankind,
Yet simple as the dove,
We see her kneel, that peerless child,
Whom thought of sin hath ne'er beguiled,
The One unspotted, undefiled,
The Bride of God above.

Like harp tones on the main,
Vibrates her holy prayer,
And she begs to see ere life shall wane
And dust return to the dust again,
The Mother, who shall bear
The dear Messiah, looked for long,
Sung in prophetic Hebrew song,

Whose *hope* has made her people strong,
Where is she, Mary? Where?

See! From the midnight stars
A wondrous light descends:
And the golden door of Heaven unbars;
Hell's black foundation reels, and jars;
Night's azure curtain rends.
Around that snow-white virgin's head,
A radiance marvelous now is shed,
But silence reigns as with the dead;
An Angel o'er her bends.

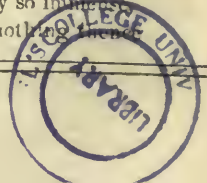
He kneels now in his awe,
A subject to his Queen;
For lo! Her will is that Angel's law,
And she wears a crown that she never saw
Of snow-white lily sheen.
"Hail, full of grace!" Most pure that tone
Upon her ear melodious thrown,
With homage earth hath never known
Nor Angels ever seen.

Her deep humility
Is started at the sound,
For she knows not what that praise can be,
Exalting so lowly a child as she,
O'er all the world around.
But the Angel bids her not to fear,
He tells her of mystic grace to cheer
The wretched sons of a fallen sphere;
That grace, which she has found.

"Thou shalt conceive," saith he,
"And shalt bring forth a Son,
And His Father David's throne shall be
In royal line unto Him through thee,
Restored till time is done;
Jesus His name, and far and nigh
He shall be called till the ages die,
The Son of God of the Lord most High:
The ever-Holy One."

"His Kingdom shall not end."
Now silence falls around,
An l as royal lily-blossoms bend,
Or as fountain jets in the light descend,
So Mary bows profound.
"But how shall this be done," saith she,
"Since unto God as just from me,
Is vowed my chaste virginity?"
These holy words resound.

The brightness grows intense,
The angel speaks once more,
And he tells of God's mercy so immense,
That Nature's laws are as nothing more.



When the race He would restore :
And he tells that the Holy Ghost shall come,
O'er her heart to brood and make his home,
And to strike the hosts of terror dumb,
With power unknown before.

"According to thy word
Be it done, my humble part :
Behold me the handmaid of the Lord."
Lo her voice creation vast hath stirred,
For crushed is the serpent's art.
Now far away the drapings bright
Are drawn, of gold and sapphire light ;
The Holy Spirit wings his flight
To rest in Mary's heart.

Down in the vale of Sin,
Deep in the dark abyss,
Where the vices howl and rage within,
And the storms of Pride stir up the din,
While the passions creep and hiss,
The human race with hope arise,
A path is open to the skies ;
Mary has won for man, the prize
Of everlasting bliss.

Then let us sing her praise ;
The Mother of our God.
Yet who can a worthy pæan raise,
To her on whom all the angels gaze
With tender, revering, sweet amaze,
And tremble to applaud ?
We bow to thee, O holiest one,
Adoring thus Our Lord, thy Son,
And while the endless cycles run
Shall spread thy fame abroad.

TESTIMONY OF THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH IN FAVOR OF THE DE- VOTION TO MARY.

[From the *Traité sur la Culte de la très Ste. Vierge.*]

In the constant and unanimous testimony of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, we have another brilliant proof in favor of the conformity of the devotion to the Blessed Virgin, with the doctrine and spirit of the gospel, and of the primitive origin, the universality, and the efficacy of this devotion. From Saint Denis the Areopagite, the disciple of St. Paul, to St. Liguori, who continued the Christian tradition to our own epoch, all the eminent men of the Church, by perpetuating, during eighteen centuries, the teachings of faith, have constantly sustained propagated and encouraged in all Christians sentiments of veneration to Mary, and confidence in her

powerful assistance. And to this end they have contributed as powerfully by the example of their own pious practices as by their immortal writings. A rich and magnificent library could be formed by collecting merely the works which those men, celebrated as much for their genius and talents as for the sanctity of their lives and the sublimity of their virtues, have written in order to exalt Mary's dignity, display her grandeurs and inspire the faithful with love for the Mother of God and confidence in her power. And it is a remarkable fact, that the most ancient of those witnesses and apostles of the true dogmas of Christianity, have been more eloquent, we might say more enthusiastic, in speaking of Mary's prerogatives, than those who have succeeded them.

We regret that the limits of our pages forbid us to give our readers, at least the most eloquent and striking writings left to us by our fathers and masters in the faith during the different ages of the Christian era.

Nevertheless, we cannot resist the pleasure of reproducing some of the brilliant testimonials which Catholic duty offered to Mary. The true children of the Church will thank us for doing so, and they will be happy to see that in the devotions which they themselves offer to Mary, they exaggerate nothing, but on the contrary, that they rather fall short of what those great masters of religion required, and at the same time practiced in regard to Mary.

The greatest doctor of the Church, and perhaps the most profound genius in the learned world, St. Augustine, writes as follows: "To-day we commemorate, beloved brethren, an anniversary dear to us all, the birth of the venerable and ever virgin Mary. It is just that its memory should be celebrated with the most lively expressions of joy on our earth, which has been made illustrious by the birth of so grand a virgin. Mary is that flower of the fields from which the precious lily of the valley germinated, by whose birth the nature of our first parents was changed, and their fault effaced. She alone escaped the sad decree that condemned Eve to give birth to her children in sorrow, because she brought forth the Saviour in joy."

"In becoming a mother, Eve wept, but Mary rejoiced, for the child of Eve was a sinner, whereas the Child of Mary was innocence itself. The mother of the human race brought but chastisement into the world ; the Mother of our Saviour brought salvation. Eve was the author of sin,—Mary of merit. Eve greatly injured us ;—she

killed us.—Mary surrounded us with blessings, and restored us to life. The former wounded us, the latter cured us. The disobedience of Eve has been effaced by the obedience of Mary, and the perfidy of the one has been compensated by the faith of the other.” “Truly has the Mother of God the right to celebrate her own grandeur by the most brilliant instruments of joy,—making melodious the very air by the sounds drawn forth by the most skilful of fingers; and we also have reason to form joyful choirs around her, and to unite our voices and sweetest hymns to her harmonious chants. Listen how our charming musician has sung her own glories: ‘My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaid; for behold from henceforth all nations shall call me blessed. For He that is mighty hath done great things unto me.’ Such is the manner that the prodigy of this new birth stifled the cause of the original sin, and the tears of Eve ceased to flow at the sound of Mary’s hymn.”

In another passage, the same great doctor speaks as follows: “Oh, most Blessed Virgin, who could ever give thee the acts of thanksgiving and the hymns of praise which justly belong to thee! For thou it was who, by thy admirable consent (to the mystery of the Incarnation) didst come to the assistance of a lost world. What homages worthy of thee can be offered to thee by the human race, which by thy help obtained the means of reinstating its weakness? Accept, then, the thanks which we offer to thee,—poor though they be, and far below thine incomparable merits, and in receiving our vows, deign to *obtain pardon* for our faults, by thy prayers. * * * May God accept what we offer Him through thy intercession, and may we obtain what we ask with faithful hearts. Receive what we offer thee, and grant us in exchange what we ask from thee; obtain indulgence for our unworthiness, which makes us tremble, for thou art the only hope of sinners. Through thee we confidently hope to obtain pardon for our crimes, and in thee, O most blessed of women, we place the hope of our recompense! O Holy Mary come to the assistance of the unhappy, aid the timid, sustain the weak, pray for the people, help the clergy, intercede for the devout female sex, and grant that all who celebrate thy solemnities may feel the effects of thy patronage.”

After having listened to the prince of the Doctors of the Western Church, let us hear a few

words on the same subject from the most learned and most eloquent Fathers of the Eastern Church.

“The Son of God, says St. John Chrysostom, did not select for his mother a grand rich lady, according to the world, but this most Blessed Virgin whose soul was adorned with all virtues. Mary was the most chaste and purest being of all the human race. This is why she conceived in her womb the Lord Jesus Christ. Let us then hasten to have recourse to this most Blessed Virgin, to this mother of God, and obtain all the advantages of her protection. Yes, yes; all you virgins who hear me, come and place yourselves under the shadow of the Mother of the Lord; for she can, by her powerful aid, guard in you all that you possess that is most precious and beautiful to the world, your virginity.”

“In truth, my beloved brethren, the most Blessed Virgin is a great wonder. Nothing so sublime or noble has ever been found, nor will ever be found in any time. She is the only creature whose dignity is far above all things created, on the earth, or in heaven. Where could we find any thing more holy? Neither the prophets nor the apostles, the martyrs nor the patriarchs,—nor even the angels,—the Thrones, the Dominations, the Seraphim, nor the Cherubim are above her.—In a word, among all created things, visible or invisible, nothing can be imagined greater or more excellent than Mary.”

“She is the creature who is at the same time the servant and the Mother of God,—at the same time Virgin and Mother;—the Mother of Him who was engendered by the Father before all beginnings, of Him whom angels and men acknowledge as the Lord and Master of all things. Do you wish to know how far above all celestial powers this Virgin is elevated? A word will tell you: These powers assist around the Throne of God, in fear and trembling, and veiling their faces. Mary alone offers, with confidence, the entire human race to the Son of God, whose Mother she is, and it is *through her* intercession that we receive the pardon of our sins. We salute thee, then, O Mary, at the same time, daughter and Virgin Mother of God! The honor, glory, and rampart of our Church. And we beseech thee, never to cease praying for us to Jesus, thy Son, and our Master, in order that through thy mediation we may find mercy at the last day, and obtain the good reserved for those who love God. In virtue of the grace and goodness of our Saviour Jesus Christ, and in His union, may glory, honor, and empire be rendered to the Father and the

Holy Ghost, now and through endless ages. Amen."

Among the Fathers and Doctors who have succeeded the Fathers and Doctors of the fourth and the fifth century,—those most learned epochs, the golden age of the Church,—we shall only cite one page from St. Bernard, the glory not only of Gaul, but of the Christian world; in him was united all the science of the ages which preceded him. Behold in what terms this great mind, this sublime soul, expressed the enthusiasm of his esteem, the extent of his confidence, and the tenderness of his affection for Mary.

"Let us say a few words on this name of Mary, which may be translated by the words *Star of the Sea*, and nothing can be more exact than the comparison of Mary to a star. For as the star transmits the rays of light, while it remains incorruptible, so the Virgin gave birth to her Son without the slightest damage to her virginity. The rays which escape from the star do not diminish its brilliancy; in the same manner Jesus Christ, in being born of Mary, altered in no manner her virginal integrity. Mary is, then, that noble *star of Jacob*, whose rays enlighten the entire universe;—whose light, shining from the highest heavens, penetrates the abyss of hell; and which, passing from world to world, warms the soul even more than the body,—destroys vice and nourishes virtue. She is, I repeat it, a star of the grandest magnificence and brilliancy, whose light shines on the vast ocean of the world, enlightening it by her merits, illuminating it by her examples." "O all ye who in the midst of the current of the age, are menaced by the storms and tempests of the sea, keep your eyes steadily fixed upon the splendor of this star if you do not wish to see yourselves engulfed by the angry waves.—If the tempests of temptations arise against you,—if you are in danger of shipwreck upon the quicksands of tribulations, look upon this star, and invoke Mary.—If you are agitated by the waves of pride, ambition, vanity, or envy, fix your eyes upon this star, and cry aloud to Mary! —If anger, avarice, or the concupiscence of the flesh menace the destruction of the frail ship,—ever turn towards Mary.—If troubled at the sight of the enormity of your crimes, and confused by the hideous appearance of your conscience; if appalled by the terrible thought of the judgments of God, you feel on the point of being overwhelmed by sadness in the abyss of despair,—think of Mary."

"In all your dangers, perplexities, and misfor-

tures, remember Mary, invoke Mary. Finally, in order to obtain the powerful intercession of her prayers, let her name be ever on your lips, her love ever rest in your heart, and the imitation of her virtues the constant rule of your life.—In walking in her footsteps you will never go astray.—While invoking her, you need never despair.—While thinking of her you are shielded from error. Ah! if she sustains you, you will never fail.—If she protects you, you need fear nothing.—If you take her for your guide, you will never grow weary.—If she is propitious, you will safely reach the port of salvation. It is in this manner that you will learn, by your own experience, how truly it was said: "AND THE NAME OF THE VIRGIN WAS MARY."

To St. Bernard is also attributed the hymn of *Ave Maris Stella*, which the Church has borrowed from him, and woven into the office of the solemnities of the Blessed Virgin. The following English translation gives a faint idea of this poetry of the heart wherein the *mellifluous* doctor tells his love for Mary and his confidence in her protection:

"Gentle star of ocean; portal of the sky!
Ever Virgin Mother, of the Lord Most High!
Oh by Gabriel's Ave, uttered long ago,
Eve's name reversing, stablish peace below.
Break the captive's fetters; light on blindness pour:
All our ills expelling every bliss implore;
Show thyself our Mother, offer Him our sighs,
Who for us incarnate did not thee despise.
Virgin of all virgins, to thy shelter take us,—
Gentlest of the gentle, chaste and gentle make us;
Still as on we journey, help our weak endeavor,
Till with thee and Jesus, we rejoice forever.
Through the highest heaven, to the Almighty
Three,
Father, Son, and Spirit, one same glory be."

"*O Gloriosa Virginum*" is another hymn of the Church, in honor of Mary. It is supposed to have been composed during the time of the Crusades:

"O Queen of all the virgin choir:
Enthroned above the starry sky!
Who with pure milk from thine own breast
Thine own Creator didst supply.

What man had lost in hapless Eve,
Thy sacred womb to man restores:
Thou to the wretched here beneath,
Hast opened Heaven's eternal doors.

Hail, O refulgent hall of light!
Hail, gate sublime of Heaven's high King!

Through thee redeemed to endless life,
Thy praise let all the nations sing."

Let us now conclude with a few words from the last of the Catholic doctors, equally celebrated for the beauty of his soul and the purity of his words, as for the ardor of his zeal and his profound learning. In the following sweet and artless terms, St. Liguori continues the tradition of the faith and love of the great men of the Church, with regard to Mary:

"O my beautiful hope, my sweet love, Mary. Thou art the peace of my soul and the support of my life. Mary, when I think of thee and call upon thy name, my heart is ravished with joy and delight. If an evil thought comes to humble my mind, it vanishes as soon as I pronounce thy name." On the stormy ocean of this life thou art the friendly star that saves the frail bark of my soul from shipwreck. Throw thy chains around me, girdle my heart with them so that as a prisoner of divine love, I shall ever be faithful to thee, and end my life in pronouncing thy name and obtaining the happiness of Heaven as my portion."

What elevated sentiments, and at the same time what precision of theological language.—What a happy mixture of the most orthodox doctrines, the purest faith and the sweetest, and most affectionate sentiments! It is the elevation of the soul, the expansion of the heart. It is the eloquence of love, breathing the most delicious perfume of the mind.

Now those thoughts, sentiments and language in connection with Mary, are common to all the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, without exception. And what men were not the Arcopagite, St. Ignatius martyr, St. Basil, St. Gregory Nazianzen and St. Gregory of Nyssa, and St. Hilary! Do not all other great men become small by the side of a Saint Jerome, a Saint Ambrose, a Saint John Chrysostom, a Saint Augustine, a Saint Leo, and a Saint Gregory? What chosen souls do we not find in a Saint Paulinus, a Saint Epiphanius, a Saint Fulgentius, a Saint Maximin, and Saint Cyril of Alexandria and Saint Cyril of Jerusalem; a Saint Hilary of Arles, a Saint Amedius, a Saint Germain, a Saint Remi, a Saint Gregory of Tours, a Saint Fortunat, an Alcuin, and a Venerable Bede! Where else can we find such Doctors as Saint Bernard, Saint Anselm, Albertus Magnus, Saint Thomas, Saint Bonaventure, Saint Dominic, Saint Anthony of Padua, Scott, Salmeron, the Blessed Canisius, Bellarmine, Suarez, Bossuet, and Saint Liguori.

Our heart thrills with joy in enumerating these illustrious names, which recall all talents united to every virtue and joined to exalted genius, and the simplicity of faith. And our readers we are sure rejoice with us as they reflect on their ardent love for Mary and their tender confidence in her power and goodness. Here they will learn that if they deceive themselves by their loving sentiments and their practices in honor of Mary, they are at least in very good company.

Seriously speaking, could we believe without abjuring reason, and every moral sense, that such men, whose lives were as pure and holy as their ecclesiastical knowledge was great and profound, would have sought to deceive Christendom after having first deceived themselves?

AN EXPLANATION AND DEFENSE OF THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE OF THE SAC- RIFICE OF THE MASS.

BY CLONFERT.

[CONTINUED.]

STATE OF THE CONTROVERSY.

It is clear that there are only three lines of opinion open on the question of the Eucharistic offering. Either (a) it is *not a true and proper sacrifice*; or (b) the thing offered is the body and blood of Christ; or (c) else it is the substance of bread and wine.

We would not expect to find the adversaries of the Catholic doctrine holding that the *only* thing offered is (c) the substance of the sacramental elements. Yet some few have put forward this opinion; which raises up, as Saul did the ghost of Samuel, the ghost of that "system of shadows," which according to so many amongst them haunts only the temples of the Catholic Church. We do not believe, however, that any one admitting Christ's sacramental presence in the Lutheran, or any other sense, has shared this notion, which would present to God the outward shell without the reality it contains.*

The opinion (a), which denies altogether the institution and the existence of a *true* and proper sacrifice may be set down as held by the vast majority of the enemies of the Mass. It is the cross-way at which with the few exceptions just mentioned they all meet, though the principles, from which they start, the arguments by which they

* Tracts for the Times; Bellarmine; Wilberforce, &c.

travel, branch widely asunder. Those holding the Zuinglian and Calvinistic hypothesis of the presence shut out the sacrifice chiefly, because they shut out the body and blood of Christ from "The Lord's Supper." But those, who with Luther admit the Real Presence on the system of Impanation, sail upon another tack: they deny the sacrifice chiefly because they deny its divine institution. But *all* these opponents unite their forces in bearing down upon the Mass on that side, on which the champions of Catholic truth defend it as being truly *propitiatory* for sin. They have each subsidiary arguments in reserve, which we shall hereafter notice: but those now classified are the strong points in their lines of attack.

It has been matter of astonishment to some that those admitting the reality of Christ's substantial presence in the sacrament at the same time deny the reality of the sacrifice; for the admission of the one seems to demand the admission of the other. The great Bossuet saw this and reduced the whole controversy to that, of which the presence is the center: and a high dignitary of the Anglican Church in our own day has not feared to publish to the world that "if we admit the Real Presence it is obvious there is something in the sacrament we can present (in sacrifice) to God." The Real Presence is then the foundation of the Catholic doctrine. That presence we suppose in the present essay; and in truth there is no dogma more clearly, variously and emphatically revealed in sacred Scripture. But though the arguments we shall adduce for *the* sacrifice prove either directly, or indirectly the Presence in the Catholic sense, yet we shall not now consider them in relation to the latter.

There are a few points, on which as on a common ground Catholic and Protestant writers meet. Both agree that the Eucharistic rite is in *some* way offered to honor God, to thank Him for the favors He has bestowed and to commemorate the bloody death of Christ. They agree therefore that it is one way or other a *Latreutic, Eucharistic* and *Commemorative* rite. Excluding these points of agreement the parts of Catholic doctrine denied by the opponents of the Mass may be summed up under the two following heads:

I. *In the Mass is offered a true and proper sacrifice, in which Christ as High-Priest offers His body and His blood under the appearances of bread and wine by the instrumentality of the visible priest His delegate and representative.*

II. *This sacrifice is truly propitiatory for the living and the dead by appeasing the anger of God for*

both; and by obtaining for the dead, who have departed in a state of grace, remission of the temporal punishment remaining due to their sins; and for the living not only remission of the punishment but of the sins themselves as well as all other temporal and spiritual blessings of which they stand in need.

We might here call upon the adversaries of the Mass to make good their charges against it. *They are the innovators:* a worship without a sacrifice was a thing unknown until Columbus-like "those bold adventurers on the ocean of religious inquiry"(!) discovered the new world of belief in the fifteenth century. *They are the aggressors:* the sacrifice of the Mass was the established worship of the Christian world when they rose up against it. Possession begets presumption in religious as in civil matters; and to question the propriety of any usage prevailing throughout the universal Church is, according to Saint Augustine, "a mark of the most insolent folly!" Justice to that Church therefore, whose robe they have endeavored to rend asunder, justice to those they have led away from the green pastures and sparkling fountains of life, justice to the common Christianity they profess to purify, requires them to make good their charges against the worship they have attacked. If the Catholic can turn these aside, if he can meet the objections put forth, then the victory is his and the Mass is vindicated.

However as we have undertaken to prove as well as defend the Catholic doctrine we now proceed to redeem our promise. We shall do so in the order in which it was made, showing *firstly* that the sacrifice of the Mass was foreshadowed and foretold in the Old Law, and *secondly* that it was promised and afterwards instituted by Christ and spoken of by the Apostles and Ante-Nicene Fathers as an usual ordinance of the New Dispensation. Space will not permit us to examine all those passages of Scripture, on which distinct arguments may be built. We shall choose *two* from the Old, and *two* from the New Testament: these and the objections of the adversary will fall in together.

We lay down the two propositions already stated as containing the heads of the Catholic doctrine on this subject; and shall prove them separately. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE consecration of Rt. Rev. Dr. Lafleche took place on Monday, the Feast of St. Matthias, at Three Rivers, Canada. Bishop Lynch, accompanied by Rev. Father Vincent, Superior of St. Michael's College, attended.—*Toronto Freeman.*

THE WHITE FRIARS; OR, MARY AND
THE ORDER OF CITEAUX.

BY REV. ALEXIS RENOUX.

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[CONTINUED.]

Among the noble pilgrims were men in the full vigor of life; their attitude was brave and courageous. Their exterior indicated moral courage, that force which gives the habit of self-conquest and voluntary suffering. The few remaining hairs of their heads testified to the number of campaigns that had already been carried on against evil. The lightning of Satan had many a time essayed to plow with wrinkles deep those foreheads of bronze; but nothing could prevail against men who had placed their confidence in God. They had embraced a religious life at the age when the passions are the strongest, after having renounced the world and sin. The desert had become for them their haven after the tempest, or while the storm raged.

Ardent and generous natures, they had offered themselves to God in a school of good-will. They wished to belong irrevocably to Him, or to make themselves victims of expiation for past offences. Grace from on high had sustained them on their entering the arena; but later God had, apparently, been simply a spectator of the combat, wishing to give them an opportunity of greater merit.

Regret for the fleshpots of Egypt, the sting of the flesh, vanity, gluttony, idleness, had many a time assailed them. The enemy often vanquished returned to the charge with renewed rage and fury. With them nature was not completely dead, but vanquished and subjected to the yoke of reason and faith.

They were, indeed, a chosen band of valiant soldiers. He who had chosen them for the good work, had a steady hand.

Otho, Reinardus, Albericus, had already distinguished themselves amid the chivalry of the age, and in the holy army of Christ. How beautiful is the modest and proud gait of these athletes! They march resolutely in advance, and never look back; they spring blindly into the future which their fidelity dimly sees. They know that the Master to whom they swore fidelity on the day of their profession, will not allow Himself to be outdone in generosity. Hope in God in their souls is in a state of certitude, uniformly sweet.

Behind these come the youngest monks. I stand

with pleasure before these seraphic youths. The candor of innocence appears on their foreheads; their timid eyelids shelter the gaze that has never seen evil, and is as pure as the rays of the sun. A holy modesty slightly colors their cheeks, somewhat paled by vigils and fasting.

Those lips which have never been used but to call a mother, to invoke Mary, or to praise the Lord by singing the Psalms of the Prophet-King, always keep the smile of peace and happiness. The greater number of these youths have never lived but in an ideal of heaven, and this is expressed by all their actions. They might be styled walking angels, such as those whose beauty is depicted, and whose care and good offices are recorded in Holy Writ. The tender tone which pervades their virginal countenances by no means excludes the idea of *strength*, which, indeed, is an important element in such natures. Ah, yes! they have need of energy to embrace the austerity of St. Benedict's rule, and to follow their elders in the paths of penance, still ruder in the place whither they are now traveling.

I see in the heart of Reginald, of Anselm, of Cyril and of Seraphine, the sweetness of the lamb joined to the simplicity of the dove, and the powerful virility of manhood. Those three qualities found in perfect fusion, spread an unspeakable charm over their physiognomy. They must, indeed, ravish the blessed spirits of whom they seem to be the earthly tenements. In them the gaiety of youth is sweetly allied with religious gravity—the carelessness of twenty with the pre-occupation of the Christian who knows he is immortal!

You might have perceived them exchanging signs of intelligence with each other. This childish distraction was natural at their age; but it was the affair of a moment, and they soon assumed the grave mien of their elders.

Then they occupied their minds with holy thoughts; their lively imagination free from the gross suggestions of the senses, mounted heavenward, and bounded in the immense regions of the supernatural, like the hart of the forest.

It runs with joyful heart, and flies like the butterfly, to all the flowers of Paradise. The heart, most loving because it has never loved with a carnal love, finds Jesus. It converses with Him in cordial and familiar outpouring. Such must have been the companions of the divine youth of Nazareth, who accompanied Him to the Synagogue, or in the evening walk along the paths of the village.

The Blessed Virgin is the Lady of their thoughts and of their hearts' affections; to her mounts up a great part of that innocent love which is the life of youth preserved. They invoke her by all the titles of friend, of sister, of dearest mother. The most charming realities of nature—the lily of the valley, the hill-side rose, the violet of the heath, the ever-green pine—are symbols which speak incessantly to them of the chosen Maid of Israel.

Two of these pilgrims might be called children of solitude; from their most tender years they had been brought up in the monastery. At the age of three or four years they had been offered on the altars as a gift to the Lord. A Sponsor had answered for them at that sacrifice. The rule of St. Benedict authorizes such oblations; it even goes into the details of the ceremonies which must accompany the offering.

The education which those sons of the cloister had received was entirely mystic. They had been formed, not to become soldiers of an earthly kingdom, but to be one day the elect of the heavenly Jerusalem. They knew not the civil relations of the world, seeing in all men their brothers in Christ Jesus.

What they knew of nature only seemed to make them think of their true home in heaven. From earth to heaven—such is the limit of their ideas, the end of their actions. It is true, then, to say that the life of these pious monks is a perpetual pilgrimage, a continual ascension up the Holy Mount, where dwell Jesus, His Mother, and the angels and saints.

The lively faith of our young cenobites carried on continual relations of friendship with the blessed spirits. They put themselves under the protection of the most sympathetic, with their simple imagination, and thus they form an angelic family which for them replaces the paternal roof. In the dangers of the heart, in the interior tempests which the evil spirits and the instincts of a fallen nature raise at times, in their souls, they implore with fervor the aid of their supernatural brethren.

With what sentiments did they leave the Monastery of St. Peter's? Doubtless they felt some sorrow at deserting the cradle of their monastic life, that dear nest in which, warmed by the love of Jesus who protected them, by the affection of a good father, and of the Master of Novices, the *Mother* of new-religious, they had spent two or three years in unspeakable happiness, even amid the rude labors of the field, even under the heavy

burdens of the forest. They regretted, too, those friends with whom they were most intimate, beside whom they loved to labor, and whose melodious voices rendered the singing of the praises of God still more pleasing to their ear. But as for the kind of life, the rule, the religious practices, they know that wherever they may be they will have the same to observe. They will assist the priest in the ceremonies; present incense, and the wine and water for the Sacrifice. They will chant in the choir the responses, the antiphons, and will entone the psalms. On great feasts they will read the first lessons of the office.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SECOND DOLOR:

The Flight into Egypt.

The fruitful River slides along;
The Conqueror's City glitters nigh;
The Palm-groves ring with dance and song;
Earth trembles, crimsoned from the sky.

Far down the sunset lonely stands
Some temple of a bygone age,
Slow setting into sea-like sands,
Long served with prayer and pilgrimage.

Here ruled the Shepherd-Kings, and they
That race from Sun and Moon which drew
The unending lines of Priestly sway;
Here Alexander's standard flew.

Here last the great Caesarian star
Through Egypt's sunset flashed its beam,
While pealed the Roman trump afar,
And Earth's first Empire like a dream

Dissolved. But who are they—the Three
That pierce, thus late, yon desert wide?
The Babe is on His Mother's knee;
Low-bent an old Man walks beside

What say'st thou, Egypt? "Let them come!
Of such as little note I keep
As of the least of flies that hum
Above my deserts, or my deep!"

—Aubrey De Vere.

THE *Catholic Standard* announces the return of Father Passaglia to better sentiments than those which have animated him for some years past. Our readers know that the learned Theologian left Rome some years ago to give the weight of his influence to the party of Cavour.

He had written so well of the Blessed Virgin, that we are not at all surprised at his conversion.

OUR LADY OF THE CHAINS.

A Legend of the Fourteenth Century.

[Translated from the French of L. D'Appilly]
[CONTINUED.]

III.

James found two armed men on the threshold, who conveyed him to prison. All the servants of the Zibelli were brought in successively. We shall not give their examinations, which only confirmed the declarations of James. We shall content ourselves with extracting from the *procès-verbal* of the inquest, the depositions of the *valët* of Robert.

"Your name?"

"John."

"Your age?"

"Forty-five years."

"You wait on Robert Zibelli?"

"For the last six years."

"You were in the house on the fifteenth of last July?"

"It was I who set the table, and waited at supper on the gentlemen."

"At what time did that supper commence?"

"Towards three hours after midnight."

"Do you know for what motive this meal took place so late?"

"Assuredly: it was because Signor Joseph did not come till that hour."

"Why not?"

"He had been kept at his warehouse by long and difficult accounts."

"Was his wife not with him?"

"The Signora Antonio was sick, and did not leave her room."

"Did his two brothers wait for him without impatience?"

"We had the honor to be admitted to the royal hunt: we were fatigued, and my master went to sleep on his bed."

"Did you go to the court with him?"

"I always have accompanied him."

"Were you present with him at the hunt?"

"Who else should have waited on Signor Robert?"

"In what disposition of mind was he?"

"Ah! we court people are always ready to take diversions when they present themselves."

"Had he nothing upon his mind?"

"He sought to eclipse all the nobility by his address and good manners; and he succeeded in attracting the attention of His Majesty."

"Lord Dogliano was also of the party: did they meet?"

"The Lord Minister saluted us with a smile, and did not disdain to converse with us for a long time."

"Can you repeat their conversation?"

"The Lord Minister informed himself concerning our health, then he obligingly offered to employ all his influence in our behalf, whenever we should have need of his support."

"What relations had your master with the late minister?"

"The best in the world. The Count unceasingly gave us marks of his high protection."

"Did Robert never reproach him?"

"On what matter? We have had nothing but what we should praise from the goodness of the lord minister."

"Did this complaisance surprise you?"

"Not at all. We have not at court the same ideas as townspeople, and far from foolishly flying to the favor of the minister, we made it the foundation and the base of our coming greatness."

"On returning home, what did Robert do?"

"We had been on horseback all day; we were very tired. After we had partaken of a collation, he went to his room, and threw himself on his bed."

"How long did he remain there?"

"Until about three hours after midnight."

"Did you enter his room whilst he slept?"

"The Signor Joseph had forbidden that he should be waked before supper time."

"He forbade this?"

"Expressly, and as I was tired myself I took good care not to disobey."

"Did you go to sleep also?"

"I had nothing that obliged me to wait up, and happily Signor Joseph arrived very late."

"Your master might have arisen, I imagine, and even have gone out of the house, without having need of your services?"

"Assuredly. But who would have called him out of doors?"

"Was it you who gave notice of the arrival of his brother?"

"No, my lord, he came down himself."

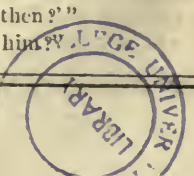
"Where were you then?"

"I had just renewed the candles in the chandelier, and I was in the dining-room."

"What did he say to you?"

"He yawned first, then he asked me: 'Has no one come yet; what time is it then?'"

"And what did you answer him?"



"They are not far off, certainly; it is three o'clock in the morning."

"What did he do then?"

"He yawned again, and stretched himself upon a chair."

"Did he seem to be really just come from his bed?"

"And from where else should he have come?"

"How was the table set?"

"As at court; I had presided myself over the arrangement of dishes."

"Did Joseph make them wait long?"

"Scarcely had my master ceased speaking, when the house resounded with three strokes of the knocker, and the Signor appeared the next moment on the threshold of the hall."

"How did they greet each other?"

"Like brothers. Signor Robert arose and they embraced."

"Did not Joseph explain the cause of his delay?"

"The eldest of the family is not obliged to give an account of his actions to any one."

"Did the lady come down to supper?"

"No, and when I went to call her she answered me by one of her maids, that she was still suffering too much."

"You have not spoken yet of Angelo: was he also sick?"

"I do not think so; and that was the first question that Signor Joseph asked. My master answered: 'I suppose that he is studying, unless he has fallen asleep over his books.'"

"Do you know, in fact, where he was?"

"I follow the footsteps of my master, but I do not know what Signor Angelo is doing."

"Justice is discreet—fear nothing. Explain yourself entirely."

"I do not really know where Signor Angelo goes. He is young: he might have been at some tavern."

"What! so late?"

"I have heard it said in private, that he sometimes passes the whole night out of the house."

"And do his brothers permit it?"

"They do not know it. Angelo escapes in silence by the garden."

"That evening, at least, should not they have kept their eyes open?"

"Yes; after a few moments of expectation, he rushed into the middle of the hall, pale, disordered, trembling, and crying out: 'Save me.'"

"He was, perhaps, fleeing from some danger?"

"They took me for a thief," continued he, "and pursued me. Stop them from coming in—they will kill me!"

"This language was very singular: what did you conclude from it?"

"Nothing; it is not my business to judge my master."

"Speak! speak! your sincerity may enlighten justice."

"Angelo is a handsome and wild scholar. They say that a certain great lady takes a great interest in him".

"Do you know the name of this great lady?"

"No; for Angelo, though his tongue is otherwise light enough, maintains an impenetrable silence on this subject."

"Did not his brothers question him on the event of the evening?"

"My master asked him by whom he could have been pursued. 'They are more than a hundred,' continued Angelo, 'who exclaimed, running: 'It is he! arrest him!' I was a few steps in advance, and to prove to them I was not a thief, I threw them my purse. While they were amusing themselves by picking it up, I arrived at the postern of the gardens.' Signor Robert remarked that he had lost his poniard also. 'Ah! yes,' answered he, 'I drew it while approaching the man, I let it fall in my flight.'"

"Is not all of this mysterious?"

"He explained, then, that he had heard calls for help; he had run to the spot, and had seen three unknown persons running away. He tried to see the man who had just been assassinated, but as he heard threats from the neighboring windows, and, as he was taken for a murderer, he feared the misunderstanding of justice, and took himself off."

"And who was the victim?"

"We have learned since then that it was Count Dogliano."

"What effect did this story produce upon the brothers?"

"At first Signor Joseph severely blamed his brother for his levity, and forbade him for the future to go out after night-fall."

"What demeanor did they observe during supper?"

"Signor Robert endeavored to enliven the conversation, and he succeeded, for he is witty."

"The Lady Antonia did not come to supper: was her sickness real or pretended?"

"She is of a delicate and sickly constitution, and as for the rest, I was not able to see her. It is to be supposed that she had reasons for not coming to supper, since it was her birthday that was celebrated."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

For the AVE MARIA.

THE ANGEL AND THE FLOWERS.

BY UNA.

There's a legend quaint and olden
That the children love to hear,
When the sunny-faced spring daisies
On the grassy slopes appear.
'Tis that when good little children
Have been called from earth away,
Each is carried by its angel
Where in life it loved to play.
And the swift-winged angel, stooping
Over hedge and hillock green,
Culls a handful of sweet flowers
For his bright celestial Queen.
As one eve an angel carried
A sweet infant spirit home,
After all their flowers were gathered,
Still they lingered in the gloom.
And a narrow street they entered
At the hazy twilight's close,
Where, half crushed and torn and faded,
Lay a simple forest rose.
"Poor, pale blossom," said the angel,
"We will carry it on high,
And while heavenward we are soaring,
Little one, I'll tell you why."
Then the child looked smiling upward,
Opening wide his dreamy eyes,
Waiting for the promised story
As they floated through the skies;
While in sweet low tones the angel
Told how "In a dwelling drear,
A poor, sickly boy, a cripple,
Dwelt for many a weary year.
He had never seen a forest,
Never heard the glad birds sing,
Never wandered 'mong the meadows
In the green and flowery spring.
So he sat from morn till even
In his lone and dreary room,
Happy when a few stray sunbeams
Like gold arrows pierced the gloom.
But one day this flower was brought him,
And he tended it with joy;
And for years 'twas bower and garden
For the little sickly boy.
Very dearly did he love it,
And it is for having given
To that lonely child such pleasure,

We are taking it to heaven."
"But how do you know this story?"
Asked the boy. The angel smiled,
Clasped the faded flower, and answered:
"I was once that crippled child."
In a moment more the brightness
Of God's presence round them shone,
And the angel with his burden
Knelt before the Father's throne.
Then the blessed Saviour kindly
Kissed the child, and bade him soar
Mid the throngs of happy spirits
That surround him evermore.
Next the flower-laden angel
Low at Mary's feet bent down,
Begging her to choose a blossom
For her radiant starry crown.
And that gentle, loving mother
Smiling bowed her queenly head,
And took up the withered flower
That was scentless pale and dead.
Many others there were fairer,
But she chose this for the joy
That on earth it oft had given
To the little crippled boy.
Like that rose, the little children
Are to God and Mary dear
For the joys they shed around them
And the lonely hearts they cheer.

"THEOLA; A TALE OF EARLY TIMES."

BY MARIAPHILOS.

CHAPTER I.—THE MESSAGE TO ROME.

The Eternal City! What emotions are excited by that name; what pictures of the past; what lights and shadows; gloomy yet magnificent in her Paganism; melting the heart into tears before the crimson page of the blessed martyrs; elevating the soul at the contemplation of the undying spirit of truth that has held her in existence while the hand of Time has crushed into oblivion the mightiest states and empires. Glorious Rome! mother of a two fold destiny,—once mistress of the material world; now Empress of the soul!

It was the year 202—Severus, Emperor and Pontifex Maximus. For the first seven years of his reign this monarch had treated the Church as favorably as his immediate predecessors, Commodus and Pertinax. But, through the wiles and malice of evil counselors, this favorable state of affairs came to an end, and a most bloody and

relentless persecution raged wherever a Christian could be found.

The summer moon was shining in silvery beauty out of the cloudless depths of an Italian sky down upon the mighty city. The airy, fluted pillars—the splendid porticoes—the superb statuary and imposing majesty of the Capitol overlooked the seat of empire and seemed as if it were some fairy creation thrown into the midnight air to catch the soft effulgence of the lonely orb of night. The long rows of arches—the noble streets—the palaces, baths, temples and monuments—the wealth of this world strewn around in sculptured beauty,—all spoke of the grandeur and power of sleeping Rome. It was a grand scene—a scene of peace and quiet, undisturbed except by the melancholy challenge of the night patrol or the deep-mouthed bay of the watch-dog.

Alas! that such a fair exterior should cover such guilt and wickedness; crimes and every enormity were there—there in their hidcousness—there in their awful deformity—the scourge and degradation of proud Rome. For the pure light, that looked like God's benison, shone upon pagan revelling and luxurious banquets—upon pleasant gardens that hid crimes without a name—upon exquisite statuary that told the tale of Roman obscenity—upon pagan gods and their impure worship—and more brightly than all, it shone upon dungeons and prisons where bleeding Christians maimed and worn with torture, sighed for the hour that a pagan hand would free them forever.

Though nearly an hour after midnight, the silence of an obscure street was broken by the footsteps of two men seemingly intent on some important affair; one was tall and of large proportions, with a long stride and swinging gait; the other, small, weary-looking and of cat-like motion; as the latter trotted or rather shuffled along by the side of his huge companion, there was something in his appearance that bespoke a character of deceit and cunning combined. They seemed to be an ill-assorted pair, for the large man would turn from time to time, and growl his dissatisfaction at the lagging pace of the cowering creature at his elbow.

"May Jupiter confound the fellow!" muttered the giant, "to bring a man from bed at this hour of the night. If I were not under orders I'd shake the varlet till he'd wish to exchange place with a drowned puppy!"

His companion did not hear, or pretended not to hear this polite soliloquy, but pressed silently and steadily on.

"Well, master,—eh? what's your name?" commenced the large man.

"Raucus," answered the man, in a sharp, grating voice that tallied very well with his name.

"Well, master Raucus," he continued, "are you still determined to make your plea before his high and mighty Emperorship; are you?"

"Softly, softly, good sir;—speak not so loudly, the very stones carry an evil word spoken of the divine Emperors, whom may the gods preserve," interrupted Raucus, looking about cautiously, as he pronounced his benediction with a great display of fervor.

"O Jove, Juno, Vulcan & Co., hear the man. Friend Raucus, thou'rt a Gaul, and I excuse thee. But a word in thine ear: hast ever heard of the Prætorian Guard?"

"Ye-yes, noble sir, I have, somewhat," answered Raucus, with a perceptible start.

"Humph, somewhat," said the large man, with a contemptuous echo of Raucus' voice. "Pray, how run thy feelings respecting them?"

"I—I—that is,—in fact, respected sir, I have not formed any opinion as yet; a stranger, you know, and without grounds to—"

"Bah!" interrupted the querist, "I hate shufflers. Wild, turbulent men—unworthy citizens—anarchists, revolutionists, eh? Come, what sayest thou?"

"Most noble sir, I—I am really so confused," replied Raucus, humbly. He was in a state of great perplexity. His companion might be one of the terrible legionaries. If he spoke against them, all was over with him. If he spoke in favor of them, how did he know but that the man at his side was an official in the Emperor's palace, and all the world knew the Prætorians were not palatable in that quarter. Whilst casting a sideling glance at his companion to see the effect of his words, his eye fell upon a silver eagle attached to a breast-plate of sealed bronze. He determined to uphold the Prætorians.

"Honored, sir," he exclaimed, at length, with a desperate attempt at a display of rapture, which he was far from feeling; "tell me, have I—have I the honor of speaking with one of the Prætorians?" As he concluded, he darted forth a thin, wizened hand, with the intention of grasping his companion's, but the latter quickly drew his military cloak more closely around his arms, and so escaped the threatened contact.

"Basta; but thou hast, and a decurion, too," answered the soldier. "When thou wert stumbling through the streets to-night as helpless as a

ship without a rudder, and when the Furies led thee to knock thy head against our quarters, didst thou not notice the martial bearing of the inmates? Dost thou ever think there could be such men in the empire as the Prætorians?"

"Indeed, honored decurion, I did truly knock my poor, stupid head against the gates which did most wofully interfere with my powers of observation. But now that thou hast recalled the subject, methinks I did see a most martial bearing and warlike deportment amongst the brave gentlemen."

"Ah, ha, thou art a deep one," said the decurion, "but enough of this. Tell me, what is thy business in Rome? Thou didst mention some plea that thou hadst to urge before the Emperor. What is it?"

Raucus drew nearer to the soldier, and hissed, rather than spoke:

"The Christians!"

"So that's it, eh?" exclaimed the decurion, "seeking for spoils and blood. Now, look here, master Raucus, I can strike down my enemy in battle, where every thing is fair, and take my share of the booty afterwards; but this sneaking, cowardly stabbing of men in the dark, I detest. I was thinking," he concluded, with ill-concealed disgust, "you were one of the tribe of informers."

"Now, thou dost me manifest injustice, honest sir," replied Raucus. "I have a tender heart;—(the decurion gave a portentous grunt)—a very tender heart, and were it not for the love I bear my country, and the divine emperor, whose interests I make my own, I would not say one word that might injure the poorest creature. My sense of justice is very strong,—indeed, my old school-master, Balbus, held me up as a model for imitation, and far from loving to see blood shed, I well remember how one night I could not taste my evening meal, after having witnessed the contortions of a caterpillar upon which I had inadvertently placed my foot; Oh, if you knew me, sir, you would say I have a tender heart."

As the decurion deigned nothing further than a significant "humph" to this laudatory strain, Raucus continued:—

"You see, my friend, I do not dislike the Christians, as Christians, but rather am opposed to them because they are seditious persons and ill-affected to the state. Oh, if you knew them as well as I do, you would not shake your head. Only think, just before I left Lyons,—(I belong to that city)—I was advised of a formidable conspiracy against the constituted authorities, from

which calamity may the gods defend us. More-over——"

"Enough of that—basta! no more of thy lying tale!" roared the honest decurion. "I respect the gods as much as any man, but if the whole pack of divinities came down from Olympus, and told me that the old men, and weak girls and little children, aye, and good soldiers too, whom I see dragged to prison or execution every day, were conspirators, I'd say: 'Jupiter, or Juno, or whoever you may be, your word may be good on Mount Olympus, but melereule! it sounds very much like lying to me!'"

Raucus was struck dumb at this outburst: "Thou art a deep knave, good Raucus, and cunning withal; but tell me, what have these Christians done against the state;—canst answer me? Ha! thou art as much non-plussed as the mouth-ing orator the other day in the Forum. He was bawling out to the mob that the Christians were this, and the Christians were that: where-upon some malicious imp in the crowd asked him to relate what the miserable fellows had done. Ye gods! what a scene! The ass stopped his confounded bray instanter."

Herenpon the speaker set up a laugh that awoke a thousand echoes in the neighboring lanes and alleys.

Ere the last echo had died away, the two men arrived before a magnificent building, which seemed as if it were an epitome of all that art and boundless wealth had done for Rome. From every window brilliant lights shone, although it was past midnight. As they approached, the sound of music came faintly from within, which was interrupted occasionally by mingled shouts of applause and laughter.

"What place is that? What is the meaning of this grand celebration?" asked Raucus, breathless with astonishment.

"The place is the Emperor's palace—the celebration!—bah! you are but a Gaul—the affair is of nightly occurrence. A word in thine ear, friend: this is the way the divine emperors govern the empire. I've brought thee to the palace; my task is done; farewell!"

Before Raucus could speak a word of expostulation, the decurion plunged into a side street and disappeared.

"I would like to know that rascal's name," muttered Raucus, pale with vexation. "If he's not a Christian, he's disposed to be one."

At this moment a deep, strong voice, spoke, almost at his elbow:

"Raucus of Lyons, beware of revenge! It stings the heart that cherishes it!"

On the point of screaming with terror the emissary was about to fly from the spot, when he observed a soldier approaching him from the palace gate.

"What dost thou here?" asked the guard.

"I seek speech of the emperor," answered Raucus, trembling.

"Follow me," replied the soldier.

And as they disappeared within the gates, a short, stout figure emerged from a cellar close at hand and passed rapidly down the street.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LITTLE JOSEY.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III.—THE CHIMES.

I said that it was Christmas eve. All the bells were ringing their loudest peals and sweetest chimes for very joy at the coming of Jesus. They sang of His birth in the stable, and how He came into the world for the humble and the poor,—for those who suffer and those who mourn; how for love of us He died on the cross for our redemption, and henceforth we became His brothers and the children of the living God.

The bells pealed forth their loudest, deepest tones, and their joyful and blessed notes brought consolation to sorrowing hearts.

And on the cold steps, where with frozen hands he sought to warm his little brother, Peter listened to those gladsome voices, whose sweet language he well understood. "My dear Jesus," he said, "you see how cold and hungry is my poor little brother! Oh, my dear Jesus, I beseech Thee do not forsake little Josey!"

And the bells answered: "I came into the world for the poor and the suffering!"

Now their voices awakened Josey. "Oh, Peter," he said, "I dreamt we were home with father and mother, and that the church bell was ringing for High Mass."

Then finding he was covered with Peter's jacket, he threw his arms around his neck, and murmured: "Oh, you bad brother! you want to die too!"

But Peter, shivering in the north wind, replied: "I am not a bit cold." And if you had seen those two half frozen little wanderers tenderly embracing each other, I am sure you would have been moved even to tears.

Joyfully sounded the Christmas chimes on the midnight air. "Let us go to the church," said Peter, "and see the Infant Jesus in His Crib. Then we will ask the Blessed Virgin to help us, for she must be so happy to night—I am sure she will take pity on us."

And off they started confident, consoled and even joyful, notwithstanding they shivered and trembled with the cold. The church was adorned with its most beautiful ornaments, and already the little altar boys were lighting the candles for the midnight Mass. The church was already crowded, but our little wanderers edged their way in; here there was no cause of fear, for were they not in the house of their Blessed Lord? and all within seemed so beautiful that they forgot all about being cold, weary and hungry.

They knelt at the altar of the Blessed Virgin: "Oh, sweet Mother," prayed Peter, "come to our assistance! You see, Blessed Mother, how little we are, and there is nobody left in the world that cares any thing about us."

Little Josey said: "Good Mother, we're very sleepy, and we haven't any bed; do, good Mother, give us a little bed to sleep in!"

Mass commenced: still kneeling by the altar of the Virgin, lost in the crowd, they heard the organ's sweet strains, the chanting of the priest, and they thought they could never grow weary listening to such beautiful sounds. Nevertheless it grew late, and they were so tired; so leaning against a bench, very close to each other, they fell fast asleep.

Mass was ended: the crowd was gone, and even the few who still lingered, as if loth to leave the sacred place, had all departed. Yet no one had paid any attention to the little brothers sweetly sleeping near the Blessed Virgin's altar. They were alone in the church; but were they not in the house of their God? and while they slept the image of Mary seemed kindly to smile upon them.

The sexton had extinguished the last light; and just as he was leaving the sanctuary, he, for the first time, noticed the two little children, he immediately informed the good pastor, who had not yet left the sacristy. The little fellows were aroused from their sleep; then Peter, being the oldest, related their simple story. When he had ended Father Lamoner's eyes were filled with tears, and, need I say, how kindly and tenderly he led the orphans to his own dwelling close by the church, where little Josey and Peter had nothing more to desire?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AVE MARIA.

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ANTHEMS, PRAYERS, AND HYMNS OF THE CHURCH TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BY THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.

VIII.—THE ALMA REDEMPTORIS MATER.

One of the most beautiful, instructive, and impressive features in the public worship of the Catholic Church, and the one which perhaps exhibits most strikingly the divine wisdom which guides and directs her in her ministrations for the salvation of mankind, is her round of festivals. These revolve in a continuous circle, throughout the year. The principal object of worship which is therein contemplated, in fact, the great centre from which all the festivals radiate and to which they all again point, is Jesus Christ Himself, the Man-God, the Author and Finisher of our faith. His birth, childhood, private and public life, together with His passion, death, resurrection, and ascension into heaven, are therein, during each circling year, not only appropriately commemorated but most vividly represented, in the regular order of succession, to the minds and hearts of the faithful; so impressively and so vividly, as to embalm them in the memory, and render forgetfulness of them well nigh impossible. In this round of celebrations the divine Office and the Holy Mass, the official prayer and the solemn sacrifice of the priest invoking God's blessing on His people, beautifully correspond and keep pace together, so that the one sets off and illustrates the other. The readings from the Holy Scriptures and from the Fathers of the Church, the Prayers, Anthems, and Hymns, are so distributed, that each one is appropriate, and has special reference to the celebration of each recurring festival. And the sacrifice of praise is perpetual; for, if we except the few ferial days which have also their suitable offices, there is no day which has not its appropriate object for celebration: *nulla dies sine linea*.

This stated round of festivals begins with the first Sunday of Advent, and closes with the last Sunday after Pentecost. The Gospel read both on the first and on the last Sunday of the ecclesiastical year is that which contains so vivid and so terrible a description of the last Judgment day, and of the awful events which will precede the second coming of the Son of Man in the clouds to judge the living and the dead. The Church wishes us to be reminded of that dread day of wrath both in the beginning and at the end of each year, that we may be constantly kept on the alert and mindful of our accountability, may watch and pray, and thus work out our salvation with fear and trembling. She thus wisely admonishes us to look to the end in all our thoughts and actions—in *omnibus respice finem*.

This Calendar of festivals is divided into suitable sections or cycles, each of which has its own appropriate group of facts for commemoration. As already intimated, these facts are connected mainly with the person and life of our Blessed Lord. They depict His divine person in all its beauty and winning attractiveness, and represent His entire life with dramatic force. The first Cycle is that of Christmas, embracing the advental period before His birth, and His early childhood up to the time of His Mother's Purification in the Temple. The second embraces the rest of His childhood, and His private and hidden life for thirty years in the humble Cottage of Nazareth with Mary and Joseph. The third, beginning with the first Sunday of Lent, portrays His public life, terminating with His bitter Passion, His death, and burial during the mournful solemnities of Holy Week. The fourth opens with the glorious morning of the Resurrection, commemorates the forty days of His residence in His glorified body on earth till His sublime Ascension, and embracing the ten additional days of anxious expectancy and fervent prayer, extends to the day of Pentecost with its octave, when by the coming down of the Holy Ghost, the breath of life was breathed into the body of the Church, which thenceforth be-

came a living soul, and was destined to walk the earth as a thing of life. Finally, the fifth Cycle extends from the octave of Pentecost to the close of the Ecclesiastical year; and it vividly portrays the various agencies, vicissitudes, struggles, and triumphs of the Church, which is the Body of Christ, and His ever living and ever speaking Organ of communication with the world. The Church is bound to Him by even tenderer ties; she is His Spouse, His Bride, without spot, without wrinkle, without blemish, a glorious Church, fully sharing His feelings, and fully speaking His language. Whatsoever commemorates her sufferings and her triumphs commemorates, by the very fact, His sufferings and His glory. The two are one; conjoined by God in holiest espousals, man may not and cannot sever this hallowed union.

Interspersed with, and subsidiary to, these great festivals of Christ and His holy Church, are those of Christ's saints, who are His living members, and the beautiful temples of the Holy Ghost whom He sent down to them from the Father, according to His promise. There is a commemoration of one or other of these, and sometimes of an entire group, on almost every day of the year. Preeminent among these favorites of God and in her lofty grandeur and peerless beauty towering afar above them all, is she, "the pure and holy one," His own radiant and Immaculate Mother. Her festivals accordingly outshine those of all the other saints, and in solemnity approximate more nearly to those of her divine Son. They constitute refreshing and sweet resting places along the weary journey of the festal year, distributed at suitable intervals along the road. By their lightness and cheerfulness they serve to relieve the sterner features of the landscape, upon which the pilgrim of faith casts his eyes. They are parterres of flowers, tastily arranged and exquisitely furnished, interspersed among the luxuriant fruit trees of the garden Catholic, enhancing its beauty to the eye, and filling the heart with sweet fragrance.

Instead of diminishing, these festivals of the Virgin greatly enhance the devotion of Jesus Christ, Her Son. Whenever we honor and glorify the Virgin, we honor and venerate His own dear Mother, and thereby give to Him the worship which is nearest and dearest to His heart. For is not she the King's daughter, whose glory and beauty are all from within, lavishly bestowed upon her from above to fit her to become His Mother; and will He be jealous of her beautiful garments set off with variegated golden borders,

which His own hands fashioned for her adornment! *omnis gloria filiae Regis ab intus * * * in fimbriis aureis circumamicta varietatibus.*

To show still more forcibly how very absurd it is to suppose that prayers addressed to Mary detract from the honor due to her Son, we may remark, that, with scarcely an exception, these official prayers of the Church invoking the Virgin and the saints are addressed directly to God, and ask Him to pour down blessings upon us by her intercession rendered available "through Jesus Christ His Son." This is true, not only of the prayers recited during the current festivals of the year, but also of those which follow the stated Antiphons, or Anthems to the Virgin, which are recited daily at the end of Complin—her public and official evening prayer—in the divine office. We purpose to glance hastily at these beautiful Anthems, in this and the succeeding papers.

They are distributed through the various Cycles of the festal year above referred to, and they have appropriate reference to the great events commemorated, in which the Virgin Mother bore a conspicuous part by the side of her Son while He was on earth, and subsequently under His complacent filial eye looking down upon her, during her weary pilgrimage on earth after His Ascension into heaven. They consist of two principal parts, the first a metrical or poetical salutation to the Virgin, and the second a prayer to God to grant favors through her powerful intercession and the merits of her Son. These two parts are joined together by a short versicle and response appropriate to the season. In order to consult brevity, we shall for the present confine ourselves to the metrical portion.

We begin with the ALMA REDEMPTORIS MATER, the Anthem recited during the Christmas Cycle. No translation can do justice to the terse and comprehensive words, or to the poetical beauties of this and the other Anthems. In comparison with the simple and grand Latin original, all translations are more or less tame and imperfect. Almost every Prayer Book you meet with has a different rendering, no one of which is entirely satisfactory. Those which attempt poetry are perhaps even more imperfect than those which stick to plain prose. Of the former class the best which we have seen of the ALMA REDEMPTORIS is that contained in the *Lyra Catholica*; of the latter, that of the late Rev. Dr. Damphoux in his old *St. Joseph's Manual*, now out of print. We will copy both of these renderings of the Anthem in question:—

1. Mother of Christ! Hear thou thy people's cry,
 Star of the deep, and Portal of the sky!
 Mother of Him who thee from nothing made,
 Sinking we strive, and call to thee for aid!
 Oh! by that joy which Gabriel brought to thee,
 Thou Virgin first and last, let us thy mercy see!

2. Benign Mother of our Redeemer! Heaven's
 open gate and Star of the Sea! Assist a sinful
 people that strive to rise from their fall; thou,
 who to the astonishment of nature, didst bring
 forth thy holy Creator! Oh ever spotless Virgin!
 Receive this tribute of praise, which we offer to
 thee in union with the Angel's salutation, and
 have compassion on sinners!

Contemplating the sublime, but to us unspeakably sweet mystery of Christ's incarnation and birth, we instinctively address His virgin Mother, both before and after He came forth from her chaste womb, a helpless infant for the love of us poor sinners. If we are struck with tenderness not unmingled with awe, as we look upon, fall down before, and humbly adore that divine Babe, we are enchanted as we cast our eyes on that beautiful, graceful, and immaculate Mother who bends so tenderly and so lovingly over His rude crib, and worships as her God Him whom she idolizes as her Son. We spontaneously and with gushing hearts address her as benign, bountiful, fruitful, exuberant in fertility—for all this and more is contained in the teeming word *Alma*. We call her the Mother of our Redeemer, and therefore our own Mother; the ever open Portal of heaven, for through her we received Him who opened heaven's gates to a fallen race; the Star of the Sea of life, which was in utter darkness amidst the storms that swept over its waters, until she, more radiant than the Star of Jacob arose to light up its depths, and through her Son to guide its mariners to the port of safety. Sinking sinners, struggling to rise, we stretch forth with confidence our feeble hands to her, who bore and gave birth to her own Maker, and who therefore must have great influence and power with him, which she will not fail to exert in our behalf. Little children speaking fondly to a devoted Mother, we seek to win her heart by reminding her of the great Archangel's eulogistic salutation, and by cordially uniting our feeble voices with that of Gabriel in chanting the first notes of the Ave Maria.

How can Mary resist our earnest and tender appeal? How can she fail to be touched with compassion by the plaint of us poor sinners, for whose salvation her dear Son was so soon to shed

that precious blood which He derived from her own pure veins! No! It cannot be, that she will turn away those beautiful eyes, or shut up that bountiful heart: she will have compassion on us poor striving, struggling, helpless sinners!

A. B.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the AVE MARIA.

LORETTO LEAVES.

BY MARIE JOSEPHINE.

"Upon the summit of a mountain which overlooks all those which environ it, our Lady of Loretto sits enthroned; around her appear arranged in semi-circle many *collines*, or hills, each crowned with a pretty villa, all of which are assembling-places from which to express homage for the humble palace of the Queen of Heaven."—*La Legende de Notre Dame, Par l'Abbé J. E. Darvas.*

Let us imagine a grotto, or opening in the mountain of Loretto, not far from the Holy House, and within this little cavern in the rock, the hermitage of a saintly recluse. Behold it is sunset, and in the entrance to the grotto sits a pallid and venerable ascetic, watching the day decline, or the sun go down in the painted sky beyond.

So tranquil watched, our pilgrim-saint,

Italia's sun decline—

The lavish day within the tender west

Die as almost divine,

For once the farewell of the birds he missed,

For every beast, or bird

Around his way, were wont to say

For him, some good-night word.

Dalmatia's fairest youth in prime was he;—

Ah, long had gone that day!

Long had he lived a weird and hermit-saint,—

His scattered locks were gray.

Where famed Dalmatia's purpled roses blow,

Each silver dawn was fair,

And every smiling morn at break he came

To Mary's blessed House for prayer.

But when unworthy of its orient pearl,

(The *how* I never knew)*

* Until this, our poesy was nearly woven we had not seen the little volume of legendary lore by the *Abbe Darvas* already accredited, and with the exception of verses relating to the wood of Laurels and the brothers' wood, have left it as first written, since which we have also received the following from the pen of a valued correspondent. "The removal of the holy house from Dalmatia was believed by the inhabi-

Unworthy of sweet Mary's heavenly House,
Where fair Dalmatia grew,

This pious youth, the morning after came,
As erst with lilies white ;—
He reached the dear and long familiar spot,
But found no house in sight.

Only where late the dear House venerated stood,
The verdure wore more bloom,
And softly in the morning air around,
There lingered yet perfume.

'Gone! gone! my holy House! my tower! my
shrine!'—

Aghast for grief he stood—
And then as one bereft, the fields, he searched,
And through the neighboring wood.

Only some shepherd-peasants from the hills
Who crossed the plain by night,
Had seen a shining house by angels borne
And marveled at the sight.

So very near the lighted sky they sailed,
And onward bore so strong
And swift, and from them grandly floated down
So strange and sweet a song.

And late-returned, and sad unto the nook—
In vain he searched the wild—
He laid him down upon the desolated turf
Where late the dear House smiled.

He laid him down at first, he thought to die
On spot so dear though reft,
Where Mary's sweetness late was shed,
And richly lingering yet.

He bathed with bitter tears the orphaned sod,—
'Ah sad Dalmatia weep!
Weep for the treasure gone from thee, alack!
The gem thou couldst not keep!

'Thou hast unworthy proved, and God has seen
And sent His angels down
To take thy own pure pearl from out thy breast,
From off thy brow its crown.

'Oh, sad Dalmatia weep! His gifts, the Lord's,
We may not lightly prize:
Thou hadst the House where grew the Christ,
'Twas doubted in thy eyes,

tants of that town to be in consequence of their unworthiness, and they wore the earth away by passing around where it had stood on their knees, imploring Mary to come back to them with her house. It seems reasonable that the true cause is that it should be nearer Rome. And the wonder of the flowers that sprang up in each spot where it rested would not have been accomplished but for the removal. And the triple rest may have been the homage of the angelic bearers to the Blessed 'Trinity.'

'Or some sad shame its pure walls saw approach,—
Walls where a God took flesh,
Where Mary lived, where precious Joseph died—
Pour forth thy tears afresh!

'And thus its angels grieved, in haste arose
To bear it hence from thee,—
"Sic transit gloria!" passed—passed away!
Dalmatia weep with me!

And every soul,—whoever runs may read,
Remember saints forsake,
And God, as we ignore our hallowed shrines,
And timely warning take.

But as he wept, our sad and fervent youth,
Was it an angel-word
That fell? but voice as sweet as spoke him there,
Before was never heard.

'Arise thee up, my pilgrim youth, arise
My pilgrim dear,' it said,
'And search until my hidden house is found,—
'Search whither thou art lead.'

He rose him up, as one for joy inspired,
He took his staff and shell,
And never stopped to rest awhile except
By cross or holy well.

Till lo, the ancient Wood of Laurels pierced by
path
Where trees bent down to pray,—
For so the legend of this dear shrine reverent
runs—
As passed the house this way—

Up through the prayer-bent avenue he walked
As some ghost through the grove—
He saw the prodigy before upon his vision rose
That house the angels love.

The House of Mary—ever Mother-Maid—
Immortal-touched of God—
And in a glorious rapture swooned, our knight
Lay fainting on the sod.

When pondering first, as from some blissful sleep
The tranquil pilgrim woke,
Again that voice of her he could not see, but hear,
That same sweet voice bespoke,

'Ask, pilgrim youth, ask what thou wilt to-day:'
'With thee!' he simply said;—
Was it a brightness from the brightened sun
That glorified his head?

Or Mary smiling through the air
'Thy prayer is sweet my son?'
And thus a pilgrim-hermit by this blessed shrine,
His holier life begun.

And oft her gracious presence round him came,
Her vision or her voice;

And when her lightest sigh he knew, ah well,
Rapt saint, might he rejoice.

He fasted for her love, her smile, save when
Some berries in the wood

He found, or some kind peasant by his Lady sent,
Came bearing him some food.

And more of Mary's sacred heart he knew
Than all the saints before,

Since love-crowned John and weeping Magdalen,
That desert-saint of yore.

And when the Wood of Laurels grew, alas! the
lair

Of bandit and of blood,

He rose and journeyed after this dear House,
Escaped into the Brothers' Wood.*

Woe-tide! the loving brothers, lucre-poisoned,
draw

As Cain of old the sword—

Again that pure House could not bide, where
Mary, pure,

Conceived the purer Word,

Fled scandalized:—'tis hard for purity to find
A resting place on earth;—

But happier, this last journeying-time it sought
Loretto's peaceful turf.

A gloriously wooded mount, that sits a queen
With Mary's cottage crowned,

Engirdled-swept by littler mountains, villa-robed,
And lowered in homage round.

And here, forgetting and forgot, sweet Saint,
His youth and manhood, and

His ripened autumn years crept noteless by,
And winter's last cold sand

Of life, was in the waning glass of time,
But yet no winter change

He knew: his heart illumed felt not the cold—
That all without was strange.

Of wrongs of men who came perchance to pray,
Or wandered listless by,

He caught no taint: his heart had Mary kept;—
His heart too near the sky.

Yet ever he might die, O, blessedly blest one!
She had her palm for him,

And as a worshipped mother chose her son
To bless the jewels for her hymn.

And thus it came, our pleasant summer eve,
Ere twilight purpled down,

Or vesper came out bashful first, it seemed,
With one star in her crown.

A sweet ascetic, lost in cowl, unto our Saint,
Or to his Lady's shrine,

To twine of prayer a braid, for aye around
Her virgin brow to shine,

Came, by her tender influence inly drawn,
Fresh from a night of prayer,

At Mary's blessed feet to tell
Her hermit saint his care.

'Beloved of our Mother, help!' the poor monk
cried,

'And guide me in my dream,—

My Queen in sweetness gives to sing, and now
I cannot choose her theme.

'The whiteness of her vast conception,
This melts me in its bliss—

The glory of her Motherhood,
And now I dwell on this.

'Her prudence and her silentness then charm,
Her heart like some deep wood,

Where never woodman's axe hath rung,
God's pure-kept solitude.

'A charity that drew

The King's Son from the skies,
Or the modesty before which
The angels veil their eyes.

'Or the strong greatness of her valiant heart
Within the Calvary-wood—

The mother and the martyr who stood up
Beneath the bloodied rood.

'Beloved of our Mother help!

And guide me in my dream

My Queen has *bidden* me to sing, and now
I cannot chose her theme.'

'Go lie at Mary's feet, my son,' the hermit smiled,
'Come as the day is born,'

The dear, cowed friar nothing doubting passed—
And came with flush of morn.

Came as the matin of the birds that wakes
And grows with dawn arose,

Came as Aurora touched the groves, and dank
With dews smiled palm and rose.

'What of the night! the precious night my son?'

'Ah, hermit-Father, I but heard

Breathe through the midnight to the glow of
matins,

The sweetness of one word.

'From altar, heart and hearth it rose
And swift afar angelic rung,

* *Vide Légende de l'Abbe Darvas.*

And ever sweeter—"Holy Mary pray for us!"
Was on each Christian tongue.'

'Tis good,' the hermit wrote, 'and thou shalt keep

This blessed day with me,
And more auspicious night rolled round, await,
What may be shown to thee.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MADONNAS.

The following lines, from our old acquaintance and much esteemed friend, Louis Veuillot, express so beautifully and so correctly some of our own sentiments, of a certain class of pretended *fine tableaux* of the Blessed Virgin, and *sentimental* devotions as well, that we could not resist the desire to place them before our readers. We would even beg of all our friends to help us in creating a healthy discrimination between what is calculated to elevate, in public opinion, the character of our heavenly Mother, and what is likely to lower the standard of her real perfections. We can scarcely ever be too severe before we adopt what purports to remind us of the greatest created perfection on earth:

I have spent hours in contemplating the noble image styled the Madonna of St. Mary Major. Of all the representations by which art has essayed to express the grand idea of Mary, Mother of God, this, I think, pleases me most.

Quantities of celebrated Madonnas undoubtedly portray noble ladies, and generally interesting women; many of them are exceedingly pretty, and are highly extolled. I must confess that the greater part of them displease me—aye, there are some which even create a feeling of horror.

I detest the disdainful style portrayed by poor Andrea del Sarto, and I am not surprised to learn that this great painter was guilty of giving us, under the name of the Blessed Virgin, the features of a woman who was not worthy of his love.

I have no admiration for Titian's brunettes, the lovely blondes of Veronese, the Flemish maids and matrons of Reubens, the graceful ladies of Guido, Sassoferrato, Mignard, and their numberless imitators: I would willingly see them all shipped to

[Rue de Grenelle St. Germain, 13, Office de l'Univers, Paris.—Ed.]

I make an exception of Murillo's *Immaculate Conception*. He has painted, it seems to me, that thought of God, which was to be Mary; that ex-

pectation of the prophets and saints, of which nothing had yet been able to express the inexpressible beauty, the inexpressible perfection, the inexpressible office on earth and in heaven.

This work of Murillo is one of the grand efforts of human genius. It was thus, methinks, Isaiah must have seen, in the depths of the future, the Virgin who was to bring forth; in this manner must she have appeared to him, descending to the earth, her eyes, beaming with love and humility, raised to Heaven.

Behold this perfect soul, sent by that God *who so loved the world*, to be united to a perfect body, unsullied by the slightest blemish. In this double perfection, in this double purity, she will be the mysterious instrument of salvation.

She has all the candor of eternal innocence, all the splendor of eternal virginity. Her feet are bare, and her unbound tresses float in an atmosphere never breathed by mortal breath,—her vesture a veil of whose use she is ignorant, for the infirmities and miseries of mortal nature are as yet unknown to her.

Borne by angels, she descends through light divine; heaven unfolds a grand design of mercy for fallen man. The ambassadress of the Creator will reascend, followed by legions of saints. Eternal gates unfold your bars!

Those infant angels surrounding her, whom I have sometimes heard criticised as being too human in their character, portray the harvests of pure flowers, which the earth, henceforth bedewed with the waters of baptism, will germinate for heaven. Henceforth the earth will give to heaven not only fruits, but flowers.

Such is the painting of this great Spaniard, the true son of that theological nation which has produced so many profound doctors. Murillo lived in familiar intercourse with religious, in the midst of a people, who, as a formula of cordial salutation, had adopted the profession of faith in the Immaculate Conception of Mary.

Murillo's painting is the idea of Mary; but it is not yet Mary; it is the Virgin so long expected, who is to give birth to the Desired of Nations, but it is not the Mother, remaining the incomparable Virgin, rich in all gifts, endowed with all graces, overwhelmed with all sorrows.

Mother of God! Mother of Sorrows! What extremes reunite in this one creature! Protectress of Man; Victorious enemy of Satan; Mother of Mercy; Mirror of Justice; Lily of all Innocence; Ocean of all Science; Virgin of the Crib; Mother of Golgotha; Queen of the Cenacle!

The celestial creature who lived amongst us in the flesh; in whom neither life nor death could aught destroy; so holy that her touch filled the sepulcher with flowers; so perfect, and realizing so fully the divine conception of beauty, that God would not leave her upon earth.

But again reuniting her body to her soul, God invested it with immortality, without in any thing changing her mortal form, and such as men saw her, does Mary remain in her virginal perfections before the eye in whose glance the Seraphim are not spotless.

This idea Murillo did not portray, nor will the hand of mortal man ever portray it. The purest madonnas of the most fervent epoch, those of *Beato* himself merely present some fugitive traits of its bright visions formed in the heart. I dare not speak here of Raphael; he commenced by the Virgin of *Sposalizio*, and finished by the Madonna of *San Sisto*, but in the interval often straying from the true type of which he had caught a glimpse, he followed the path of carnal beauty. By this path art descended even to parody. What does Art give us in our days?

Pale, sickly and melancholy faces—sometimes mere worldly figures; frequently face and figure wholly unworthy a pious subject. We even find these last in our churches. Works of impious artists accepted by judges exercising very little vigilance.

Many Christian artists, who are anxious to do well, seem to think they have attained their end, when they have succeeded in painting the sweet face of a young maiden, in whose arms they place a pretty babe. It is some virgin or other, an elder sister perhaps; but it is not the Virgin, still less the Mother.

Bad taste encourages these insipid works in the same manner as it gives a popularity to the silly literature of some "Months of Mary," and to the warped devotion which celebrates the Blessed Virgin with a false theology, false flowers, false melodies and false poetry.

They make of the august Virgin—may God forgive it—and may they forgive me the expression—they make of her a little mamma, bearing a resemblance to many self-styled Christian mothers,—a little mamma who requires from her children neither labors nor virtues, who pardons every thing, provided they caress her. Yes, the Blessed Virgin is a mother, a mother most benign to her adopted children. Before the throne of God she raises her powerful prayer in favor of the contrite sinner; but she is not that silly

woman who by a weak love betrays the glory of the Father and the love of His children.

O Christian artists, for the honor of your art, and for the fulfillment of the designs of God, hasten to the Church, listen to what she says of Mary, lay aside your miserable conception, for in truth, you mislead yourselves, and you mislead others. Mary "is the work of an eternal plan. * * * By her birth she was the most illustrious lady the earth ever saw, daughter of a long generation of patriarchs, saints, and kings. Saint Denis the Areopagite was so struck by her majesty and beauty that he would have taken her for the Divinity itself, had he not learned from St. Paul the name of the one God. According to Saint Epiphanius, God excepted, she surpassed in beauty all the rest, but this beauty was a mingling of sweetness and majesty, which made her loved and feared, and her characteristic was to elevate the minds of others to God, to inspire purer thoughts and holy love.

Forget not, O artists, that it is said she stood erect at the foot of the cross; that she presided in the Cenacle, and that she is the mother of sacred science, of the science of sciences. Do not forget that her foot crushed the serpent, and that in her is found the strength to overcome all heresies. She is the Virgin most faithful, the zealous guardian of the glory and honor of her Jesus, the irreconcilable enemy of the demon; her eyes abhor the slightest stain of impurity, on which the tears of contrition have not been shed;—she takes every hand that is held out to her, but forget not that the hand must be extended to her with the desire of being saved. Let a resolution be made, then, to abandon this effeminate style, wherein Art is degraded, and the sublime beauty of Mary disfigured. Go back to the fountain-head,—study those beautiful old figures which antiquity has left us, and of which the Virgin of Saint Mary Major is the type, at once sweet, attractive and imposing.

APPROBATION OF RT. REV. O. M. DUBUIS,
Bishop of Galveston.

We take no little pride in placing before our readers a letter, perhaps too flattering, but none the less acceptable, especially as it brings to our memory fifty devoted missionaries, in whose amiable company it was our pleasant lot to effect, last year, one of the happiest passages we ever made over the ocean. Such chosen followers, in such masterly hands, could not fail to realize extraordinary hopes. The countenance of each one of

that noble band is engraved for life on our memory. May they live long for the consolation of their worthy Bishop; may they see the fruits of their zeal and apostolic labors. Nothing will please us more than to hear often from a field where we count so many laborers among our most valuable acquaintances:

GALVESTON, TEXAS, March 3, 1867.

Rev. dear Father: I regret that my numerous occupations, and long journeys, have so long prevented me from writing you some words of sympathy and thanks on the subject of your excellent work and of the pious AVE MARIA which you direct.

Since my arrival here, with my numerous band of Apostolic laborers whom you saw on board the *Europe*, I have not had a moment of leisure. I have placed my twenty new priests, founded several convents of Sisters—some engaged in teaching, others in attendance on the sick,—built colleges and churches, traversed in every direction the immense territory of the State of Texas, which but a few years ago, in a religious point of view, was an arid and sterile desert, but which is now beginning to count in the American vineyard of the Lord. There is always a great deal to do here. The fruit of my laborious journey through Europe appears already absorbed in the immensity of our needs, like a drop of water in the ocean. Thus I find myself obliged, when I go to the council, to take the field once more and beat up new recruits. You perceive then, Rev. dear Father, that it was not altogether my fault that I have not given sooner, as I would have wished, my hearty personal adhesion to your good works.

I believe the AVE MARIA is destined to do a great deal of good in our churches by spreading everywhere the devotion to Mary, Mother of God. The best spiritual benefits always result from a fervent devotion to the most Blessed Virgin. As the first time in the Divine Incarnation Mary gave us Jesus, so is she still the channel of all graces. Jesus is always found with Mary. He is with Mary and Joseph to be the model of Christian families, and to communicate to them the spirit of Nazareth and in all ways to bless them.

Educated in the shadow of the Sanctuary of Fourvieres, and a child of that diocese of France which glories in its particular zeal for Mary, I have ever greatly loved this tender Mother and take delight in recommending devotedness to her as a powerful means of Sanctification.

Thus every thing which tends to make her known, to make her loved, is dear to me; and

therefore, dear Father, it is that I love so much the AVE MARIA, and recommend it in a particular manner to the faithful of my diocese. I would wish to have it in all our Christian families, that it should arrive every Saturday to revive devotion to Mary, and prepare the readers for the worthy celebration of the Lord's day. The good reading, as pious as it is interesting, with which you enrich its columns, will produce fruits of piety and salvation in all who read it.

Increase and multiply: that is my most ardent wish, because your charming messenger of Mary will carry everywhere its blessings. It does not merely pass by doing good, but it remains as a permanent source of good thoughts and pious sentiments.

I am now setting out again to provide for the spiritual wants of the numerous emigrants from Mexico, who are happy to find in Texas the consolations of our holy religion. Adieu, then, dear Father; to your works all my sympathy, to you my sentiments of affection in our Lord.

C. M. DUBUIS, *Bishop of Galveston.*

THE PATRONESS.

[From *Le Parfum de Rome* par L. Veuillot.]

Our Captain was a brave seaman, who maintained his authority without the aid of oaths, and in foul weather, as in fair, his cheerful temper was unruffled. In his cabin hung the portrait of the Blessed Virgin.

"Captain, what do you think of the weather?"

"It is villainous! We shall be tossed about at such a rate as to be forced to stop. But the ship is good and the Captain lucky.

"I am fifty years old, and I have spent fifty years upon the ocean's waves, for I was born on its waters. My whole life has been spent at sea. In my voyages to Rome, I never met with any serious accident, but I cannot say the same of my other trips."

"Captain, I saw the likeness of a certain Lady in your cabin. Is she the Patroness of your vessel?"

The Captain smiled.

"The Company of the Imperial Line do not trouble themselves much about a Patroness. Our good ship is called *Lycurgus*. Did you ever hear of a saint of that name? But the Lady of whom you speak is my own special Patroness."

"How long has she been such, Captain?"

"Since a certain day, when I and several others, who did not any of us very often think of looking

up to heaven,—I mean the heaven of our good God,—suddenly found ourselves near the bottom of the sea. Then, when all hope of earthly aid had vanished, we discovered that we were more pious than we professed to be, for we made a vow to *Notre Dame de la Garde*; she immediately took us in tow, and we entered port as if led by the hand.

"In our shirt-sleeves, and barefooted, we fulfilled our vow, chanting the litanies as we went along.

"Ah! the good Virgin did all things well! Some time afterward she gave me my wife, and my wife gave me my daughter.

"Now my wife and daughter pray for me. As sentinels they stand before *Notre Dame de la Garde*, where their prayers burn, like two tapers of purest wax.

"They ask the Blessed Virgin that I may die in my bed, well prepared by a good confession. They tell her that as we have been so separated on this earth, we should not be so in eternity. God will grant them what they ask.

"My daughter will close my eyes, and bury my poor body. So, now, go to your cabin and sleep as tranquilly as I do."

THE THIRD DOLOR:

Jesus left Behind in the Temple.

Three days she seeks her Child in vain:

He who vouchsafed that holy woe
And makes the gates of glory pain,
He, He alone its depth can know.

She wears the garment He must wear,
She tastes His chalice! From a Cross
Unseen she cries, "Where art Thou, where?
Why hast Thou me forsaken thus?"

With feeblér hand she touches first
That sharpest thorn in all His crown,
Worse than the Nails, the Reed, the Thirst,
Seeming desertion's icy frown!

O Saviour! we, the weak, the blind,
We lose Thee, snared in Pleasure's bound:
Teach us once more Thy Face to find
Where only Thou art truly found.

In Thy true Church, its Faith, its Love
Its anthemed Rites or Penance mute,
And that interior Life whereof
Eternal Life is flower and fruit.

—Aubrey De Vere.

THE WHITE FRIARS; OR, MARY AND THE ORDER OF CITEAUX.

BY REV. ALEXIS RENOUX.

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[CONTINUED.]

They picture to themselves a finer monastery than that of Molesme,—one in which there will be more regularity, greater peace, more abundant graces,—those unique graces which were accorded to the ancient Benedictine Fathers in the days of primitive fervor.

Besides, all young men love excitement; the uncertain, the unexpected, is as agreeable to them as the positive, and the assurance of the morrow are to old men who have outlived the illusions of youth;—and here our young monks form part of a band of pious adventurers. The love of novelty, which has such an empire over men, may be found under the religious habit. Is this surprising when they live spiritually only among marvelous things; when they are leaving Molesme by an inspiration fortified by duty; when they have a right to hope from God, whom they blindly follow, a manifest intervention in the establishment they are about to found?

The gaiety, then, of this last group predominates over the sadness we perceived at first. Another reason for this change, which we might attribute to the mobility of youth, may be found in the fact that before they reach their destination they may be obliged to lead, for several days, this nomadic life, which is so attractive to young persons whose imagination has been heightened by solitude. While still continuing to serve the Lord, they may break the monotony of the days spent in the cloister.

Besides, it is so fine to behold the country when the weather is favorable to traveling a-foot!

We have attentively examined some of the personages of this band of pilgrims: we have studied them collectively, so to speak, in order not to lose time by painting individual portraits. Moreover, their general physiognomy is sufficient, as there are but few of these emigrants who are to play a striking rôle in the foundation of the Order of Mary.

We may add that the chronicles which enter, notwithstanding, into minute details of monastic origins, and which are far from letting them be lost in the night of time, as profane history loses the birth of nations, these chronicles, I repeat, have not transmitted to us the names of all these

travelers. I shall, therefore, content myself with sketching more particularly the fine figure which surpasses all the others in nobleness, in grace and strength. But before taking the pencil I shall make a brief observation : it is, that all the brethren are equal in this little battalion of reformers who were going to renew the Benedictine Order. Priests, deacons and acolyths were not distinguished from the others; they were lost in the crowd, and came forth only for the celebration of Mass. The Rule of Mount Cassino had thus regulated the relations of the religious. Those in Orders could bring themselves into notice only by a more profound humility, and more submissive virtues. In-doors and out, they were to consider themselves as the servants of the community.

There was not, at that time, the distinction between monks and lay-brothers, or choir-brothers and lay-brothers, established later in the Cistercian houses. Complete equality reigned throughout the family, under the paternal direction of the Abbot, into whose hands all the members had deposed their will, their rights and their prerogatives, by their profession. The most energetic prescriptions of Saint Benedict had taken away all the privileges from the priests, and from all marked with the ecclesiastical character. The religious tonsure had equalized the nobleman and the plebeian, the churchman and the soldier, the learned and the illiterate, the Lord and the vassal.

This practical democracy, this veritable fraternity, possible only in the religious life, was a trait of great wisdom and of touching solicitude on the part of the Legislator of the monks; a guarantee of peace in the abbeys, and one of the most beautiful of the evangelical wonders. Nothing, in fact, could be more admirable than to see, in the religious houses, under the same habit, the young prince, or the baron, elbowed, and even reproved by the vassal—whom he would not have looked at in the world—or even acting as his servant, and giving him the most affectionate care. What more admirable sight than to see them at table, eating the same black bread, nourishing themselves with the same vegetables they had cultivated together, and to help each other to the water of the fountain. In the choir, the ignorant, who scarcely knew how to read, chanted with the priests the psalms which he had learned by heart during the time of holy vigils.

In those monasteries, there was only the passing aristocracy of the ancient members, who formed the Council of the Abbot; and even they could not meet together without the order of the Ab-

bot, presided over by him, and to deliberate only on important affairs. The spectacle which this equality presents, is one of the prodigious miracles wrought by Christianity, and which the generous dreams, and all the aspirations of antiquity could not realize. To me it is the thing the most surprising in monastic institutions. The pride of caste trodden under foot,—the humiliating of birth, fortune and science under the same yoke with servitude, misery and ignorance, is the great triumph of the Christian spirit over fallen nature, which is but pride, avarice and ambition. I place this voluntary abasement far above the austerities, the macerations, and the observance of disciplinary practices; because it is more repugnant to our moral corruption; because it is infinitely more difficult to overcome the soul than it is to subdue the flesh which is weak.

I dare not blame the reform, which took place at a later period, concerning the separation of the monks from lay-brethren, since saints were the authors of it; but the primitive constitution of Saint Benedict appears to me more perfect, and more in harmony with the spirit of the Gospel, and the formal words of Jesus. Had He not often preached, and realized around Him that equality which was in the beginning one of the bases of the cenobitic life?

The East; the deserts of Egypt, and of Scete; Saint Jerome, Saint Basil; in Italy, Saint Benedict; Saint Columbanus, Saint Maur, in Gaul—did these know the distinction between monks and lay-brothers? Did they exclude the latter from the affairs of the monastery; from the deliberations of the chapter; from the election of the head of the family; from partaking in the chanting of the office in the choir, etc., to reduce them to the rôle of mere workmen?

Why should not all the inhabitants of the little republic, called an abbey, be citizens by the same title? Why should not all the members of a family have the same rights?

When I think that it was interest alone,—the desire of increasing the material productions,—that made the scission I deplore, it appears still less reasonable. It is certain that I judge it only at the epoch of its birth; now it has passed in the habits of conventual life; it has a prescription of seven centuries; custom has the force of law. I can only, then, regret, with submission, the first state of things.

At last I arrive at the most striking personage—chief of the band—the guide of this little people of God, who are now crossing the desert in search

of the promised land, where, for them, shall flow, in abundance, the milk and honey of celestial favors.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR LADY OF THE CHAINS.

A Legend of the Fourteenth Century.

[Translated from the French of L. D'Appilly.]

[CONTINUED.]

IV.

After these examinations, the charges which had been raised against the Zibelli appeared so well established that Borbero gave the order for their arrest.

Joseph was in his warehouse; in vain did he implore a delay of some days to put his vast affairs in order, and to regulate his mercantile relations. They brutally snatched him from the prayers and tears of his wife. The clerks were dismissed and the doors sealed up.

"Can you at least inform me of what crime I stand accused?" asked he with calmness.

He was not answered.

Nearly at the same time, Robert was entering the king's palace; two *shirri* posted behind the door demanded his sword. After having looked upon them disdainfully, he said:

"And what would you do with it?"

"Give it up: do not oppose the legitimate course of justice."

"What have I to fear from justice?"

"You know what. Obey, and follow us whither we have orders to conduct you."

Robert hesitated, then he boldly drew the blade. At sight of this the archers recoiled and assumed a defensive attitude; the young man rested the point of the sword on the marble pavement, pressed his foot upon the blade and broke it.

"Pick it up," said he, with contempt, throwing them the hilt.

Angelo was arrested with more difficulty. Ardent and haughty, he drew his poniard and put to flight the *shirri* who sought to secure him. Then, making his way in spite of the clamors of the passers by, he gained, by deserted streets, the door of the house, which happened to be open.

But the court and all the apartment were full of archers, who were plundering with eagerness the rich dwelling of the merchant. At sight of Angelo, they stopped their pillage for awhile, surrounded him, threw him down, and captured him.

Borbero shut them up in separate cells, and refused all requests for permission to see each other.

They were strictly guarded. After some days of solitude each one received a companion in his captivity, chosen from among the most cunning of the gaolers.

These spies studied to draw from them, by every possible means, exclamations or words which might criminate them. Sometimes they tried to surprise their confidence by an insidious compassion, and asked them for confessions and outpourings of the heart; sometimes, by studied insults, they tried to catch them in the indiscretion of anger, and the imprudence of passion. But the prisoners were upon their guard; they watched attentively over their lips.

Joseph displayed an unshaken firmness of soul. In the midst of the vexations of which he was the object, he was neither heard to heave a sigh nor to express regret. He remained for entire hours in the same attitude, forgetting the spy who was dogging his heels. He understood from the first that the ruin of all three was contemplated, and he did not allow himself to be flattered for a single instant by illusions. He vainly sought to recall what action of his life or what word could have engendered such cruel enmities against him. He could not imagine what motive could prompt any living man to desire his ruin and death.

Misfortune is suspicious; Joseph finding no explanations of this hatred in reason, sought it in human passions. Cupidity alone, and the hope of plundering his goods, could have animated his persecutors; this idea embittered his soul. The riches acquired by his forefathers, in two centuries of work, vigilance and assiduous labors, were to become the prey and the booty of calumniators. And to secure them the more easily, these wretches did not recoil from the agony of three innocent men.

These reflections inspired him with disgust and contempt of the world. Men appeared to him so perverse and so base that he rejoiced to be separated from them. Life became a matter of indifference to him, and if liberty had been restored to him at that moment, he would have fled into a desert to hide the rest of his days. Death was denuded of all that could be frightful for him; he called upon it in his prayers, as it alone could put an end to his captivity, assuage his griefs, and deliver him from the contact of evil.

Misfortune is a road that leads to God. Meditations on death introduced Joseph to the presence of the Eternal Judge. He had hitherto lived in

carelessness of his salvation. The preoccupations of fortune, the strife of interest, the tumultuous hurry of business, had filled his heart, and had left no place for the thought of heaven therein. This thought took possession of it as soon as the threats of death had cleansed it from the material cares which encumbered it; his eyes turned spontaneously to the Divinity to beg for justice and vengeance. Then piety found a foothold by degrees, and allayed his resentments. Detachment from the earth led him step by step to the forgetting and forgiving of injuries. His griefs lost their poignancy; and resignation enlightened the black walls of his dungeon with sweeter daylight. The air which he breathed seemed less damp to him, the vault less narrow, solitude less tedious, and even the spy, who tortured him at leisure, appeared to him less hideous and less hateful.

Robert suffered much less from captivity. The habit of watching for the storms of court had hardened him beforehand against the capricious injustice of fortune; nothing shook his courage. Imprisonment is a severe trial. The firmest characters do not always resist that isolation which unnerves the most vigorous minds and relaxes all the strength of manhood. The young courtier did not allow his forces to languish and waste away. He kept his body in health by regular exercise, and to distract his mind, he applied himself to the composition of romances which he sang to the echoes of his dungeon, making it ring with an unaccustomed sound.

Such is the ascendancy conferred by energy of the will, he had forced his gaoler to become his servant. He imposed silence upon him when he wished to give himself up to sleep or to meditation on his rhymes. He joked; he indulged in sarcasm; the weariness of solitude and want of occupation had given a keener edge to his wit, and he confounded the spy by his sallies and his satires. And when his companion did not laugh quick enough, he would say with a frown: "Laugh, or I will have thee hanged, when I am minister."

No revelation was to be hoped for from these two prisoners. Robert did not, like his brother, persevere in a mournful silence, but the skill of his replies defeated the cunning of the questioner. It was upon Angelo that all attacks were concentrated. Angelo was, in fact, much more vulnerable.

He was young, and had not yet learned by experience to condemn the world. Life had hitherto shown him a smiling face, guilt by the magic of

hope and adorned by illusion; he had a thirst to live. Perhaps some secret attachment also, scarcely formed and still unsatisfied, rendered more heartrending to him the bloody array of death. Each time that the specter of mortality presented itself to his mind, he turned away his head with horror, and was filled with indignation at seeing himself broken from the stem, before the flower could expand.

When despair seized him, he rolled upon the ground in the paroxysms of a wild fury: he adjured heaven and earth, he beat the walls with his head and feet, and was near strangling his gaoler. All his strength was dissipated in cries and impotent rage, and he fell back upon his pallet of straw, weeping with anger and pain. He called the whole universe to his assistance, and casting himself on his knees, he raised his eyes and his joined hands to the vault of his cell, and prayed to the Madonna with bitter tears and moaning.

He ingeniously recounted all the events of the fearful night, as Robert's servant had given them in his testimony. He could never be brought to any confusion, or to contradict himself. But the accent of truth which innocence lent to his words did not touch the judges, who unceasingly asked of him.

"And how did you happen to be at the fatal scene at that hour of night?"

He would never explain this. In vain they told him that his justification lay in this secret; he lowered his head and remained silent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOTICE OF PUBLICATIONS.

LYDIA: A TALE OF THE SECOND CENTURY: Published by Eugene Cumiskey, Philadelphia.

The above work is a translation from the German of Herman Geiger, and a reprint from the English edition. With the exception of a little inaccuracy about classical names, it has been fairly translated.

The Tale is laid chiefly in Athens. It belongs to the same class as *Calista* and *Fabiola*. It is simple and pleasing, and we freely acquiesce in the words of the Preface to the American Edition, that "a volume so interesting and instructive is peculiarly beneficial: for it must be admitted, though numerous and influential as may be the members of the Catholic Church, that there still exists a prejudice and pressure from without that in no small degree prevents the vigor and growth

of sound Christian principles. The temporal prosperity of the country, and the concomitant desire of appearing well before the people, have introduced a spirit of extravagance and forgetfulness by no means favorable to religion.

"The blamelessness of the lives, and the acknowledged virtues of the early Christians, proved insufficient to protect them against the strong prejudice of a jealous and unbelieving majority: and in the nineteenth, as in the second century of the Church, do we find, in too many instances, a lack of that firmness and moral courage which we so admire, but do not always practice.

"It would sound strangely, perhaps, to compare the unjust prejudices of the Grecian pagan of the second century with the misrepresentations of the nineteenth in our own midst; but this however may be understood, that now, as then, it requires the patience and charity of Lydia to conquer the pride and worldly-mindedness of Metella.

"In the hope, then, of strengthening the faith, whilst it sustains the hope of the children of the Church, in their daily conflict with the outward world, this volume is placed in the hands of the American reader,—a reprint of the London edition of the present year."

THE CATHOLIC YOUTH'S LIBRARY; Published by P. F. Cunningham: Philadelphia.

We gladly hail the zealous labors of the enterprising publisher, in his happy commencement of a series of works for Catholic children, in which amusement and instruction are most happily combined. We can easily imagine how the bright eyes of our young readers would brighten at the sight of these fifteen books, so neatly bound in red, blue, brown, and black, all prepared for youths, with the following interesting titles:

- "Helena Butler: A Story of the Rosary."
- "May Carleton; or the Catholic Maiden's Cross."
- "Allee; or the Rose of the Black Forest."
- "Cottage Evening Tales."
- "Ralph Berrien, and other Tales of the French Revolution."
- "The Beauports: A Story of the Alleghanies."
- "Charles and Frederick; or a Mother's Prayer."
- "Philip Hartley; or a Boy's Trials and Triumphs."
- "Lanretta and the Fables."
- "A Father's Tales."
- "Count Leslie; or the Triumphs of Filial Piety."
- "Silver Grange, and Phillippine."
- "Trevor Hall: A Christmas Story."
- "The Children of the Valley."

These little tales are exactly what we need for children. In some it is a touching episode in history, charmingly related, as, in Phillippine, the gentle betrothed of Edward II; or, the tragic fate of the young dauphin, Louis XVII. Or, again, we have the trials and triumphs of a real little

Catholic American boy, in brave little Philip Hartley.

Such tales will do good to every child who reads them; and they are written in an attractive style, well calculated to win children's attention, and leave an impress of tender piety and lively faith.

CHRONIOLE.

DEDICATIONS.—On the 27th of January, the Very Rev. Father Coady, administrator of the Diocese of Erie, dedicated the new Catholic Church in Petroleum Centre, Venango county, Pennsylvania.

On the 17th of January, Right Rev. Bishop Domenec dedicated the new Church of St. Mary's Summit, Butler county, Pa.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.—At the Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, Manchester, New Hampshire, on Monday evening, 25th ultimo, Miss Lucy Wheeler, called in Religion Sister Mary Josephine, Miss Annie Murphy, (Sister Mary Frances,) Miss Katie Delaney, (Sister Mary Vincent,) Miss Flora Campbell, (Sister M. Genevieve,) Miss Julia Delaney, (Sister Mary Monica,) Miss Kate Barrett, (Sister Mary Augusta,) received from the Rt. Rev. Dr. Bacon the white veil and habit of the Order of Mercy.

On the following morning, Miss Lucy Pickersgill, in Religion Sister Mary Teresa Xavier, and Miss Ellen Blake, in Religion Sister Mary Regina, pronounced their vows and received the black veil from the hands of the Right Rev. Prelate, assisted by a number of clergymen. The Bishop confirmed many of the young Ladies of the Academy and several converts. On Thursday over five hundred children and a number of adults received Confirmation in Saint Ann's Church.

In the Ursuline Convent, Saint Martin's, Brown County, Ohio, on the 28th ultimo, Miss Ellen Collins, named in religion Sister Mary Sebastian, received the white veil.

OBITUARIES.—Died, at Saint Vincent's Abbey, Pennsylvania, on the 3d ultimo, Rev. Cyrillus Eder, O. S. B., in the 26th year of his age, and second of his Profession.

On the 27th ultimo, at Saint Mary's, near Somerset, Perry County, Ohio, Sister Monica Lynch, in the 82d year of her age, and seventeenth of her Profession.

Requiescant in pace.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

LITTLE JOSEY.

[CONCLUDED.]

They had warmed themselves by a good fire; they had eaten a hearty meal of nice cakes and warm coffee; and then they were sweetly sleeping in the great big, soft bed that good Mrs. White, Father Lamoner's housekeeper, had prepared for them, while the statue of the Blessed Virgin, placed over the bed, seemed sweetly to smile upon them. Dear Lord, thou hadst indeed answered little Mary's prayer, and Thou didst have pity on poor little children who had no father nor mother!

The next day Peter and Josey, well washed, their hair nicely combed, and dressed in their best clothes (which, after all, were poor enough) that Peter's little bundle contained, took their breakfast with Mrs. White, while Father Lamoner was saying High Mass. Mrs. White was Father Lamoner's widowed sister, and had kept house for him over twenty years. She was an excellent old lady, and very well adapted to pet and spoil little children; so you may be sure that under her kind care the two little urchins soon forgot all their sorrows, and their merry laughter made good Mrs. White's heart bound with joy. It is even reported that little Josey, throwing discretion altogether aside, already called her Mother White, caressed Mother White, and, in short, treated Mother White as if he had known her all his life. And she, good soul, never dreamed of being offended at this familiarity. On the contrary, she enjoyed it, as she made Peter relate, for the twentieth time, perhaps, their adventures since they reached the city; not, however, without interrupting him, every moment, by a sigh or an exclamation; and indeed she shed more than one tear over his touching story.

"Poor little angels," she said, "poor little angels of our dear Lord!" Then with tears and sobs she embraced first Peter and then little Josey. Peter said: "I knew the Blessed Virgin would hear our prayer."

Josey exclaimed: "Oh, Mother White, you would never send us away from you, if you only knew how cold people are when they have to sleep out in the street."

After Mass, Father Lamoner took the boys with him, and went to the same grand house on whose steps Peter and Josey had rested the night before.

"Oh!" said Peter, "here is the very spot where we almost froze to death!"

"And here is the place where Peter pulled off his coat to cover me," said Josey.

"Poor little angels," said Father Lamoner; "poor little angels of our dear Lord."

Then they went into the grand room where we saw the beautiful Christmas tree. All the family were present, and the children, seated on the carpet, were enjoying their nice Christmas presents.

All were delighted to see Father Lamoner, and they said: "Father, where did you get two such pretty little boys?"

"These are the Christmas gifts I bring you," he answered.

All, little and big, listened to Peter's story with emotion, and at the end Josey received so many kind attentions that I am afraid he forgot Mother White. Father Lamoner staid to dinner. The children of the house shared their presents with the little orphans, while the elder members of the family held a council with Father Lamoner in which it was decided that Peter and Josey should be placed with an honest mason of their acquaintance. Peter as an apprentice, while Josey should go to school.

And then it was time for Vespers; as Father Lamoner was leaving the house, leading the boys by the hand, little Mary ran after them, holding her little pillow in her arms. "Here, Josey," she exclaimed, "here is my little pillow—take it with you, and see how soft it is, and how nicely you can sleep on it." And her mother, although she was generally rather severe, had not the courage to scold Mary for this generosity.

That is all I'll tell you about them to-day. Some other time I will ask for a little corner in the Children's Department, in order to tell you what a model apprentice Peter made, and how rapidly Josey improved in all his classes. How they used to dine on Sundays with Mother White, and then go to take supper with Willie and Johnnie and little Mary. How good they were, and how every body loved them. How Peter became a master mason, and Josey became a great and good physician. How Willie became a fine poet, (you may have seen some of his poetry in the AVE MARIA,) and how Johnny, who intended to take his soldiers to Palestine, to fight the Turkies, did something far better when he became a holy priest and went as a missionary to convert those very infidels he once thought of fighting with guns and broad-swords.

"THEOLA; A TALE OF EARLY TIMES."

BY MARIAPHILOS.

CHAPTER II.—THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

The emissary Raucus was an obscure juriconsult of Lyons—his native city. Without any other quality than a certain low cunning, he might have lived and died unnoticed, had not the new policy of the Emperor towards the Christians, furnished an appropriate field of action for such a nature as his. He hated the proscribed race with such intensity that the authorities had selected him as the best fitted person to represent to the Emperor the manifold evils that would befall the empire in general, and Lyons in particular, if the Christians were not immediately crushed. There was another cause, too, which increased this hatred to absolute fury. He had dared to aspire to the hand of a noble lady, whose social position was infinitely superior to his own. There was another obstacle, which he barely suspected at the time—the lady was a fervent Christian. Four years before the opening of this little narrative, she had married a captain of the garrison of Lyons, a man every way her equal. Their union had been blessed with one child—a son, who, at the period of Raucus' visit to Rome, was three years old. When the would-be suitor heard of the noble lady's marriage, all the worst qualities of his grovelling nature were aroused. Hence, strongly suspecting her to be a Christian, Raucus hailed with delight the symptoms of the storm which was about to burst upon the Church of God. The persecution had already commenced in Rome, and had been creeping along, like some hideous monster, to the extremities of the empire. But it traveled too slowly for such men as Raucus, so his journey was decided on in order to expedite the anxiously expected edict. After this explanation, we shall turn from him and his dark designs to a more genial scene.

* * * * *

"Mater Christi, ora pro nobis; Mater divina gratia, ora pro nobis; Mater purissima, ora pro nobis."

Tread lightly, dear children, for you are now entering a Christian home. Here are strange prayers in the midst of paganism. A tiny little voice—the soft tones of a lady—the strong, deep enunciation of a man, made the beautiful litany musical, as it arose to Mary's throne. And so they went on—the sweet petitions!—until the end,

and then the father, mother and child arose from their knees, with that sense of calm and happiness which only such as they experience.

The father was a man of large, yet well-proportioned frame, with a frank, open expression of countenance, that bespoke a generous, noble soul. It was one of those faces that attract childhood—those unskilled yet unerring Lavaters. A certain brusquerie and abruptness of manner rendered the military undress he wore unnecessary as an indication of his profession.

The mother was one of those calm, modest and matronly ladies, whose world is confined to the domestic circle, and the duties of religion. Her dress was rich, but plain, and arranged with the strictest propriety. A small, exquisitely-wrought cross hung from her neck, which she tenderly kissed as she concluded her prayer.

The child looked like one of Guido's lovely conceptions. His face was a picture of innocence and vivacity. His large, bright blue eyes sparkled with the purity of "the light within." Rich, golden curls fell down his shoulders in profusion, so regularly, so softly, that they looked like painted locks.

When the prayers were ended he approached the statue, before which they had knelt, and placed at the feet of the Madonna a beautiful rose in full bloom; then, pressing his lips to the statue he turned away. The parents, who had sat down, exchanged glances, which told how deeply their hearts were moved at this simple little act of homage. Oh, how profoundly is a Christian parent's soul touched at such evidences of good dispositions in a child!

"Come here, Angelicus," said the father, holding out his arms.

Angelicus ran to him, smiling sweetly.

"Tell me, my child, why did you put that rose there?"

"Aha, papa, you saw me, then! Well, dear papa, mamma told me that we should give the most precious things we possess to our Mother. So I was thinking to-day what was the most precious thing I had. Now, you know, that dear old Corbinus the gardener, and I worked ever so long at my pretty rose-bush. Mamma knows how often I went out to water it every day, and to keep the nasty caterpillars from eating the leaves, and after all my trouble, papa, only one bud came out. I was going to be disappointed only mamma told me that God does every thing, so, you know, dear papa, I would not be troubled at any thing He should do. I think I could tell the size of

every leaf, and how many there are on that rose. And when it was getting big I could hardly sleep at night, thinking it might be gone in the morning. I asked Corbinus to-day, if it would ever grow any larger or prettier, and he said no. So, I just went out before prayers, and pulled it, and oh!" concluded the little fellow, clapping his hands in ecstasy, "I am so glad my dear Mother has it safely at last!"

"Thecla," said the strong soldier, with a faltering voice, "God has blessed us abundantly."

"Yes, Manlius, He has truly," answered his wife, her eyes suffused with tears.

"And so, Angelicus, that's the way you came by your rose?" said the father.

"Yes, papa, that was the way," answered the child, interlacing his fingers and looking down with a charming smile.

"Well, now, my child, come and kiss me, and your mamma, before going to bed, and remember always to love your blessed Mother in Heaven and be prepared to offer her something more pleasing to her maternal heart than roses."

"And what is that, dear papa?" asked Angelicus.

"It is, my child, a strict imitation of Mary's life and virtues. Whenever any trouble or temptation comes upon you, say to yourself, 'how would blessed Mary act now?' Your own heart and the knowledge you have of your Mother in Heaven will teach you the proper answer. You will do this, will you not, Angelicus?" concluded the father.

"Yes, indeed, dear papa, I will." Then there was a moment's silence. "Good night, papa,—good night, mamma." He raised his face for the accustomed kiss, the nurse Cœlia was summoned, and the child led away to his bed.

"May the blessing of God and the favor of Mary be with you, my child," murmured the mother, when he disappeared.

"Amen, with all my heart," answered Manlius.

The lady and her husband remained for some time in deep thought. It was a perilous time, fraught with danger to the faithful, although the actual persecution had not assailed them yet, nevertheless they saw about them unmistakable evidences of the catastrophe. Manlius heard the officers discussing the matter and looking upon it as a matter of course. Thecla, that very morning, whilst passing through the street to visit a Christian slave who was sick, noticed the cold, sinister looks of some of her pagan acquaintances. They seemed to shun the Christian lady, as if

they feared to be compromised by being seen in her company.

In such times as those, affection was deeper and love more intense than usual. For, no one knew the moment a ruthless hand might be laid upon him which would be but a prelude to the agonies of the Forum, or the sharp, swift death of the knife or wild beast.

"Thecla," said Manlius at length, "I heard some strange news of a certain ancient suitor of yours, named Raucus—"

"Raucus, what of him?" exclaimed Thecla, with a perceptible start.

"He has gone to Rome on a mission, which, if report says true, bodes no good to the Church. I was passing by one of the prisons which they are enlarging, and hearing his name mentioned, I paused to catch the conversation. From what I heard I have no doubt the wretch will bring back the edict of persecution."

"May God protect us, then, for we cannot expect much mercy from him," exclaimed the lady. Then she added: "But think you he is so wicked? Why he was always considered a mild, harmless creature—indeed, effeminate, I might say."

"His mildness, believe me, was assumed,—harmless, he is not,—and as to effeminacy, why you know, Thecla, that it is one of the chief qualities of every petty tyrant. Look at the Emperor;"—here he dropped his voice to a whisper,—"whilst he was campaigning he was honorable, just and clement, now he is—"

"Hush!" Lady Thecla placed her finger on the speaker's lips.—A step was approaching.

A tall, spare figure, closely muffled in a long cloak, noiselessly entered the room. The head was bent and the hand feeble, as of one who had attained an advanced age. Astonished at an occurrence so unusual as the entrance of a stranger without having been announced, both Manlius and Thecla arose to their feet.

"To what am I indebted?"

Before Manlius could proceed further, the stranger, without speaking, threw from his head the covering that concealed his features and stood revealed before the troubled pair. His hair and long beard were as white as snow,—his forehead furrowed with wrinkles, and his complexion dark as if from exposure to the elements. An unearthly sweetness lit up his mild face,—his eyes glowed like sapphires, and altogether, there was something in his appearance that commanded respect and excited awe and veneration.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. III.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 6, 1867.

No. 14.

ANTHEMS, PRAYERS, AND HYMNS OF THE CHURCH TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BY THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.

IX.—THE AVE REGINA CÆLORUM.

On the thirty-third day after the Circumcision of her divine Son, the Blessed Virgin presented herself in the temple, and performed all that was required in the law of Moses for her own Purification. The pair of young pigeons or of turtle-doves, the smallest oblation ordained by the law, while they indicated her great poverty, also beautifully emblemed her own immaculate purity, and that of her Infant Son. We may well imagine the scene which ensued from the brief statement of the inspired writer: the exultation of holy Simeon when he took the Child into his arms and chanted the *Nunc dimittis*; the prophetic declarations of Anna the prophetess; and above all the tender emotions, not unmingled with sadness, of the Immaculate Mother and her devoted espoused, Saint Joseph.

Mary did not need Purification, because she had never contracted the least stain of defilement; but she obeyed the law, because she was the happy Mother of Him who was to be obedient even unto death, the death of the cross, for the salvation of a fallen race. Conceived without sin, she was declared by God's ambassador to be full of grace. She was purer than the icicle which glistens in the morning sun, purer than the dew-drop which trembles on the leaf of the lily, brighter than the sun, more beautiful than the moon. As even the Protestant poet Wordsworth sings, apostrophizing this wonderful Virgin Mother:—

"Mother! whose Virgin bosom was uncrossed
With the least shade of thought to sin allied!
Woman! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast!
Purer than foam on central ocean tossed!

Brighter than Eastern skies at day-break stream
With fancied roses."

Hailed now, in the holy temple and amid the solemn rites of Religion, as the happy Mother of the long expected Messiah, "God with us" or Emmanuel, she warmly pressed the Infant to her bosom as she went forth from the sanctuary; and in her inmost heart lovingly vowed to follow His fortunes in childhood, in youth, in life, in death—on earth, and in heaven. Henceforth she coveted no other fortunes than His, was to be one with Him, in heart and in soul forever more! This was her highest ambition, her most exquisite happiness. Such a Mother of such a Son! The world had never witnessed such a pair in the past, never could expect to look upon it again in the future.

"As the sun
O'er misty shrouds,
When he walks
Upon the clouds;

Or as when
The moon doth rise,
And refreshes
All the skies;

Or as when
The lily flower
Stands amid
The vernal bower;

Or the water's
Glassy face
Doth reflect
The starry space;

Thus above
All mothers shone,
THE MOTHER OF
THE BLESSED ONE."*

The Church of God accordingly daily chants her praises, at the close of her public evening

* *Lyra Catholica*, p. 502-3. Translation of the *Ut sol decoro lumine*.

prayer, from this beautiful festival till Holy Thursday, in the eloquent words of the Anthem AVE REGINA CÆLORUM. This period embraces two Cycles; that of the childhood, youth, and private life of her Son up to the first Sunday of Lent, and that of His public ministrations till His passion and death on Holy Thursday and Good Friday, when she stood sorrowing under the cross. In the Anthem, the Church rises from the view of her weary but loving pilgrimage on earth to that of her high estate in heaven: and though no English dress can fully convey the comprehensive simplicity or the touching pathos of the original, yet we present the following poetical translation, as the best we have been able to find. It is from the *Lyra Catholica*.

Hail! oh Queen of Heaven enthroned!
Hail! by angels Mistress owned!
Root of Jesse! Gate of Morn!
Whence the world's true Light was born!
Glorious Virgin! joy to thee!
Loveliest whom in heaven they see!
Fairest thou, where all are fair!
Plead with Christ our sins to spare!

She, who was so lowly on earth, and who so wearily and sadly, yet buoyantly, trod its soil in her earthly pilgrimage, sharing to the full in all the Manhood sorrows of her darling Son, as she had shared in all the innocent joys of His radiant Childhood, is now by Him exalted to the highest seat in the heavens, and has by Him been enthroned as Heaven's brilliant Queen; while all the hosts of bright angels welcome her as their loved Mistress, because she is the Mother of their Sovereign Lord and Master. The beauteous flower from the root of Jesse—David's father—has been transplanted to the gardens of the heavenly paradise, where it will continue to bloom in unfading beauty forever more. She who ushered in the bright morning by giving us the "Orient from on high," is the gate whence issues a flood of light, to illumine and cheer the dreary pathway of our pilgrimage. The fairest and the most beautiful, the most honored, and the most beloved of all God's creatures, whether on earth or in heaven, will she not be our Mother, and intercede with her divine Son in our behalf? Surely she will.

A. B.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ADORE Jesus under the ignominy of the cross; acknowledge Him for thy King, for the true King of thy heart, and beg that He may henceforward abolish the reign of sin in thee.

For the AVE MARIA.

THE STABAT MATER.

BY A. F. M.

The weeping Mother stood
Beside the Holy Rood
Whence hung her Son and Lord:
Deep grief and sadness mixed,
Her inmost soul transfixed
As with a two-edged sword.

How heavy and how sore
The load of woe that bore
Upon that Mother's breast!
He was an only Son
Whom she was gazing on,
That Son with pangs oppress'd.

What man with heart so dead
As not a tear to shed
Christ's Mother to behold?
Who'd not with pity melt
At all that Mother felt?
Who could his plaints withhold?

For her own people's guilt,
Jesus, her Son, has spilt
His blood beneath the lash;
She sees her loving Child
Even in death reviled,
His foes upon Him gnash!

Oh! Mother, source of love!
Let me thy heart-ache prove;
Cause kindred grief in mine:
Inflame in this cold heart,
Of God's pure love a part
That animated thine!

Oh! Mother pure, dispense
An earnest condolence
For thy Son, crucified!
Impart to me the pain
He underwent when slain,
My own deep guilt to hide.

Cause me to mourn with thee,
And share thy agony,
While breath of life remains:
As partner of thy cross,
Make me bewail thy loss
In tender, woful strains.

Model of Virgin's blest,
Thy bounty manifest,
In tones like thine to weep.
Christ's passion let me wear,

His death in sorrow bear,
 While in His wounds I keep—
 Nay, wound me with His blows,
 And from that blood which flows
 Inebriate this clay.
 Consume me in that flame,
 That mercy I may claim
 The last tremendous day.
 Grant, Lord, when I go hence
 The victor's recompense,
 Thro' Mary's prayers and sighs.
 This body to the dust
 May crumble, as it must,
 But may the soul made just
 Praise Thee in Paradise!

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.

On this much vexed question of the day we notice an able article in the March number for this year of *The National Quarterly Review*, which we would gladly copy entire into our column, had we the editor's permission to do so. In the absence of this, we content ourselves with such extracts from it as will give the gist of the argument, which so clearly proves that ignorance and bigotry are the two great causes why so many look with such dissatisfaction at the existence of the Temporal Power of the Pope as a "monster evil." The editor of *The National Quarterly Review* is not a Catholic, and we quote his own words to show his disposition towards the Sovereign Pontiff. "We are not," he says, "in the least biased in favor of Pius IX, more than we are in favor of any other Sovereign, further than we think his conduct deserves more consideration. If his Holiness pursued a course which we thought wrong, we would not hesitate to criticise him; although we trust that in doing so, we should not forget that respect and veneration which are due to age, unblemished character and piety. We have studied his history pretty carefully, and we find that the worst that even his enemies lay to his charge can be regarded only as an error in judgment."

With this introduction to the distinguished editor, our readers must feel that his argument is that which every intelligent and honest man must pursue. He opens his argument with this question: "Why should he (the Pope) be deprived of his temporal power, more than any other Sovereign, who is blameless?" A very important question this, I take it; and the more important be-

cause so few of those who speak and write about the matter ever dream of asking themselves that simple question. "Can it be said," he continues, "that he did not acquire it lawfully?" To reply to this he goes back to the origin of the Temporal Power.

"Let us first see what is the origin of his temporal power, and ascertain whether there is any dynasty in Europe whose title is better founded, or whose rights are more clearly defined. Nor need we rely on the opinions of any Catholic writers for these facts; not only Protestants, but those known to be opposed to Christianity, do justice to the Popes in this respect. Of the latter suffice it to mention Gibbon and Hume, each of whom bear testimony to the legitimate rights of the Pope as a temporal sovereign—rights which, in point of fact, were originally conferred by the people and only ratified by kings and emperors.

"In order to understand this, it will be necessary to remember that it was not until the Pope was known to be beloved by hundreds of thousands; until it was evident that hundreds of thousands had implicit confidence in him as a father, and would much rather pay taxes to him than to any other ruler, that temporal power was conferred upon him by the emperors. We must also do the Popes the justice to bear in mind that before they had any territories or recognized temporal power they had often protected the people from the tyranny of the emperors. They had denounced that tyranny, and by their influence rendered it dangerous, even to those who had the largest armies, to persist in it. Thus, it is not to the piety or superstition of kings or emperors the Popes are indebted for their temporal power, but to the gratitude of a people who regarded them as both their temporal and spiritual protectors. In commenting on the attacks of one of the emperors on the Church, Gibbon makes the following remarks: "A strong alternative," he says, "was proposed to the Roman Pontiff—the royal favor as the price of his compliance, degradation and exile as the penalty of disobedience. Neither zeal nor policy allowed him to hesitate; and the haughty strain in which Gregory addressed the emperor displays his confidence in the truth of his doctrine or the powers of resistance. Without depending on prayers or miracles he boldly armed against the public enemy, and his pastoral letters admonished the Italians of their danger and their duty."*

* Decline and fall of Roman Empire, vol. v, p. 19.

"The historian also tells us what the result was; he shows that Gregory was entirely successful in throwing off the yoke of the Greek emperors; although the latter left no effort untried to maintain their power. 'The City (Rome) was repeatedly visited or assaulted by captains of the guards, and dukes and exarchs of high dignity or secret trust; they landed with foreign troops, they obtained some domestic aid, etc. But these clandestine or open attacks were repelled by the courage and vigilance of the Romans.* Further on Gibbon shows how the most enlightened of the Carolingian sovereigns were glad to have an opportunity to confer temporal power on the Pope. 'The Greek emperor had abdicated or forfeited his right to the Exarchate, and the sword of Astolphus was broken by the stronger sword of the Carolingian. It was not in the cause of the Iconoclast that Pepin had exposed his person and army in a double expedition beyond the Alps; he possessed and might lawfully alienate his conquests; and to the importunities of the Greeks he piously replied that no human consideration should tempt him to resume the gift which he had conferred on the Roman Pontiff.†

"Such is the testimony of one who has omitted nothing which he thought would tend to bring discredit on the Church of Rome. He has, indeed, suppressed many things, or only alluded to them derisively with that view; but had he failed to record such facts as those we have just noted, his work could not have attained the celebrity to which, with all its faults, it is justly entitled. We should also bear in mind that the sneers of Gibbon are not directed merely against the Church of Rome, but against all churches that acknowledge Christ as their founder. It is easy to understand, therefore, how it is that Gibbon does not present the gift of Pepin in a very favorable light; he fails to explain to us that Astolphus, King of the Lombards, had invaded the Roman Dukedom and seized all its territories. Pepin makes war upon him, defeats him in two battles, in 754 and 755; having thus conquered him, he compels him to deliver up to the See of Rome all the territories, cities, castles, etc., he had seized in the Roman Dukedom. Was this honorable and legitimate, or was it not? The best proof that it was no hasty or thoughtless act, but one that was approved by the best statesmen of the day, is to be found in the fact that it was not only confirmed by Charles the Great (Charlemagne)

but that illustrious monarch added several cities and provinces to the grant of his father.

"If the power of the Popes had no higher antiquity than this, it would still have been more ancient than that of any dynasty of Europe. But they had a temporal power which was fully recognized centuries previously.

"It may, then, be safely asserted that the temporal power of the Pope dates back to the time of Constantine the Great; although it was but little exercised for centuries afterwards. In other words, the right on the part of the Pope of possessing and exercising temporal power was recognized by kings, emperors, and people for several centuries before he availed himself of it—that is, before he was attacked by the Greek emperors, as we have seen, and left no alternative but either to submit to degradation or go into exile, suffering the Romans, if not Italians in general, to be brought under a worse despotism than they had ever felt before.

"Now we will see what another Protestant writer says on the same subject. None who are acquainted with the writings of Guizot will assert that there is any more reliable authority than he on the growth of power in Europe during the middle ages. If in treating subjects connected with the Reformation and its results he shows any partiality, he does so towards the Protestants; this is what might be expected from a descendant of one of the most ancient Huguenot families in France, who still professes the religion of his ancestors. But what does this truly learned and impartial historian tell us on the subject under consideration?

"In discussing the position and influence of the Church three centuries anterior to the time of Charlemagne, Guizot shows that the prevailing sentiment was in favor of its possessing and exercising temporal power. He informs us that four different systems had each their advocates; but that the following was the prevailing one: 'The State is subordinate to the Church; in a moral point of view the Church takes precedence of the State even in chronological order; the Church is the first society, superior, eternal; civil society is only a consequence, an application of its maxims; it is to the spiritual authority that sovereignty appertains; temporal power should be only its instrument.'*

* "L'Etat est subordonné à l'Eglise: sous le point de vue moral, dans l'ordre chronologique même, l'Eglise précède l'Etat; l'Eglise est la société première, supérieure, éternelle; la société civile n'est qu'une conséquence, une application de ses maximes; c'est au pouvoir spirituel qu'appartient la

* Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, vol. v, p. 19.

† Ibid., p. 32.

"No ultramontanist could claim more than this; and let it be borne in mind that Guizot is speaking, not of the eighth or seventh century but of the fifth.

"Now, assuming that the Popes had no authority before this, their temporal power would still be older than that of any dynasty in Europe; as old, at least, as that of Charlemagne—and how many dynasties have passed away since his time? How many dynasties have ruled England, Spain, Portugal, Naples, etc? Even the power of the Hapsburgs, who boast their descent from the Cæsars, is modern compared to that of the Popes. May it not well be asked, therefore, why should they be disturbed in their sovereignty? Who has a right to deprive them of their power? What have they done, taking the good with the bad, to forfeit rights which have been recognized by the majority of Christians for at least fourteen centuries? Yet it is nothing new for them to be attacked. If Pope Pius were dragged out of Rome to-morrow, he would not be the first Pope who was dragged in a similar manner."

To this lengthy extract we may add that it was only at the urgent solicitations of the Senate and people of Rome that the Pope first assumed formal temporal rule. From the fall of the Western empire for a period of over two hundred and fifty years, Rome was alternately the prey of Northern barbarism and Eastern vicariate domination. During this long period the Popes were ever faithful to the people, and oft-times braved the fury of the tyrants at the peril of their lives. To the Popes alone had the people learned to look for protection, and accordingly in the year 730 the Senate and people of Rome spontaneously conferred the Chief Magistracy on Pope Gregory II, and the act of the Roman people was confirmed by the universal accord of all Christendom. Touching this point, Gibbon says: "The temporal power of the Popes is now confirmed by the reverence of one thousand years, and their noblest title is the free choice of a people whom they had redeemed from slavery."

To those who protest against the temporal power of the Pope, because it is so terrible an incubus on the people of the Papal States, the reviewer says:

"It is evident that very few of them have any definite idea of the history of the people. For the information of such, we will here state a few

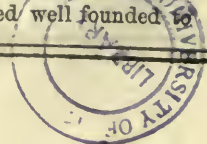
facts, which they, as well as we, can find in any respectable history of France, or Italy referring to that epoch. By a series of artful intrigues—perhaps like some at present engaged in—Philip the Fair of France caused the seat of the papal government to be removed, in 1307, from Rome to Avignon, in France, where it remained until 1378.

"All who give any account of Rome during this period represent its condition in the gloomiest colors. There were three parties in the city who, headed respectively by three powerful families—the Savilli, the Orsini, and the Colonna—were almost constantly at war with each other; and between them the people were cruelly oppressed. Prior to this experience, the latter rose several times in insurrection against the Pope, and more than once they expelled him. While the Popes were at Avignon, scarcely a month passed without an *emeute* at Rome. The opportunities thus afforded induced Colla Rienzi, in 1347, to attempt a revolution. During the temporary absence of the ruling senator, he excited a revolt among the lower order, who took up arms and expelled the nobles from Rome, and established a republican government, called the *Good Estate*. Rienzi had himself appointed chief magistrate, with the title of Tribune. His reign, however, was but brief; not content with wreaking his vengeance on the nobles, he soon began to act the tyrant towards his own friends—those by whose aid he obtained his power—and the result was that he was assassinated.

"This, however, was not the end of republican government in modern Rome. Not long after the death of Rienzi, magistrates called Bannerets were duly elected by the thirteen districts into which the city was divided for that purpose, and they maintained their power by a militia of three thousand citizens. They, too, acted as if it was their duty to create disorder rather than order, to excite strife rather than to maintain peace; they hanged many nobles in the public streets for little, if any thing, more than their being nobles, while they allowed the banditti to plunder and hang nearly as many more as they felt disposed.

"This was the condition of the Eternal City when Gregory XI was induced, in 1378, by the earnest entreaties of the people of Rome, to remove from Avignon to the seat of so many of his predecessors. In proof of these facts also, we need quote no Catholic historians; we need not go beyond Hume, who, it is well known, has never spared the Church or the Popes when he had any thing which he considered well founded to

souveraineté; le pouvoir temporel ne doit être que son instrument."—*Histoire de la Civilisation en France*, tome I, p. 69.



say against either: 'After the Pope had resided many years at Avignon,' says Hume, 'Gregory XI was persuaded to return to Rome; and upon his death, which happened in 1380, the Romans, *resolute to fix for the future the seat of the papacy in Italy*, besieged the cardinals in the conclave, and compelled them, though they were mostly Frenchmen, to elect Urban VI, an Italian, into that high dignity.*

"All did not do, however. When the kings of France could not prevail on the Pope to leave Rome by threats or promises, they had a Pope of their own elected.† Now, is it not remarkable that, if the Popes were such despots as they are invariably represented by partisan writers, the Italians and the French were equally anxious to have them amongst them, and that in proportion as the former had experienced the blessings of 'self-government' did this anxiety increase?"

Having thus disposed of a difficulty arising purely out of ignorance of the true state of the case, he next proceeds to deal a wholesome admonition to those who, guided rather by prejudice than experience, are jubilant over the anticipated downfall of the Papacy, now so imminent. He tells them:

"If Victor Emanuel seized his Holiness as if he were a malefactor, he would not be the first king who had seized on the Pope; but much greater monarchs than Victor Emanuel lived to see that, however much they showed their power and courage in making a captive of her Sovereign Pontiff, it had been better for them to let him alone. This we will now proceed to show. We need not go farther back than the time of Charles (the Constable) of Bourbon (1528), who sacked Rome and captured the Pope. When the Constable got a reinforcement of 14,000 Germans to his already large and victorious army, he thought he could dispose of Europe as he thought proper. We are told that his German soldiers, being inflamed by the novel doctrines of Luther, clamored to be led against the Pope. Bourbon was either unable or unwilling to restrain them. Marching at their head with the whole imperial guard under his command, in the depth of winter, he arrived before Rome on the 5th of May, 1527. It was in vain that Pope Clement had in the meantime entered into a treaty with the viceroy at Naples. Being assured that there was no danger, his Holiness had disbanded the troops which he had raised on hearing that he was to be attacked. On

arriving before the city, Bourbon did not hesitate a moment; he gave orders to assault the walls at daybreak next morning. Not content with this, he insisted on planting the first ladder with his own hands; but scarcely had he set his foot on it, when he was struck by a musket ball in the side, and fell back into the fosse mortally wounded. This afforded his fanatical army a new pretext for wreaking their vengeance on Rome. They stormed the ramparts and slaughtered the feeble garrison without mercy. The hordes of Alaric or Atilla scarcely perpetrated more horrible atrocities in any city they had captured than the Romans now suffered.

"The history of Pius VI and Pius VII alone should be sufficient to satisfy any thoughtful person that it is not so easy to set the power of the Pope aside as so many would have us believe; since it shows that France, even at the meridian of its power, proved unequal to the task. As Charles V and the Constable of Bourbon mistook the fanaticism of the German rabble at the time of the Reformation for the public sentiment of Europe, so did Napoleon Bonaparte mistake the anti-Christian sentiment of revolutionary France for the same opinion. Wise as Napoleon undoubtedly was in many respects, he committed a great error in supposing that, because the revolutionists burned the Pope in effigy (1791) and passed a decree abolishing the Christian religion, he might easily accomplish what had so signally failed Charles V and the Constable of Bourbon. Actuated by this impression, his first care, after his triumphs on the Adige and the Mincio against Austria, was to attack the Pope. He quickly overran the States of the Church, and dispersed the papal troops after a feeble resistance. In order to save Rome from being once more pillaged, Pius VI signed an agreement by which he ceded to the invader the legations of Bologna, Ferrara, and the Romagna, together with Avignon and its territory. In addition to this, his Holiness had to pay a contribution of fifteen millions of francs; yet such was the rapacity of Napoleon and his desire to convince those who had abolished the Christian religion, that he had as great a contempt for popery as themselves, he plundered the celebrated galleries of Rome of their choicest treasures, and robbed the churches of all he could convert into money. Now, at all events, it was thought by all who disliked the Popes that their reign, at least as temporal sovereigns, was at an end. Rome was occupied by the French from November 19, 1797, to August of the following year, when the

* Hist. of England, vol. ii, p. 322.

† Instance Robert, son of the Count of Geneva, who took the name of Clement VII.

combined forces of Russia, Austria, and England forced them to capitulate; and by these three powers the government of the Pope was re-established.

"Napoleon was determined, however, that there should be an end to the power of the Pope; accordingly his first care, as soon as the fortunes of the Republic began to revive, was to have him expelled from Rome. Even this was not deemed sufficient humiliation; his Holiness was formally deposed February 22, 1798; and he died at Valence the following year. At the beginning of 1800, Pius VII was elected in exile; he, too, was dethroned; and he remained a prisoner at Fontainebleau till Napoleon's overthrow, when he was fully restored.

"In this brief sketch of the treatment received by the Popes from Napoleon, we have omitted many facts which are highly creditable to the former and as highly discreditable to the latter; but to most of our readers they are sufficiently known. Napoleon admitted more than once, that his course towards the Popes was a serious mistake; but, he added, that he made the discovery when it was too late; although it was it that induced him to re-establish the Christian religion. When he saw that in proportion as the misfortunes of the Pope increased, public opinion throughout Europe—even in Protestant countries—became more and more favorable to his temporal power, he made a virtue, as usual, of necessity, and one day remarked to M. Fontanes: *'Savez-vous ce que j'aime le plus dans le monde? C'est l'impuissance de la force à fonder quelque chose.'*

"Those who are now firmly convinced that the Pope should forthwith be deprived of his temporal power would do well to bear in mind that it was not Napoleon alone who had learned in 1814, that force cannot set aside an idea which is deeply impressed on the public mind; all the Protestant powers of Europe, including England, recognized the same principle in regard to the Pope, and voted in favor of restoring him all the territories of his predecessors.

* * * "But a still more recent lesson is forgotten. Even Pius IX was regarded in 1849 as forever dethroned; fanatics in religion and politics proclaimed throughout Europe and America that the temporal power of the Pope was now disposed of forever. This was the manner in which Pius IX was rewarded for attempting to introduce a system popular representation into his government for the purpose of gratifying the Ro-

mans. The more he gave the more was asked to give; and because he would not surrender all his power into the hands of demagogues, an insurrection takes place through the influence of Mazzini, Garibaldi, and others, and the Pope is obliged to fly from his capital. Louis Napoleon had profited by the experience of his uncle in dealing with the Pope; accordingly he did not hesitate to take the part of Pius IX. While it was boasted once more that there were no "States of the Church," any longer, a French army arrived before Rome. It was in vain that Mazzini and Garibaldi, with an army recruited from the banditti of all Italy, as well as of Rome, attempted to drive back the French. General Oudinot brought his cannon to bear on the city. On the third of July the liberators had ceased all resistance. The French entered the city, and restored the authority of Pius IX."

It is not then without good reason that the learned reviewer should exclaim, "Why then should Pius IX be deprived of his temporal power more than any other Sovereign?"

"Whom has Pius IX ever treated otherwise than in a kind, benevolent manner? Whom has he slighted or declined to see on account of his being a Protestant? If his government sometimes interferes with Protestant clergyman—who, however well they may mean, are over-zealous and consequently endanger the public peace—what government does not pursue a similar course under similar circumstances? Even our own government does not form an exception. How often have street preachers been arrested and put in prison in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, not because they preach heresy or were evil-disposed or vicious persons, but because whatever they preached it gave offence to many of their auditors, who, if not protected in their consciences by the authorities, would soon take the law into their own hands? It is but fair to remember that twenty street preachers would not be as likely to create disturbance in New York as one Protestant clergyman in Rome without leaving his church or his room, if he indulged in any violent attacks on the Catholic religion.

"But were all the facts different—were Pius IX harsh, overbearing, intolerent; did he carry his exclusiveness so far as to allow no Protestant to reside in Rome on any conditions, still, neither we nor any other foreign people would have a right to deprive him of his temporal power. As the case stands it would be less manly, and certainly not more just, on the part of the great

Powers to attack his Holiness than to attack Switzerland; for he is far weaker and would offer less resistance than the Swiss. Far be it from us to say that that noble little Republic ought to be subverted or deprived of its authority; on the contrary, none would defend it more heartily than we. We speak of the Pope in comparison with Switzerland only because in more than one instance the same conqueror who seized the States of the Church and imprisoned the Pope also seized the Swiss cantons and imprisoned their chief patriots; and the same powers, Protestant and Catholic, that restored the Pope with all the territories of his predecessors."

For the AVE MARIA.

THE CROSS.

BY MRS. SUSAN B. ELDER.

O Blessed Cross! on which my Saviour
Spread His arms in death's repose!
Oh! let me fly to thee for shelter
When assailed by mortal foes!

O sweetest Tree! whence hung the blossom
Whose perfume over Earth was shed—
O holiest Vine! whence dropped the balsam,
Giving life to those once dead!

Oh! hide me in thy fragrant branches,
Safe from tempests of the world!
Around my wounded, bruised spirit,
O be thy tendrils fondly curled!

O Regal Couch! where Jesus languished,
All empurpled by His gore!
Sanctified by His great anguish,
By His sighing perfumed o'er!

On thee, as on a couch funereal,
My Saviour breathed His latest sigh—
May I, too, following His example,
Within thy sweet embraces die!

Oh sacred Cross! on thee He waited,
His willing feet still fastened there,
Waited for my coward spirit
That else had faltered in despair.

From thee, as from a Throne imperial,
He bowed all nations at His feet:
Behold, with spirit penitential,
I, too, now seek that bless'd retreat!

Oh glorious Cross! On thee He hearkened
Unto our orphaned, anguished moan,

And thence bequeathed, with loving mercy,
His blessed Mother as our own!

O sweetest Shrine! whose incense wafted
Perfumed peace throughout all time!
Thy lights still burn—thy garlands fade not,
Thy hymns re-echo still sublime!

Oh! may I never cease to bless thee,
Be it my joy to cling to thee,
Following wheresoe'er thou leadest
Till thou givest peace to me.

May the smile which thee illumined
Beam on me as life's light wanes;
May the blood which flowed o'er all thee
Wash away my soul's dark stains!

May my heart, in death dissolving,
Melt beneath thy peaceful spell,
While my lips, thy help imploring,
Give assurance, "All is well."

May my last fond glances meet thee
As Time's dark shadows fall on me,
May thy radiant vision greet me,
When brightly dawns Eternity!

May thy presence go before me
When they bear me to the grave;
May thy Symbol bend above me,
Where the graceful willows wave!
NEW ORLEANS.

APPROBATION RT. REV. O. F. MacKINNON,
Bishop of Arichat, Nova Scotia.

To the Very Rev. E. Sorin :

VERY REV. AND DEAR SIR:—The AVE MARIA has been sent to my address now, I believe, for a year. * * * I now see that you are in right earnest. I thank your Reverence for your great perseverance. I now take the AVE MARIA with much pleasure; and to show you that I am in real earnest, and that I have its permanent success much at heart, I inclose a Nova Scotia (\$20) twenty dollar note, as a "life subscription." Please mark me down in your book as such.

I have strong hopes that through the intercession of the Immaculate Mother of God, the Blessed Virgin Mary, my humble name may be written in the Book of Life. * * *

Wishing your Reverence every success in your laudable efforts to render the AVE MARIA worthy of its name, I remain, Very Rev. and dear Sir,

Yours, most affectionately, in Christ,

COLIN F. MacKINNON,
Bishop of Arichat.

WOMAN, AS DEVELOPED IN THE CHURCH.

BY ARRIA.

CHAPTER II.

Rome, under the sway of Augustus, had reached her apogee of glory. She was the acknowledged mistress of the world. This fact was so thoroughly understood, that all outward opposition had ceased. Surrounding nations had either become incorporated into the empire itself, or were tributary allies of it. The doors of the temple of Janus were closed, and a universal peace prefigured the coming of the Prince of Peace. No pagan nation had ever before attained such a height of grandeur, either in extent of empire, in wealth, or in knowledge; for Rome was the intellectual heir of Grecian and Egyptian literatures, and had even, in part, adopted their mythologies, passing them, first, through the alembic of Roman criticism. Grecian philosophers had taught and formed her public men upon Grecian models, subsequently enlarged and deepened by the grand Roman type. Her poets and artists had profited by the exquisite culture of Athens, adding to her sublime and beautiful symbolisms a deeper coloring, and a more subtle intuition.

Rome was not only, then, materially great, but her literature, combining, as it did, all that had gone before it, was equally great. It was, and is, the voice of civilization resounding through the world; for, notwithstanding the creation of modern literatures, it still maintains its empire over the *élite* of the human race. In it is found every thought the mind of man is capable of conceiving, with every feeling or emotion that could expand the soul,—from a pagan or natural standpoint. The language of Rome equaled that of Greece in copiousness, and perhaps in harmony, but far surpassed it in majesty, as the Romans surpassed the Grecians in that quality. Her great conquerors and legislators gave the Latin tongue its distinguishing element, which was afterwards refined and spiritualized by its poets and philosophers, and finally apotheotized by the Church.

A perfect language is proof, beyond cavil, of the civilization of a nation; and we shall then take Rome as the exponent of our argument, for she attained the utmost limit of pagan civilization and virtue. Her great men and heroes have never been equaled in those qualities which command the homage of the world. Cæsar alone, so grand, so universal, seems, as we contemplate him, like

an ideal built up in some day-dream of the imagination. Rome reached her highest point of expression in him. In his character has shadowed forth her ambition, her military prowess, her frugality and stoic endurance, when occasion demanded it, as well as her magnificence, ostentation and luxury. At any other epoch of her history such a character could never have been developed,—the accessories would have been wanting. Rome was as necessary to Cæsar as Cæsar to Rome. His superiority was especially shown by the great men by whom he was surrounded. Cicero, Antony, Cato, Brutus and Pompey, at different times foes and allies, possessed, among them, every talent and, we may add, every vice. Oratory, stoic virtue, patriotism, military genius, and social profligacy were singly represented by them; but by Cæsar in equal relation. Great as he was, and relatively great as they were, what foresight had their genius and knowledge given them of the immense power wielded by woman, for good or evil, in society? They were as ignorant as a Chinese idolater, or an Indian juggler of our day upon this vital social question. They had no suspicion of their own interests involved in her's, but looked upon her as a dangerous plaything, to be carefully watched and guarded. They had not discovered that eternal law of divine justice, which has demonstrated itself through the ages, that man cannot abase woman without falling, himself, into the same degradation.

Let us here repeat, upon this point, some of the current opinions of the greatest men of antiquity.

Grecian sages and poets expressed the utmost contempt for her. Hæsioid, Eschylus, and Simonides declare her a pest,—the scourge of the family and of the state. Plato, the most spiritual of all ancient philosophers, wished that the laws should not lose sight of woman. The opinion of Rome was not more favorable than that of Greece. She was there under a perpetual interdict. She was *in manu*—under the hand of man. Not only her husband, but all male relatives had this authority over woman. She literally had no career opened to her activity, for not even the government of the family was confided to her, which often formed itself into a tribunal, to which she was called to render an account of her conduct, and which often condemned her to death. Is it surprising that under such a course of treatment she lost sight of all noble aims, and abandoned herself to a life of luxury and sensuality? There were, it is true, some rare exceptions, for through the thick moral darkness preceding the advent of

Christianity, a few names are handed down to us, conveying little beyond the fact that they were faithful wives or mothers. The characters of Lucretia and Cornelia were evidently brilliant exceptions to the general standard, for they have been sung and painted for thousands of years. In passing through a Christian burial ground we meet endless epitaphs, to the effect that the sleeper beneath was a devoted wife, mother, or daughter. It is so common a eulogy in our day as hardly to provoke a thought. We expect such virtues from Christian women, and are more surprised at the absence of them than of their possession. It is significant that through the long record of Grecian and Roman history, women are rarely mentioned in a favorable sense, and a little virtue in them is almost insultingly praised. This rule was so universal,—the exceptions so rare,—that it is useless to dwell upon any period anterior to the reign of Augustus. In his reign, the most magnificent in Roman history, when military successes had added new rays of glory to the empire; when all the arts of peace flourished, and literature, fostered by the government, gave proof not only of original genius, but of the highest critical cultivation,—at this period, when the wealth of Rome was almost fabulous, Augustus was obliged to offer great advantages and favors to those who married, and thus contributed to the well-being of the Imperial City. The general profligacy was so great that it penetrated even to the guarded family of the Emperor. His daughter, Julia, from her high position, dared to indulge in a course of conduct so open and shameless, that her father was obliged to remove her from Rome. Still later, his granddaughter, Julia, followed in her mother's footsteps; and the conduct, both of mother and daughter, so mortified and wounded Augustus, that even upon his death-bed he expressed the wish that neither of them should ever be interred near him.

Succeeding sovereigns were hardly more fortunate than he, for only two names occur to us that did not cover with infamy all connected with them. Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus, was reputed chaste; and the unfortunate Octavia, wife of Nero, was believed to be so, though put to death upon a charge of infidelity. The bond that united Caius to his sister, Drusilla, is too horrible to be repeated here. She was, by his orders, deified after death, and he afterwards invoked her as a sovereign goddess. Messalina is simply a synonym for bestial profligacy. So low and degraded were the Roman ladies of that period, that

they were all ambitious of sharing the throne, after the death of the Empress, with the imperial idiot, Claudius. Agrippina was the successful candidate, and far surpassed, in pride and haughtiness, any thing Rome had ever before witnessed. She was, however, more secret and reserved in her amours than Messalina, and, with a superior intellect, made them subservient to her political interests. Fausta, wicked as she was, could not exceed in baseness those who had preceded her, but followed in their footsteps, so far as a weaker nature would allow of imitation.

But why dwell longer upon the moral blackness of such characters, unrelieved by one redeeming trait? It would be too painful if rays of light were not already shimmering through the fetid atmosphere; for soon Saint Peter and Saint Paul will make their advent into the Eternal City, bringing a gift that shall far outweigh the choicest jewels of its Cæsars. The secret leaven will begin to purify Roman society, and, under the influence of divine grace, sensual demons shall be transformed into angels of light. Those high-born ladies, bred to luxury, with hundreds of slaves standing ready to pamper every idle wish, will renounce wealth, ease and leisure, to consecrate all to the service of the Church. Yes, truly, from out the bosom of this corrupt society, a marvel of sensuality to succeeding ages, will emerge a devoted band of heroines, who, renouncing all the softness of their sex, shall march on steadfastly in the divine life until they reach the crown of martyrdom. Sunk in iniquity, as women were at this frightful epoch, all of their better nature had not perished, for it strangely sprang to life at the apostolic call. There was a tone in it that touched a deep and tender chord in her soul, hitherto torpid and dead. She felt the transcendent joy of hope,—for she saw, with an intuitive flash, vistas of thought, feeling and action open to her view. The shackles of the slave were broken by it. She, too, was enfranchised; and wherever this *Word* was received, she would henceforth stand by the side of man,—a living soul—his equal before men, and in the sight of God. The soul has no sex. Human nature is identical, for universal consciousness declares but one essential *Being*, with different functions. The soul is indeed supreme over all the temporary distinctions of sex, powers and uses. Christianity has demonstrated this, not only through a divine revelation, but practically, through the change wrought in the character of woman. Placed, by paganism, under the dominion of man; shorn of her liberty; denied freedom

of action, she became the pest and scourge of society. The testimony, from every quarter, upon this point, is overwhelming. "Woman never had a religious conscience, a moral individuality, *or an opinion* of her own, previous to Christianity," says Renan, whose impartiality can surely be relied upon. The life of the soul being all that was regarded of any importance, secured to woman material freedom of action, for she must have the power of saving it from eternal death. Now, that the crushing weight of paganism was removed from brain and heart, her enthusiastic nature leaped up at a bound to a full conception of this ideal divine life. She would be, as heretofore, the companion and helpmate of man, but in the highest, noblest sense. She would no longer find it necessary to influence and mould him to her wish, through his lower nature; to prostitute her genius and quick fancy to the invention of profounder depths of sensualism and depravity. But henceforth, soul shall speak to soul in its own language, unmindful of earthly ties or associations.

They shall together press forward in the Christian race, encouraging and sustaining each other, to count all things dross but the love of Jesus Christ. All existing earthly relations will be sanctified, and made subservient to the life of the soul. The glorious Apostle St. Peter, upon his acceptance of the Apostolate, lives henceforward with his wife as a sister. She even precedes him upon the road to martyrdom; he meets her upon her way thither, blesses her, and kneeling renders thanks to God that He had accorded to her the grace of dying for the faith. The sight of her courage, and the joy with which she suffered, inspired him with redoubled energy to persevere, and sustained him afterwards during his own frightful sufferings for the same cause.

Woman has been redeemed from a frightful servitude, and her zeal and gratitude is proportionately great. She has never been surpassed in love or devotedness to our Blessed Lord. She was the first fruit of the Gospel, and has, in all succeeding generations, been among its most devoted adherents. The Church, indeed, falls or triumphs with woman.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LET the prayer *Fiat voluntas tua*—"Thy will be done"—become familiar to you. In dejection of spirit, in sorrow of heart, and in all sufferings, remember the internal anguish and affliction endured by Jesus in His prayer in the Garden, and they will be rendered sweet to you.

THE FOURTH DOLOR:

The Meeting on Calvary.

SHE stands before Him on the Road:

He bears the Cross, and climbs the steep:
Three times He sinks beneath His load:

To earth He sinks: she does not weep.

She may not touch that Cross whose weight
Against his will a stranger bears:

In heart to bear it, and to wait

His upward footsteps, this is hers.

She may not prop that thorn-crowned Head:

The waves of men between them break:

Another's hand the veil must spread

Against that forehead and that cheek.

Her eyes on His are fastened. Lo!

There stand they, met on Calvary's height,
Twin mirrors of a single woe

Made by reflection infinite.

The sons of Sion round them rave:

The Roman trumpet storms the wind:

They goad Him on with spear and stave:

He passes by: she drops behind.

—Aubrey De Vere.

OUR LADY OF THE CHAINS.

A Legend of the Fourteenth Century.

[Translated from the French of L. D'Appilly.]

V.

The name and rank of the victim, even more perhaps than the audacity of the murder, had given scandalous celebrity to this trial. Pity was mingled with curiosity, when men thought of the ages of the accused, of their position, and of the motives imputed as the cause of their action. So that, although the trial was not public, the halls in which this tragic case was carried on were long beforehand filled with the inquisitive throng of the privileged, and by ladies of the highest rank.

The greater part hoped to hear the acquittal of the prisoners. No one imagined that the murder had been committed by other hands than theirs, and the universal sentiment was uttered on all sides, in conversation of nearly uniform tenor.

"Would you not have done as they did?"

"I? I would not have poniarded him in the midst of a fog, but in open day, with her whom he dishonored."

"They seem to be ashamed of what they have done."

"They are wrong: their denials will irritate the malevolence of the judges, and bring about their condemnation."

Such was the opinion of all; if the brothers had cynically boasted of the murder, and proudly set themselves forward as the executors of legitimate vengeance, instead of blaming and pitying them, the multitude would have admired them, and perhaps have done violence to the sacred office of the judges, by their manifestations and applause.

All their life was ransacked; the most frivolous circumstance took a capital importance. Ninety-six witnesses were summoned to the stand, and strange so say, whilst they did not think it a reproach to address them and whilst they agreed in bearing testimony to the uprightness of their conduct and to the loyalty of their character, there was not one who did not think them the authors of the assassination. The people who had come down from their houses at hearing the victim's cries of alarm, retraced the scene with precision. They had pursued a man, whose countenance the darkness had prevented them from identifying; however, being confronted with Angelo, most of them did not hesitate to recognize him at once.

Misfortune, however, had so changed him that he might have deceived the eyes of those most accustomed to his features. He was of middle size, admirably proportioned. His cheeks, soiled by the traces of his tears, were of a ghastly and sickly whiteness, which made the dark tint of his fine but thin beard the more conspicuous. His eyes sparkled, from the depth of their orbits, with a lurid and feverish brilliancy. His hair fell in disorder upon his forehead and shoulders, but the negligence of his exterior was not without grace, and even enhanced the natural beauty of his face.

He was put out of countenance, on entering, by the stares of the assembly, and turned aside his head by a movement of youthful modesty which the ladies remarked with interest.

It is not to be doubted that the witnesses would have been mistaken, if another prisoner had been presented to them, but justice would not perplex herself on this occasion, with so many precautions.

All of them, in other respects, pronounced for the acquittal of the accused, and many concluded their dispositions by espousing this wish, in spite of the brutal admonitions which recalled them to the impartiality of their office.

These immoderate marks of pity injured the Zibelli: they weakened the authority of favorable

testimony, and set the judges against them, their consciences hardening them to this outward pressure.

The most crushing of the depositions was that of a servant of the minister, who alone had accompanied his master. The importance of his depositions obliges us to reproduce them:

"Your name?"

"Matthew Rosso."

"Your age?"

"I am forty-three since last Ascension."

"You swear to tell the entire truth, without adding or altering any thing?"

"I swear it."

"Since what epoch have you been attached to the person of the late lord count?"

"I am his foster-brother."

"Were you with him when he was assassinated?"

"It was always I that accompanied him when he wanted a brave, discreet and faithful friend."

"Retrace the details of that unfortunate event."

"We were going home to the palace of the lord count. He strode along in silence, when suddenly three villains, crouching in the corner of a door, and whom we had not perceived on account of the fog, rushed upon us with fury, and struck down my master, before we had time to put ourselves on the defensive. I thought at first that they were robbers, and, as I carried the lord count's purse, I thought of saving it, and I recoiled: not that I experienced the least sentiment of fear, but to place the money in security, and because I did not suppose that they had any design to hurt him.

"I then reproached myself with this movement, and I immediately returned to my master. One of the murderers was still stooping over him; I rushed out to seize him, but he succeeded in evading me and making his escape. I reflected that justice would be able to find them easily again, and I pointed him out to the neighbors who ran up, saying: 'There is one of the three brigands.'

"Whilst they pursued him, I raised up the noble lord. Forgive my grief; my master was so generous towards the companion of his infancy, that I cannot form the idea of never seeing him again. He was bathed in blood; he slid from my arms and I could not bear him up. However, he still recognized me and said to me in a low voice:

"My poor Matthew, farewell! the Zibelli have revenged——"

"Are you sure that he named the Zibelli? Your

depositions are of weighty consequence: fix your recollection firmly."

"He named them—he did name them! I will swear it on the relics of Saint Pancras."

"The neighbors have otherwise reported his last words."

"They came up later, and my master bade me farewell a second time. For the rest, in the midst of the emotion, of the despair,—perhaps my ears,—if he did not designate them expressly, it was because death interrupted his speech. It was his thought without the slightest doubt, and I did not hesitate to exclaim: 'They are the Zibelli!' I saw three assassins, and when I recall the air, the appearance, and the walk of Robert, not the least uncertainty remains in my mind."

"How were they dressed?"

"I only remember Robert, who had his customary dagger by his side."

"Was it their daggers they used?"

"No; their poniards."

"Did they all three retire together?"

"No; one of them let fall his weapon, and he stopped a moment to seek it."

"Would you be able to recognize them if you were in their presence?"

"Assuredly; their features are engraved upon my mind, and will never be effaced."

Nine prisoners were led in, turn by turn, and three by three. The servant shook his head three times with a gesture of denial. At sight of the Zibelli, he did not hesitate to exclaim:

"Those are the ones whom I saw!"

"Were you acquainted with Robert before the crime?"

"He was among the crowd of flatterers who surrounded my master; but I did not notice him much, because he was a man of low birth."

"How did your master treat him?"

"The lord count was the dupe of his own generosity. Robert's knavery and ingratitude render his crime unworthy of clemency."

"Have there not been attempts to corrupt your conscience, and to lead you to hide the truth for the sake of money?"

"An old woman came to me yesterday. She offered me a thousand ducats if I would not criminate the Zibelli."

"What did you answer?"

"I answered that I would declare what my eyes had seen, and my ears heard, and that I would not lie if she offered me a throne made of gold."

"Do you know by whom she was sent?"

"I asked her; 'by people,' she replied, 'rich enough to pay for your acquiescence, and powerful enough to make you repent of your refusal.'"

"Fear nothing; justice will extend her tutelary protection over you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

"THECLA; A TALE OF EARLY TIMES."

BY MARIAPHILOS.

[CONTINUED.]

The moment Manlius and Thecla saw his face they simultaneously threw themselves at his feet.

"Oh, blessed father, forgive us! we knew you not," exclaimed husband and wife in a breath.

The stranger raised his hand, on one of the fingers of which was a costly ring, and, after having blessed them, said in a mild, soft voice:—

"There is nothing to forgive, dear children. I should have been very sorry if either of you had penetrated my disguise, for I shall need it until my Master marks the hour."

The touching sadness of his last words, which sounded like the cry of the child for the repose of a father's arms, affected the kneeling couple deeply, moreover the quicker apprehension of Thecla saw an intimation of the threatened persecution.

"But, arise, my children, I have something to say that touches you nearly."

As he said these words a pang shot through Thecla's heart. The shadow of some coming calamity darkened her soul. She could not forbear connecting this visit with the mission of Raucus and his machinations.

"Holy Father Irenæus"—for their visitor was the saintly Bishop of Lyons,—"thou must, at least, pardon our want of hospitality. Perhaps you have not supped," said Manlius, rising from his knees.

"No, my child," replied Irenæus, with a slight wave of the head, "I need nothing—my Master's work is my food and drink. Besides, I cannot tarry long with you, my children; so strive not to hinder me. The work is great and the time very short. Ah, yes, the evening approaches when no man shall be able to labor."

He paused for a while in silent prayer, and then resumed:

"My children, a storm is gathering over the Church of Lyons. Ye have heard it roaring in the distance as the lion hungry for prey. Hell has opened wide her gates; the enemy is preparing his tortures and wiles; the shepherd shall be stricken and the flock dispersed."

"Oh, holy Father," cried Thecla, pallid and

terror-stricken, "perhaps it may be averted. Pray, dear Father, pray for your threatened flock that it may escape the danger."

"No, no, child, it will come. The wheat must be separated from the chaff; the true soldier from the craven-hearted; the faithful from the traitors. This coming persecution is His winnowing, and we may not flee from it, but gain the victory, and the palm for His honor and glory. I have received advice of it from the glorious successor of Peter, the saintly Victor. There are evil men at work influencing the mind of the Emperor to our destruction."

"Mehercule," exclaimed the bluff soldier, springing to his feet: "this shall not be! I have fought for the empire in Britain, in Germany and Spain, and so have thousands of God's Christians, too. Are we, holy Father, to sit down tamely and see our altars despoiled, our Bishops and Priests slaughtered or dispersed, our wives and children murdered by the sanguinary tyrants? It shall not be, I say! I shall arouse the Christian legions and make these would-be persecutors dance to such music as thy little wot of."

As Manlius uttered these words he strode up and down the room like a chafed lion. Irenæus glanced at him, a faint smile mantling his pale, emaciated face, and then said:—

"Lay aside such earthly thoughts, my child. He who shapes the destiny of man hath His own wise ends to accomplish. Well do I remember how the blessed Polycarp, whose unworthy disciple I was, used to say that the blood of the faithful is more powerful when shed than when coursing through the living veins, and that man of God, Pothinus, my holy predecessor in this See, how often hath he impressed upon my feeble mind the true duty of a Christian when the world begins to thirst for his blood. Like Jesus, we must give testimony to the truth with the fortitude of lions and the meek resignation of lambs. 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' These were *His* words; they must be ours. O suffering Church of God! what trials are before thee; and yet the end is not yet!"

The deep pathos of his words brought tears to the listeners' eyes, and upon the beard of Irenæus the large drops sparkled with some of the light that glowed in the heart from which they came.

"But, my children, I may not tarry longer. I have said the news I bring touches you both. A certain man, named Raucus, I believe, has been sent to Rome on a mission of blood, as I had been warned of it before he started. I sent the Deacon

Pudens to Rome to watch his proceedings. I have received a letter, by a trustworthy messenger, that Pudens saw Raucus enter the Emperor's palace, and that he caused the wicked man great fear by warning him to beware of revenge. And speaking of revenge, my children, reminds me of the danger to which this house is, in a special manner, exposed. From some remarks he made prior to his departure, I am led to conclude that he has the most sinister designs against the family. Be on your guard, then, my children; be prudent. If you are compelled to fly, remember the cave of the Olive by the river side. The pass words are '*Pax vobis.*' And now, my children, farewell for a time."

"Your blessing, holy Father, and do not forget us in your prayers," exclaimed Thecla, casting herself on her knees beside her husband.

The holy Bishop elevated his hand and breathed a benediction upon both; then laying both hands upon the Lady Thecla's head, he said:

"Daughter of Jesus Christ,—chosen one of Heaven, the sacrifice is for thee and the triumph in that day which thou knowest not. I shall not see it, for my hour is near at hand. Angels shall sustain thee and the consolation of God shall be given thee. For, thou shalt be an example and an encouragement to many."

Irenæus enveloped himself in his cloak, and when the startled couple raised their heads he was gone.

CHAPTER III.—THE EDICT.

The emissary Raucus followed his guide through a long entrance, adorned on either side by a range of beautiful Corinthian pillars. Not a word was spoken, and grave apprehensions began to excite the cowardly creature. He almost wished himself back again at Lyons, but then came the thought of Christian riches, and more powerful than that, revenge. At the door was stationed another guard, who challenged the new comers in a sharp, impatient tone, as if tired of his long watch.

"I wish to see the Emperor," said Raucus.

"Is this a time to visit him?" asked the guard, sharply. "By my word, friend, you'll find him very little disposed to receive you. The divine Emperor likes not to be disturbed at his feasting."

"But it is an urgent business, honored sir," whined Raucus. "Every one knows that the Emperor—whom may the gods long preserve!—is a very Jupiter in his application to business. It is on a matter of life and death to the state that I would see him. So, have a care, noble sir, that

the divinity of the Emperor may not be highly incensed at your denying me speech of him."

The guard was about to make an angry retort when a highly-dressed, fantastic-looking person came to the door.

"Who wishes to see the Emperor?" asked he.

"Illustrious sir, 'tis I," answered Raucus, with a shuffling sort of a bow. The tinsel and glitter of the chamberlain filled him with profound awe and respect.

"Well, come on, then, but I would advise you to make your business as short as possible, otherwise—" The chamberlain drew his finger across his throat in such a very suggestive style that Raucus' blood fairly crept in his veins.

As he passed through the magnificent apartments in which the wealth of provinces, stripped by the Emperor's viceroys, lay strewn about in profusion, he felt almost afraid to set his foot down upon the gorgeous floors. His eyes curiously devoured the gold and silver and precious stones that attested at once the wealth and rapacity of the Imperial Cesar. But he had not much time to revel amid the various conflicting thoughts which were uppermost in his avaricious and ambitious mind. The chamberlain paused before a door completely concealed by rich silk velvet tapestry, and spoke a few words in a low tone. Immediately afterwards a tall negro, dressed in a white silk tunic drawn into the waist by a silver sash, appeared, whispered to the chamberlain and silently withdrew. The sudden apparition and departure of this formidable satellite did not tend to soothe the already shaken nerves of Raucus.

"The Emperor will see him," said the Ethiopian, appearing suddenly as before.

"Follow him," said the chamberlain, pushing Raucus rather roughly after the negro. "I will await you here."

A door was opened; Raucus passed between two huge guards with drawn swords, and stood trembling and almost speechless in the banquet hall.

For a few moments the emissary could not distinguish any particular object. A confused mass of human forms, statues, brilliant chandeliers, paintings, and flowers, danced before his eyes. Then his sight became clear, and the whole scene burst upon his view more like the extravagant picture of a dream than reality. The hall was large and spacious; around the whole extent were exquisite statues standing in every conceivable position on fluted pedestals. The walls, where

they could be seen between the openings of the rich hangings, were covered with landscape paintings and battle scenes. A long, low table, covered with rich cloth, occupied the center of the room. It was laden with gold plate and every delicacy that a *gourmand* could imagine or boundless wealth procure. Reclining on elegant and luxurious lounges were about two hundred persons, men and women, talking and laughing and drinking wine from gold goblets. There was a look of excess and degradation about the majority of them, yet, at intervals one might observe a grey head and grave expression, seemingly awaiting with impatience the imperial *fiat* of departure. A number of musical performers were here blowing and harping and piping away on a raised dais at the extremity of the hall, but not one of the guests appeared to be paying the slightest attention to their artistic efforts.

Raucus looked amongst the crowd to see if he could discover by some sign, the Emperor. But he was disappointed; they all looked exactly alike. He was turning to speak to the negro, when he perceived a stout, vulgar-looking individual a few feet from him, gazing at him with a drunken effort to gravity. Raucus considered it a great piece of imprudence for a servant to get drunk under the very nose of the divine Emperor.

"Well, uh—what do you want, fellow?" asked the intoxicated individual, reeling up to him.

"I do not think it necessary to tell my business to every menial in the palace. I want to see the Emperor, sirrah," said Raucus. He had considered himself sufficiently badgered by the others without any further infliction.

"What!" roared the inebriate, with fury; "a menial! Candidus," said he, turning to the negro, thus inappropriately named, "call in the guards."

Raucus grew rigid with extreme terror. The room swam around as if suddenly drawn into a whirlpool. He grasped the tapestry for support; he could just see enough to distinguish the scowling face of the intoxicated man, pale with rage.

"Fool!" whispered Candidus, as he passed out. "It is the Emperor!"

Before Raucus could comprehend the predicament he had got into, a couple of guards made their appearance and stood as motionless as statues, awaiting further orders. As the power of the Emperor in spite of his divinity, was unable to control the fumes of the wine which he had taken, his rage only served to intoxicate him the more. This was a lucky thing for the delinquent,

for the Emperor, forgetting his insulted majesty, ordered the guards to leave his presence at once. As soon as they had withdrawn, Raucus, gaining courage, tumbled down like a whipped spaniel at the Emperor's feet, and gasped for mercy.

"Get up, you hound, get up," growled his majesty, bestowing upon the crouching mass of humanity at his feet, a vigorous kick. "Candidus, what is the fellow here for?" he asked, turning to the slave.

"He says he has important business to treat of, sire," answered the Ethiopian.

"Ha, ha," laughed the Emperor; "important business, forsooth! Why every dog that sneaks in here has that whine always ready,—'important business!' They think they can get a hearing of us by such a lying plea, the slaves!"

The trembling emissary, no ways reassured by the Emperor's contemptuous, savage tone, kept swaying to and fro in a series of the most profound bows, whilst he kept one hand over his eyes, as if to shade those organs from the too dazzling effulgence of the imperial divinity.

"Why,—what, just look at the caitiff," continued the Emperor. "Stand up, sirrah, and answer my questions: What brings you here?"

"Justice, most illustrious sire," whined Raucus.

"Justice! against whom?" asked Severus.

"Your enemies, most sublime Emperor," answered Raucus.

"Ha! enemies! What sayest thou, fellow? What dost thou mean?"

The Emperor grew more interested.

"The Christians, great Emperor," responded Raucus, gaining courage. "Conspiracies, treasons, and spoils."

"Now, by my divinity," waved the Emperor, "if thou mutterest and gaspest out thy words like a throttled goose, I shall make thee a head shorter."

"I come from your Majesty's faithful City of Lyons on the part of the citizens, to implore your sublimity to give ear to our complaints. For years we have witnessed the daring boldness of those wretches called Christians, but have not attempted to curb their imprudent folly. But lately the tenderest sentiments of our hearts were torn asunder." Here worthy Raucus put his yellow, claw-like hands to his eyes and seemed undergoing a violent struggle with his emotions.

"Jove! that's theatrical," said the Emperor, now apparently interested very much. "Stop your whining, you hypocritical vagabond, and go on with your tale."

Raucus pretended to wipe the tears from his eyes, and with a profound sigh, continued:

"Our hearts were torn when we discovered that there were no limits to their dastardly attempts. Whilst they confined those attempts to our humble, insignificant selves, we prayed the gods to give us patience under our sufferings. But when they raised their sacrilegious hands higher; when they entered into a fearful conspiracy, whose object was nothing less than the assassination of—of—oh, I cannot proceed!" The emissary clasped his hands in well feigned distraction.

"The assassination of whom, fellow?" asked Severus.

"YOURSELF, great Emperor!"

"So, they would do that, would they," muttered the Emperor, in deep, suppressed rage.

"They say, sire, that the brutal enormities,—those are their very words—committed against their sect in Rome and other parts of the Empire, have reached a point where either your majesty must die or they themselves be exterminated."

A gleam of satisfaction shot from the wretched calumniator's eyes as he saw the effect of his words on the Emperor.

"Candidus, go bring me a roll of parchment and a pen." The Emperor seemed to hiss out the words, then, turning to Raucus, he said: "what is thy profession?"

"An humble jurisconsult, your majesty," answered Raucus.

"Wouldst thou wish employment in this matter?"

"Oh, great Emperor, the honor would be too much for such insignificant nothingness as I am. And yet there is not a bosom amongst your majesty's subjects in which burns so vivid a flame of loving attachment to your august person and the welfare of the Empire. Ye gods," concluded Raucus, with exquisite hypocrisy, "give endless banquets and perennial delights to my Emperor when ye take him from his throne here below to place him on the supremest eminence of Olympus!"

The grossness of such flattery was not too strong for the Emperor. He lead the emissary to the table and ordered a slave to give him a goblet of wine.

Several of the guests called out to the Emperor in a loud breath:

"Who is that fellow, sire?"

Raucus was more astonished at the familiarity displayed than any thing else.

"A gentleman from Lyons, on business,—a good and faithful citizen, Publius," answered the Emperor, looking sternly at one of the guests.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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HOLY WEEK.

The learned and pious Dom Guéranger, whose *Année Liturgique* is so universally and so deservedly admired, has written a whole volume on the two last weeks of Lent; we do not know of any thing more intensely interesting, or replete with more solid instruction and edification. We cull, here and there, what seems to us most beautiful, and best suited to our pious readers, at an epoch of the year when the liturgy absorbs, more than at any other, the attention of all, and gives utterance to the liveliest expressions of fervor.

As early as the third century Holy Week was held in the greatest veneration; such is the express testimony of St. Denis, Bishop of Alexandria. In the following age, we find it called the "Great Week," by St. John Chrysostom, in one of his homilies: "Not because it has more days than any other week," says the great Doctor, "nor that its days have more hours; but because of the greatness of its mysteries."

We see it also designated by the name of "Painful Week," (*pœnosa*): first from the sufferings of Jesus Christ it commemorates, and the great fatigue its celebration unavoidably causes; also the "Week of Indulgence," because "Penitents" were admitted to pardon; finally, "Holy Week," because of the sanctity of the mysteries which it calls to mind. Holy Week is the name now universally received among Christians.

During these Holy days, the fast of Lent is more rigorously observed; it is the supreme effort of Christian mortification. Abstinence is more absolute, not only in the quality of food, but in the quantity. In Holy Week the fast extended, among fervent souls, as far as human strength could allow. St. Epiphanius tells us, that there were some who protracted it from Monday morning until the cock crew on Easter morning; this, however, only a few could accom-

plish; the others contented themselves by abstaining two, three or four days consecutively, without tasting any thing. But the common practice was to remain without taking any food from Thursday evening, till Easter Sunday.

The Vigils, or pious watches far advanced in the night, were likewise one of the characteristics of Holy Week in the first centuries of the Church. From St. Chrysostom we learn, that on Maundy or Holy Thursday after having celebrated the Divine Mysteries, in commemoration of the Last Supper, the people used to persevere long in prayer. The whole night of Good Friday was thus spent, to honor the sepulture of the Saviour; but by far the longest of those pious vigils was that of Holy Saturday, which lasted until the dawn of Easter morning. All the people took part in it; all attended at the final preparation of the catechumens, at their baptism; and they separated only when they had assisted at the celebration of the Holy sacrifice which ended at sunrise.

For a long time all business remained suspended during Holy Week, the civil law joining with the law of the Church to produce that solemn vacation from labor and business, which so strikingly expressed the mourning of Christianity. The thought of the Sacrifice and of the death of Christ was then the general thought; ordinary relations gave room to Divine offices and prayer in which all moral life was absorbed, while abstinence and fasting claimed all bodily strength and endurance. We may easily comprehend what impression was produced upon the rest of the year by such a period of complete suspension of all human avocations, and when we call to mind the severity with which Lent had already weighed for full five weeks as a restraint upon bodily aspirations and sensual appetites, we conceive with what candid and heartfelt joy Easter was welcomed, as it brought with its solemn tidings, the regeneration of the soul, and relief of the body.

In the primitive times Christian princes were not satisfied merely to arrest the arm of human

justice, but they also sought, in those days of mercy, to render a sensible homage to the paternal goodness of God, by commanding the prisoners' chains to be broken, the doors of their dungeons to be unbarred, and liberty given to those unfortunate ones who groaned under the weight of the sentence pronounced against them by the tribunals of our earth. None were excepted, save those criminals guilty of the gravest crimes.

The last emperors established a law to this effect, as we learn from one of Saint Leo's sermons. "For a long time the Roman Emperors have observed this holy institution, by which we see them, in honor of the Passion and Resurrection of our Lord, modifying their power,—relaxing the severity of their laws, and pardoning a great number of criminals,—wishing to show themselves, by this clemency, imitators of the mercy of Heaven during these days, wherein it has deigned to save the world. May all Christians, in their turn, imitate those princes; and may the example given by the Sovereign induce a mutual indulgence among subjects; for domestic laws should not be more rigorous than the public ones. All animosities should then be laid aside; all injuries pardoned; all resentments stifled, in order that on the part of God, as well as on the part of man, every thing should contribute to re-establish the innocence of life that should accompany the august solemnity for which we are preparing."*

Succeeding revolutions in Europe have effaced from public morals and legislative acts all the inspirations they had borrowed from the supernatural sentiment of Christianity. Hence comes the cry repeated on every tone, that all men are equal among themselves. It would have been superfluous to try and convince Christian people of this during the ages of faith, for they saw it verified when, on the approach of the grand anniversaries, which recalled so vividly Divine justice and mercy, the princes abdicated, so to speak, the sceptre, remitting to God Himself the chastisement of the guilty, while they seated themselves at the Paschal banquet of Christian fraternity, by the side of those men, whom, but a few days before, in the name of society, they had retained in chains. The thought of God, in whose eyes all men are sinners; of God, from whom alone proceed justice and pardon; was the characteristic of nations in those days, and they could, in all truth, date the *Ferias of Holy Week* in the manner of the diplomas of those ages of

Faith, "under the reign of our Saviour, Jesus Christ: *Regnante Domino nostro Jesu Christo.*"

At the close of those days of holy and Christian equality, did subjects feel a repugnance to resume the yoke of submission to their princes? Did they seek to take advantage of the occasion to draw up a charter on the rights of man? Not in the least; for the same thought that had humbled the *fascies* of legal justice before the cross of the Saviour revealed to the people the duty of obedience to the powers established by God.

God was the reason of the power and of the submission; and dynasties could succeed one another without the respect of authority being weakened in the heart. At the present day the influence of the sacred Liturgy is no longer felt upon society; religion has sought a refuge in the depths of the hearts of the faithful, and political institutions have become the expression of human pride, which wishes to command, or refuses to obey.

THE MYSTERIES OF HOLY WEEK.

We have spoken of some of the beneficial customs of Holy Week, as observed among early Christian nations. Let us now briefly refer to some of the mysteries of this solemn season, which are so touchingly explained by Dom Guéranger. We regret that space does not permit us to reproduce the whole of those eloquent pages:

"Our Saviour in raising Lazarus from the grave drew upon Himself, to the utmost, the rage of His enemies; and the people, excited at seeing a corpse that had been four days buried, now walking the streets of Jerusalem, asked one another, 'Will the Messiah perform greater miracles than that? Has not the time arrived for us to chant Hosanna to the Son of David?' In a short time it would no longer be possible to check the enthusiasm of the children of Israel. The princes, the priests, and the ancients had not a moment to lose if they wished to prevent Jesus of Nazareth from being proclaimed King of the Jews.

During these days we are going to assist at their infamous councils; the blood of the Just is going to be sold and paid for with thirty pieces of money. The Divine Victim, betrayed by one of His Disciples, will be judged, condemned, immolated; and the sacred Liturgy will now represent to the faithful, in the most expressive manner, the circumstances of this sublime drama. For a long time has the joyful *Alleluia* been banished from her hymns. Now she suppresses even the cry of glory consecrated to the adorable Trinity—those words which the Church

* Sermon IX, Quadragesima.

so loves to repeat: "Glory be to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost." Her chants have become too mournful, and this accent of jubilation would sound out of place in the desolation that has submerged her heart.

Her lessons in the offices of the night, are taken from Jeremias, of whose deep mourning no equal can be found in the other Prophets. The color of her vestments as those she wore the day she placed the ashes upon the humbled heads of her children; but on the dawning of the redoubtable Friday violet is not sufficient for her sadness; she clothes herself with black, like those who weep the death of a mortal; for her Spouse truly died on that day. The sins of man, and the rigor of justice have weighed upon him. In the horrors of the agony He has rendered His soul to His Father.

In the expectation of this terrible hour, the Church manifests her sorrowful presentiments by covering in advance the image of her Divine Spouse. The cross itself is concealed from the eyes of the faithful; it has disappeared under a dark veil. Images even the most holy, are no longer seen; it is but right that the servant should withdraw when the glory of the Master is eclipsed. Interpreters of the Sacred Liturgy tell us, that the austere custom of veiling the cross, expresses the humiliation of the Redeemer, who was forced to hide Himself to escape being stoned to death by the Jews. From the eve of Passion Sunday, this solemn rule is enforced, and with such rigor, that even in those years when the feast of the Annunciation falls in Holy Week, the image of Mary, Mother of God, remains covered on the very day itself, when the Angel saluted her *full of grace, and blessed among women*.

For the AVE MARIA.

MARY OF MAGDALA.

BY HON. JUDGE ARRINGTON.

[By some unaccountable, inexcusable and inexcused oversight, one of our assistant editors, who had secreted the following verses, with the utmost care, for the most suitable occasion—Saint Mary Magdalene's Feast, on the 22d of July—let the 22d pass, and the precious poetry remain a "hidden gem." Fortunately, the Hon. author is endowed with an amount of patience which very seldom goes *æquo passu* with poetical genius. With this indirect excuse, we finally present the

gracious poem, not altogether out of season after all.—ED.]

Beside the sea of Galilee,
At golden evening-tide,
A Pharisaic devotee
Was feasting in his pride,
Where wealth, and fame, and fashion came
From all the country wide.

But not to see the Devotee
They trooped from hill and plain;
They sped to hear a voice more dear
Than songs of summer rain—
The silver tongue of a Prophet young,
A guest at the feast in Nain.

For it was said he raised the dead
With gesture of his hand,
And the fiends, that dwell in desert dell,
Could not his word withstand,
While the deaf and blind each sense did find
Whene'er he gave command.

Among the rest, with grief oppressed,
A friendless woman came;
But brows were bent with discontent,
And harsh lips muttered blame,
And all drew back to shun her track
As if her touch were shame.

Yet her face was bright as the stars of night
O'er the Hebrew mountains high;
Not the blue-bird's wing in the woods of Spring
Had the azure of her eye,
And her hair of gold seemed wavelets' rolled
From summer sunset's sky.

The gibe and jeer she doth not hear,
Or heeds not, but doth glide
With blushing cheek, and mien so meek
Its beauty mocks their pride,
Till she can trace the Prophet's place,
Then she kneels down by his side.

Now her grief doth flow like Hermon's snow
When burning sunbeams beat
Its bleakest hills, till tinkling rills
Melt out in music sweet,
And rush to the plain with the sound of rain
When clouds and mountain meet.

All the angels hie from the upper sky
To hail the wonder there;
For her lips repeat on the Prophet's feet
Chaste kisses perfumed with prayer, [bright,
While she washes them white with her tears so
And wipes with her golden hair.

And the love of her tears so much endears
 Her heart to the Prophet mild,
 That they wash every sin from her soul within,
 Now pure as a new-born child :
 "Thy guilt is forgiven," saith the Lord of Heaven,
 And the Heaven of Heavens smiled.

The sun may fail, the planets pale,
 Old Hermon melt with heat,
 But never her name decline in fame,
 Who kissed Messiah's feet ;
 Through endless years those shining tears
 To the saints shall still seem sweet.

O blest Magdalene, from the choir of the Queen,
 Where thou singest, her Syrian dove,
 Wouldst thou whisper to me of the far Galilee,
 And the Lord that came there from above ;
 Wouldst thou tell me the road to thy radiant abode,
 Then but teach me the half of thy love !

HOLY THURSDAY.

[Translated from *L'Année Liturgique*, de Dom Gueranger.]

Jesus has returned from Bethania; all the Disciples are present, even the perfidious Judas, concealing in his bosom his horrible secret. Jesus approaches the table upon which the Lamb is served; the Disciples take their places with Him, faithfully observing the rites which the Lord had prescribed to Moses for the children of Israel. At the beginning of the repast, Jesus says to his Apostles: "With desire I have desired to eat this Pasch with you, before I suffer."* He did not mean by this that the present Pasch had any thing in itself superior to the ceremonies of the preceeding years, but because it was to give Him the occasion of instituting the new Pasch, which his love had prepared for man; for, "having loved His own, who were in the world," says St. John, "He loved them to the end."

During the repast, in order that their hearts should have nothing hidden, Jesus deeply affected the Disciples by these words: "Amen, I say to you that one of you is about to betray me." What sadness in this complaint! What mercy for the traitor who knew the goodness of his Master! Jesus opened the gate of pardon for him, but the guilty passion, which he had to gratify, had gained such an empire over him, that he would not avail himself of this mercy. Nay, he even dared to unite his voice to that of the other Apostles in asking: "Is it I, Rabbi?" In order not to

compromise him with his brethren, Jesus answered in a low voice: "Yes it is thee, thou hast said it!" But Judas does not repent; he remains, and pollutes by his presence the august mysteries which are preparing. He is waiting for the hour to consummate his treason.

The legal repast is ended. A feast succeeds it, at which Jesus and His Apostles are again reunited around the same table. The guests, according to the Eastern custom, place themselves two by two upon couches, which had been prepared by the munificence of the Disciple who had lent his house and furniture to the Saviour for this Last Supper. John the Beloved is seated by the side of Jesus in such a manner, that he can, in his tender familiarity, lean his head upon the bosom of his master. Peter occupies the couch on the other side of the Lord, who thereby finds Himself between the two disciples whom he had sent in the morning to prepare the festival. One of these Apostles represents faith, the other, love. This second repast was mournful: the words of Jesus had filled the hearts of His Disciples with anxiety; and we may well understand what need the tender and artless soul of John had to pour out its feelings, by the most touching demonstrations of love to the Saviour, upon whose couch he reclined.

The Apostles did not expect a third repast to follow the two first; Jesus had kept his secret, but before His Passion He must redeem a promise. He had said in presence of all the people:

"I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever; and the bread which I shall give is My flesh, for the life of the world. Unless you eat of the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day; for My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed."*

The moment has arrived wherein Jesus will realize this marvel of charity for us. He had promised to give His flesh and blood, and for this He had to await the hour of His immolation. Now His Passion is about to commence. Already He is sold to His enemies; henceforth His life is in their hands;—truly can He now offer Himself in sacrifice, and distribute among His disciples the real flesh and blood of the victim.

At the close of the second repast, Jesus suddenly rising, to the astonishment of His apostles,

* Luke xxli, 15.

* John vi, 51.

divests Himself of His outward garment, and girding Himself with a towel, poured water into a basin and prepared to wash the feet of the guests. The washing of feet before taking part at a festival was an Oriental custom, and the very highest degree of hospitality was when the Host Himself performed this office towards His guests. Jesus at this moment invites His apostles to the divine banquet which He has destined for them, and He deigns to act as the most hospitable of hosts. But as all His actions contained within themselves most profound lessons, He wished, by this act, to remind us of the purity which He requires from those who seat themselves at His table. "He that is washed needeth not but to wash his feet,"* as if he had said, such is the sanctity of this divine table, that to approach it the soul must be purified, not only from its gravest sins, but it must also seek to efface the very slightest stain, such as are contracted by contact with the world, which are as the dust that settles upon the feet.

Jesus approaches Peter, the future head of the Church. The apostle refuses to permit his Master to perform this act of humility in his regard. Jesus insists, and Peter is obliged to yield. Jesus performs the same office towards the other disciples, not even excepting Judas. To the latter He gave another warning but a few minutes before, when He said, "You are clean, but not all." Yet Judas was insensible to this reproach as he had been to the first.

Having finished the washing of feet, Jesus returns to His seat by the side of John. Then taking the bread of the Azymes that remained, He blesses, breaks, and gives it to His Disciples: "Take, and eat, this is my body." Then, taking the cup, and changing the wine into His own blood, He passed it to His Disciples, saying: "Drink ye all of this; for it is the blood of the New Covenant, which shall be shed for you." They partake of this divine beverage: and Judas, in his turn, but he drank his own condemnation, as, but a few minutes before, in the sacred bread, he had eaten his own judgment. The inexhaustible goodness of the Saviour still sought to reclaim the traitor,—and in giving the cup to His Disciples He adds these terrible words: "The hand of him that betrayeth me is with me on the table."†

Peter was struck with these repeated assertions of his Master. He longed to know who was the

traitor who dishonored the apostolic college; but not daring to ask Jesus, at whose right he was placed, he made a sign to John, who was on the left, to find out who it could be. John reclining on the bosom of Jesus, says to Him in a low tone: "Master, who is he?" Jesus answers, with the same familiarity: "he it is to whom I shall reach bread dipped." A few fragments were still remained on the table. Jesus takes a morsel of bread, and moistening it, sends it to Judas. This was again another fruitless invitation to this soul, hardened against every effort of grace; so the Gospel adds: "After receiving the morsel, Satan entered into him."* Once more Jesus speaks to him, saying: "What thou doest, do quickly." And the miserable being leaves the hall in order to execute his crime.

Such are the august circumstances of the Last Supper, whose anniversary reunites us to-day. But we would omit one incident most precious to all pious souls, did we not add an essential trait. What passed then in the Cenacle was not an event which occurred but once in the mortal life of the Son of God, and the apostles were not the only privileged guests at the table of the Lord. Here also was the institution of a new Sacerdoce. How could Jesus have said to the people, "Unless you eat my flesh and drink my blood, you shall not have life in you," if He had not intended to establish a ministry upon earth by which He would renew, until the end of time, what He had just accomplished in the presence of those twelve men? Then it was that to those chosen ones He said: "Do this for a commemoration of me."† By those words He gave to them also the power of changing the bread into His body, and the wine into His blood, and this divine power will be transmitted in the Church, by holy ordination, even to the end of ages. Jesus will continue to operate by the ministry of mortal and sinful man the wonder which He accomplished in the Cenacle, and at the same time that He endows His Church with the unique and immortal sacrifice, He gives us, according to His promise, by the Bread of Heaven, the means of dwelling in Him, and He in us. Hence on this day we have to celebrate that other anniversary, no less marvelous than the first, the institution of the Christian Sacerdoce.

The Mass of Holy Thursday is one of the most solemn in the whole year. All appearance of mourning disappears; yet, at the same time, sev-

* John xlii, 1 v.
† Luke xxii, 21.

* John xlii, 26.
† Luke xxii, 19.

eral extraordinary rites announce that the Church still fears for her Spouse, and that she merely suspends, for a moment, the sorrows that overwhelm her. At the altar the priest intones, with transport, the angelic hymn: "Glory be to God on high." Suddenly, all the bells peal forth, in full peal, a glorious accompaniment to this celestial canticle. At its close every bell is hushed, and then silence during the long succeeding hours spreads over the city an impression of terror and abandonment. The Church in using the grave and melodious notes of those ærial voices which, day by day, fill the air with waves of melody that touch the deepest recesses of our hearts, now wishes us to feel that the world, when witnessing the Passion and Death of her divine Author, has lost all melody and become sorrowful and desolate.

THE VIRGIN MARY TO CHRIST ON THE CROSS.

What mist hath dimmed the glorious face?

What seas of grief my sun doth toss?

The golden rays of heavenly grace

Lie now eclipsed on the Cross.

Jesus, my Love, my Sun, my God,

Behold Thy Mother wash'd in tears:

Thy bloody wounds be made a rod

To chasten these, my later years.

You cruel Jews, come work your ire,

Upon this worthless flesh of mine,

And kindle not eternal fire

By wounding Him who is divine.

Thou messenger that didst impart

His first descent into my womb,

Come help me now to cleanse my heart,

That there I may my Son entomb.

You angels, all that present were,

To show His birth with harmony,

Why are you not now ready here

To make a mourning symphony?

The cause, I know, you wail alone,

And shed your tears in secrecy,

Lest I should movèd be to moan,

By force of heavy company.

But wail, my soul, thy comfort dies,

My woeful womb, lament thy fruit;

My heart gives tears unto mine eyes,

Let sorrow string my heavy lute.

SOUTHWELL.

REMARKABLE CURE

Wrought at Holy Communion at Notre Dame des Victoires, on the 4th of August, 1866.

[From the London Lamp.]

The following letter was addressed to M. l'Abbé Chanal, editor of *L'Echo de Notre Dame des Victoires*, by a pious layman, a member of the Archconfraternity, and Brother of Saint Vincent de Paul. The Rev. Père Lefèvre, M. l'Abbé Chanal, M. l'Abbé Dunnax, and a variety of other witnesses, are prepared to attest to the authenticity of the account.

PARIS, 12th August, 1866.

MONSIEUR L'ABBE CHANAL: In obedience to your injunctions, I send you the account of the sudden and wonderful cure of Leontine T—, wrought at the altar of Notre Dame des Victoires on Saturday the 4th inst., during the half-past seven-o'clock Mass, at the time of Holy Communion.

In authentication of the account, I enclose on a separate sheet the name and address of the girl on whom the cure was wrought, as also those of all the persons mentioned in my letter; as I am desirous that this narrative, being wholly consecrated to the glory of God, should offer no inducements to vain curiosity or self-love. The respect in which many of these names are held, and the sincerity of their replies when questioned, will convince you of the truth of the facts which I am about to describe. With respect to my own testimony, I am quite prepared, if necessary, to bear public witness to the wonderful occurrence at which I had the happiness to be present; but at the same time, if I may be allowed to follow my own wishes on the subject, they would be to remain in obscurity, in order the better to be enabled to adore in silence the mercies of God.

I will not enter into any details touching the previous life of the object of this miraculous occurrence. It will suffice to say that she lives alone with an aunt, her godmother,—a pious woman, who devoted her life to this poor girl.

Last year the aunt was considered to be in a dying state, and even received the last Sacraments. Her niece had nursed her through her illness with the most tender devotion; but she was hardly out of danger when, on the 5th of June of the present year, the girl was herself taken ill and compelled to keep her bed. She was attacked simultaneously with typhus, brain-fever, and a severe heart-complaint. The doctor pronounced

her in a state to receive the last Sacraments. She continued for a long time in imminent danger; and no sooner was this crisis over than the exhaustion produced by the complication of disorders with which she had been afflicted led to frightful attacks of epilepsy. Under their influence her feeble and attenuated frame became suddenly so rigid and heavy as, to all appearance, to require the strength of several men to raise her. It seemed as if they might have broken her to pieces in attempting it. At these times she suffered an intolerable pain at her heart. During her sleep, which was seldom broken, she talked and sang hymns with so much vehemence that the doctor was in constant fear lest she should rupture a blood-vessel in her lungs or heart.

At that time the poor girl and her aunt were altogether unknown to me, and but for the *œuvre* for the daily recommendation of the sick to the prayers of the faithful, established amongst us by our respected pastor, I should never have heard of their existence.

I was first made acquainted with the circumstances relating to Léontine T***'s illness in the chapel of our Blessed Lady, little dreaming that shortly afterwards I should be present at her miraculous cure at the altar of our Lady of Victoires.

I cannot sufficiently admire the ways of Providence. Only a few days before I first heard of the case of Léontine T***, I was about to conclude some business of the utmost importance to myself. The matter awaited my final consent, and I had made arrangements for leaving Paris as soon as the parties had sinned, as I felt that I needed rest after the anxiety which this affair had caused me. God permitted that I should hesitate through an excess of prudence, and my hesitation led to a rupture of the negotiations; and thus my journey was at an end. Although I must confess that at the time I deeply regretted it, I can now thank God for what has happened. He might easily have found a more efficient witness to His mercies, but I bless Him for having deigned to cast His eyes upon me.

I became acquainted with the poor girl through the priest who had recommended her case to the prayers of the faithful; and God vouchsafed so to order matters, that whilst I was paying my second visit at her house, and in consequence of an account which we had just heard of a miraculous cure wrought through the intercession of our Lady of La Salette, it was agreed between the girl, her aunt, and myself, that she should lay aside her medicines; and that we should forth-

with commence a novena to the Mother of our Lord, under the invocation of our Lady of La Salette. We placed our novena under the special patronage of St. Joseph, St. Peter and Vincula, and St. Joseph the Evangelist; and resolved to conclude it with Holy Communion at the altar of Notre Dame des Victoires. We began on the 27th July 1866.

The poor girl had long wished that she could be conveyed to Notre Dame des Victoires; but her weakness and fits were such that all those to whom she had expressed her wish had formally opposed it, as they felt it to be impracticable. Now that we held out a hope to her that she would ere long be able to go there, her heart was filled with joy, and she could talk of nothing but our Lady of La Salette and our Lady of Victoires. When she was questioned during her sleep as to what would cure her, she replied laughing, "It is very easy: take me to Notre Dame des Victoires, and I shall be cured." Sometimes she would say, "You have only to take me to the place, and I shall be cured." And when she was asked to point out the means by which she might be relieved, she invariably replied, "Prayer." When her fits became excessive in their violence, we bathed her clenched hands and parched legs with water from La Salette, and in a few minutes her hands would relax and resume their usual condition.

Thus passed the novena, with heartrending intervals interspersed with extraordinary consolations. In the solitude of that poor room, under the immediate protection of our Heavenly Father, and with no hope save in Him alone, we fervently awaited the day which the poor girl never ceased to announce in her sleep as that of her deliverance. Giving utterance to the impressions of her heart, she would alternately sing hymns of a penitential character and songs of thanksgiving; and was especially fond of a hymn to our Blessed Lady, beginning.

"Souvenez-vous, o tendre Mère."

On awaking—which was always to her a painful moment—she would complain of sharp pains in her head and chest, and especially about her heart.

Monseigneur de Ségur who had been informed of her illness and the hopes which she entertained of her cure, gave his entire approval to the novena. He promised her his prayers, and sent her, with his blessing a crucifix, which she carefully preserved; a medal of our Lady of Victoires, blessed by the Holy Father; and an artificial rose, which had been placed for several days on the

tomb of St. Francis of Sales; and at the same time requested that St. Francis of Sales might be made one of the patrons of the novena, which was done.

Although many holy souls were constantly praying for her, there was as yet no diminution in her sufferings. On the contrary, on the very eve of the eventful day, the 3d August, her state became alarming; she seemed to be undergoing some violent internal conflict, for she screamed with terror, and, seizing the hands of the persons about her, entreated them not to leave her. The worthy superior of a religious community, a friend of Monseigneur de Ségur, had the charity to come a long distance that evening to hear her confession and give her absolution. She passed a dreadful night. When her fits were on, her weight was such that she literally seemed fixed to her bed. That same evening, just as I was going away, I felt some anxiety to see whether I might trust to my strength on the following morning, and I made an attempt to raise her off her bed; she was then fast asleep, and I was in consternation to find that no human power could have placed her in upright position.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FIFTH DOLOR:

Beside the Cross.

She stood in silence. Slowly passed
The hours whose moments dropped in blood;
Its frown the Darkness further cast:
She moved not: silently she stood.
No human sympathy she sought:
Her help was God, and God alone;
Not even the instinctive respite caught
From passionate gesture, sigh, or moan.
Her silence listened. On the air,
Like death-bells, tolled that prime Decree
Which bade the Eternal Victim bear
Mankind's transgression. Let it be!
The Women round her heard all day
The clash of arms, the scoffing tongue:
She heard the breaking of that spray
From which the fruit of Knowledge hung.
Behold the Babe of Bethlehem! Aye!
The Infant slumbered on thy breast;
And thou that heard'st His earliest cry
Must hear His *Consummatum est*.

—Aubrey De Vere.

OUR LADY OF THE CHAINS.

A Legend of the Fourteenth Century.

[Translated from the French of L. D'Appilly.]

VI.

During this examination, the interest of the case had enchained all the assembly in unbroken silence; but curiosity caused the crowd of auditors to palpitate and tremble, when the accused appeared one after another before the tribunal.

Joseph was a large and powerfully built man; his broad forehead announced intelligence and aptitude for the exercises of memory and the calculations of reason. His eyes, open and full of loyalty, reflected his thoughts. His measured step, his grave words and looks evinced that maturity and precocious wisdom obtained by the bitter lessons of experience.

He came forward with assurance but without pride. He did not elevate his brows with provoking superciliousness, neither did he lower them under the weight of shame. He was calm, and if it were not that an air of sweet resignation was depicted on his countenance, his features did not show any change.

To the first question of the judge as to his age, his profession, his family, he answered as if with regret and with an air of constraint; but he relapsed into an obstinate silence, when the magistrate said, harshly:

"You are accused of having taken part in the murder of the lord Count Dogliano. Where did you pass that night?" pursued the judge.

Joseph did not reply.

"It is an acknowledged fact that you did not return to your house until after the murder was accomplished?"

The merchant gave no sign of emotion.

"One of your brothers was surprised near the victim, and pursued to the private gate of your garden. What have you to allege in your defense? Do you disdain to enlighten justice?"

It seemed that the accused had suddenly become deaf.

"Do you acknowledge that you co-operated in this crime?"

The merchant gazed upon the questioner full in the face, then raising his eyes, he fixed them with an indefinable expression of confidence on the crucifix hanging above the judges at the end of the hall.

The listeners were mute with astonishment,

and the magistrates themselves, in spite of the impassable mask with which habit had covered their faces, could not help their surprise from appearing.

"You are accused," resumed the magistrate, "your condemnation is not pronounced; it is for you to present the proof of your innocence."

After having waited in vain for an answer, the judge, who thought he was braved by Joseph's disdainful silence, added in a harsh tone:

"The tribunal, I give you notice, in view of the strong presumption which exists against you, will interpret your silence as a tacit confession and an avowal of crime."

"God and the Madonna," replied the merchant, at length, "know that I have not imbrued my hands in my enemy's blood."

"How can we guess at the truth if you refuse to speak? Is it not your duty to throw every possible light upon the subject, and prevent an error which may prove mortal?"

"I do not wish to remain longer on this earth, where all is lying, hatred and calumny."

"You have a wife, however?"

Joseph swallowed a sigh which was about to escape him, and neither exhortations, nor prayers, nor threats could draw from him a single word. They led him back to prison.

Robert adopted a system of defense entirely opposite; he made his appearance in court costume, adorned and perfumed as for a festival, his eye animated and assured, his lips smiling.

"You are suspected," said the judge to him, "of having on the fifteenth night of July, violently assailed, in concert with your two brothers, the noble and lamented lord Count Dogliano, and of having struck him with your poniard, with design to cause death."

"Permit me first to deplore the fatality that pursues us; hazard forms sometimes very mournful combinations, and my misfortune is great in being charged with the death of a lord whom I loved, and who would not have failed, if he were alive, to become my patron and advocate here, and to defend me with his power and influence. But you seek the truth; the truth also is all my hope of justification, and I have the confidence, with God's assistance, that it will be discovered so completely as to acquit us."

This skillful commencement did not entirely allay the irritation caused by the disdainful silence of Joseph. The judges, familiar with all the subterfuges of criminals, maintained still a spirit of distrust, and seemed to make it their in-

terest to find criminals everywhere. Instead of letting humanity incline them towards clemency, continual dealing with crime had hardened their souls, and led them always to suspect evil.

The magistrate who presided at the tribunal was a lean and nervous man. His hasty temperament had not been able to bend to the phlegm and impossibility which a judge should never lay aside. He seemed uneasy in his impartiality, and he brought to the debates the passionate malevolence of a prosecutor.

"It is easy for my brothers, no doubt," pursued Robert, "to make their innocence known. It will suffice for me to prove that on that unhappy evening, at the very hour when the crime was perpetrated, I was in my chamber."

"Yes, you pretended to have shut yourself up there."

"My servants will bear witness that I was really reposing there."

"Your servants only bear witness that you expressly forbade their entering."

"Because I wished to sleep."

"Or, rather, so that no one could be certain of your presence."

"I acknowledge that, far from calling witnesses when I am overcome with drowsiness, I send them off as far as I can. Did any one see me go out?"

"This means of defense is illusory; your brothers were not seen to go out any more than you, and they have confessed their absence."

"If they were absent, I was not aware of it, it is one of my defects to sleep with my eyes shut. I defy any one to say that he saw me out of my bed."

"You were not aware of it! Explain to us the first sentence which you addressed to your lackey."

"That sentence is no longer exactly present to my mind. I might have shown some surprise at finding myself alone in the banqueting room."

"You asked if they had not yet returned; it is not doubtful then that you knew of their absence."

"I was but just awake; I had not consulted the hour-glass: it seemed to me that the night was far advanced. I did not expect to have been home so long before Joseph's return."

"You did not name Joseph, you spoke of your brothers."

"If I said my brothers, it was an error in the number. I was not thinking of Angelo, whom I believed to be in his own apartment."

"And why had not Joseph returned?"

"I have no right to question; I suppose he was kept by business duties."

"And what business duties called Angelo at the same time into the street, and to the very theatre even of the crime?"

"He alone can give a reason for his actions. At his age nocturnal wanderings and foolish parties are nothing very astonishing."

"It is not his superiority in age which prevents you from questioning him?"

"He is younger than I, it is true, but I know no more of his secrets than he confides to me of his own free will."

"This, at least, he did not hide from you, since he told all the circumstances of the murder."

"That would show that I was not already acquainted with them."

"You did not know the circumstances which occurred after your separation, and that is, in fact, what he told.—To whom does this purse belong?"

"I see it now for the first time."

"And this poniard?"

"It is a Venitian poniard, well-tempered."

"Do you see this also for the first time?"

"Assuredly I never looked at it so attentively before."

"Your denials are superfluous: Angelo has confessed that they are his."

"I do not think of denying any thing. If Angelo says they are his, believe him. As for me, I have other cares than to take an inventory of his toys."

"You have, in fact, they say, an accommodating system of morals: you take little account of the conduct of your own family, and you achieved your sister's shame adroitly enough."

"I wept over her transgression, and I would have given my whole fortune to repair her misery, but it was irreparable."

"The tribunal will appreciate. In spite of all your assurances, it appears, however, that you were seen during the perpetration of the crime."

"By whom?"

"By men whose testimony is above suspicion."

"And have I still the right to ask that they be confronted with me?"

"In the first place, the confidential servant of the late count."

"Matthew? Did Matthew see me—recognize me among them?"

"What have you to oppose to his affirmations?"

"That Matthew did not see me. That his fears blinded him. That he has either deceived or been deceived. I deny his testimony."

"That is an easy way to dispose of it. Do you deny also that of Lord Dogliano, whose lips closed in accusing you, and calling down upon you the severities of justice?"

"He accuse me,—he! No, no; he loved me, he knew me, he trusted my devotion to his interest. If he murmured our name, it was doubtless in words of repentance. I to have assassinated him, after his favors and protection lavished upon me! I should be unworthy to breathe! He did not believe me so ungrateful. Oh, no. I take thee to witness, O soul of my friend, if thou followest these debates and if thou hearest me, I call thee to witness that far from attempting thy life, I would have defended it at peril of my own."

"Cease to insult your victim by an hypocrisy which deceives no one."

"You are a magistrate, my lord, I must respect your character. But take care: do not repulse the truth when it is offered to you. I swear to you that I am innocent of the blood which I am accused of having shed. And now, even if I had not loved my protector, consider that personal interest rendered his life precious and necessary to me; his death is to me a calamity; it destroys all the projects and all the hopes I had founded on his favor."

"The religion of the court is sufficiently enlightened. You may retire."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARY BY THE CROSS.

Jews were wrought to cruel madness;
Christians fled in fear and sadness;
Mary stood the cross beside.

At its foot her foot she planted,
By the dreadful scene undaunted,
Till the gentle Sufferer died.

Poets oft have sung her story,
Painters decked her brow with glory,
Priests her name have deified.

But no worship, song, or glory
Touches like that simple story,—
Mary stood the cross beside.

And when under fierce oppression,
Goodness suffers like transgression,
Christ again is crucified:

But if love be there, true hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
Mary stands the cross beside.

THE PREVALENCE OF CRIME.

[From the Catholic Standard.]

Our daily papers for some time past have recorded a constant, uninterrupted succession of the most horrible crimes. We read of nothing, now-a-days, but of murders, most of them under aggravating circumstances. Last week the sanctuary of justice itself was violated, a man having been murdered in open court. In one issue of an evening contemporary, all the reading matter on the first page was made up of accounts of tragedies ending in blood. It would appear as if a mania for murder was taking possession of men's minds, and leading them to the commission of the most horrible crimes.

It is natural that attentive observers should ask themselves, what is the cause of this terrible condition of affairs? To this all-important question different answers are given, according to the different ideas prevalent on many other subjects. No doubt, the late war has accustomed many to blood, and destroyed that respect for human life, which ought to be nurtured in civilized society. An army is not a very good school of morals; nor are soldiers ever remarkable for a tender regard for the lives of others. Least of all, does a civil war contribute to the cultivation of those moral qualities, on the development of which depends in a great measure the safety of society.

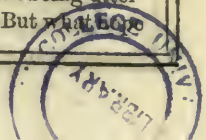
But, while giving due weight to these considerations, we cannot look on the late war as the chief cause of the lawlessness now unhappily prevalent. The root of the evil lies lower and deeper. We know we are about to say what will appear arrant nonsense to those who share the ideas that now reign supreme; but we must give utterance to our honest convictions. We consider the real cause of the evil to which we allude, to be the system of education which has prevailed in this country for the last quarter of a century. That education practically ignores religion, and, consequently, brings up the young without the influence of those moral restraints, that alone can effectually curb their passions in after life. We know that it will be said that religion is taught and morality inculcated in the public schools. Yes, if you mean by religion some few barren and unconnected doctrinal tenets, and by morality, a few lessons on proper behavior and deportment. In this, but in no other sense, can the proposition be accepted as true. Religion and morality must be made practical to influence the mind and guide the heart. To be effectual they should form or

direct every important thought and action. Does public school education lead to this or to any thing like it? Far from it.

Take any school-book, or, to extend the inquiry, take the majority of the so-called religious or moral works offered to our young people, and where do you find any distinctively Christian teaching? For our part, though our examination has been somewhat extensive, we have met with nothing but naturalism, a little better than Paganism. Proper deportment, good behavior, obedience to law, are inculcated, but always on human grounds, and for motives on this side of the grave. How could it be otherwise? More than a moiety of non-Catholic Americans do not believe in hell; so that they can say little about God's terrible wrath, which is provoked by sin. The "everlasting fire," to which Christ said he would condemn the wicked, is looked on as a superstitious fiction, a priestly bugaboo, by most of those who inspire the teaching of our public schools. How, then, can we expect their education to restrain human passions? In point of fact, it does not. Every day adds new proofs of the utter rottenness of our moral system.

The Pagan naturalism to which our youth is being educated develops a false sickly sentimentalism that tends to make a hero out of every scoundrel from a sneak thief to a murderer. Our juries sympathize with the culprit, and generally absolve him. After this a halo of notoriety surrounds his name, and he finds out that the way of the transgressor with the discriminating American public is by no means hard. He does not fear retribution in the next world, if he even believe in that future state at all, and he has little cause to apprehend any trouble in this, so that he has nothing to prevent him from following his own bent. On the other hand, this training tends to make him eminently selfish. All the energy of his character is directed towards the bettering of his condition; self-concentration, self-reliance, self-seeking are inculcated as solemn duties. No other model is proposed to him than that of a shrewd, determined man or woman of the world, working for and obtaining human rewards. He thus practically makes himself his own god. What wonder, then, that when his passions are excited, he does not hesitate a moment to take the life of a fellow being?

Educators of youth should remember that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Religion alone can save our society from being utterly destroyed by violence and vice. But what can



is there that a system of education devised by infidels to spread infidelity, can ever be made the means of teaching the religion which it is intended to overthrow?

STABAT MATER.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

[There stood by the cross of Jesus, Mary His Mother.]

By the cross with sorrow bending
On her thorn-crowned Son attending,
 Stood His Mother crowned with woe:
All her soul with anguish groaning,
With no balm to soothe its moaning,
 While grief's sword was cleaving through.

Oh how deep was her affliction,
Master of man's direliction,
 Mother of God's begotten-One,
Thus to see His form extended,
And each bleeding wound distended,
 Her's each pang that smote her Son.

Oh, what man such grief discerning
Could unmoved behold the yearning
 Of this tender Mother's woe!
See her bitter tears fast blending
With her dear Son's blood descending
 From His hands, His feet and brow!

'Twas for us He drank the chalice
Mixed by us, of wrath and malice,
 Bore the scourge's knotted cords;
For us that *she* held her station
Where her Son in desolation
 Dying, breathed His solemn words.

Fount of Love! oh let me borrow
From thy soul, a share of sorrow,
 Let me learn to grieve with thee,
That my heart with fervor glowing,
May with love for Christ o'erflowing,
 In His favor seek to be.

Mother stamp with sure impression
On my heart thy Son's deep passion,
 Every stigma that He bore:
'Twas for me the rough nails pierced Him,
For my guilt the spear transfix'd Him,
 For my sins the thorns He wore.

Let me then who caused thy dolor
Bear with thee thy bitter sorrow
 So the burden to divide,
That through all life's exile dreary,

I, my rest, shall find when weary,
 With thee, and the Crucified.

Virgin others all excelling!
Turn not on me glance repelling,
 For the bitter woe I wrought;
Since He died for sin's transgression,
Make me share in His dread Passion,
 Love the wounds my ransom bought.

Make me with His wounds be wounded,
Of His Cross with Love unbounded
 Let me seek the rugged way;
Then, sweet Mother, still defend me
Lest my sins from Him should rend me
 On the dreadful judgment day.

When death's shadows round me lower,
Grant me, Jesu! in that hour,
 Through Thy Mother's pleading prayer,
Palms of victory never dying,
Rest with Thee where tears and sighing
 Never chill the blissful air.

WE have interrupted the series of articles on the "Anthems, Prayers, and Hymns of the Church to the Blessed Virgin," by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore. The REGINA CÆLI LÆTARE, the subject of Article X, which naturally follows the AVE REGINA CÆLORUM, is too joyful for the time of Holy Week, and will come very appropriately in the Easter number of the AVE MARIA.

SEVERAL poetical pieces have been crowded out this week, among which is "The Agony in the Garden," by Maj. H. F. Brownson, U. S. A., which we did not acknowledge as "received," as we thought its appearance in this number would be sufficient intimation that his Poem had reached us. We hope that he will continue to follow the inspiration of holy meditation, and to enkindle the fire of heavenly charity in the hearts of our readers.

CORRECTION.—In some of the copies of this number the beautiful poem of Father Southwell is credited as if written for the AVE MARIA. We certainly hope that Father Southwell, in his abode with Mary, takes an interest in our Journal, but cannot go the length of our Proof-reader, who allows him to be presented to our readers as still battling in life—viz: writing poetry for the AVE MARIA, when we have every reason to hope that the good Father is where all his poetical expressions will pass without criticism.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

VOW OF TWO LITTLE SAVOYARDS.

At the end of the month of November, 1848, Jean and Marin, two little Savoyard twin brothers scarcely twelve years old, after having been blessed by their mother, and having received from her hands a medal of the Blessed Virgin, which they wore round their necks, left their mountains, already covered with snow, to go to the rich plains of France. Journeying along, by steep and perilous paths, the poor children said to each other, as if to console and re-assure each other: "We are very young to go so far alone, and without money; but we shall keep together, and pray to God and His Blessed Mother; God will watch over us and Mary will guide our steps; she will provide for all our wants, and preserve us from evil; she is so good, so powerful! And why should we not do something to assist our poor mother, who, ever since she has been a widow, has had no bread to give our sister and two little brothers? Ah! how they cried when we bade them farewell!"

Thus it was that these charming children strove to encourage each other against the terror they began to feel, amid the immense forests and deed precipices by which they were surrounded, when they perceived at the foot of the mountain the Chapel of Our Lady of Help, which their mother had recommended to them to visit. Full of joy and confidence, they ran thither, and both kneeling on the same stone, animated by the same sentiment of love, of lively faith and pious confidence, they repeat together this simple and touching prayer to her who has never been invoked in vain:—"Good Virgin, take under thy care two Savoyards, who are going to France, all alone without any support, seeking bread for their poor mother. We promise thee, good Mary, if we get there without any accident, to have a Mass said in thy honor, out of the first money we earn, for the relief of the suffering souls and purgatory." And the poor children, re-assured by the vow they had just made to Mary, resume their way with new courage, and with the help of her who is called the traveler's guide, arrive in safety at the end of their journey. No sooner had they arrived in France, than they went to work, and as soon as they had earned twenty sous, they hastened to offer them to the first priest they met, requesting him to say for them, the Mass they had promised Mary, for having so wonderfully conducted them.

Now Jean and Marin, by means of the gifts bestowed on them, have become little merchants. Perhaps they are in the way of making their fortune, and that fortune will be founded on twenty sous, consecrated to God and blessed by the Holy Virgin.—*The Catholic.*

"THEOLA; A TALE OF EARLY TIMES."

BY MARIAPHILOS.

The person addressed hung his head and blushed; his companion grew silent and avoided him. They knew the doom of Publius was sealed.

The writing materials were brought in, and, as the Emperor wrote, all were silent. After a few moments he handed the roll to Raucus:

"Here, sir, take this document to the Prefect of Lyons. You will be employed by him, and, moreover, a tenth of all the property confiscated through your instrumentality, will be yours. Away, now, and let me soon hear good news from our city of Lyons."

Raucus shuffled out of the hall in deepest vexation and disappointment. Meanwhile the Emperor, whom business had sobered, exclaimed:

"Come, come, ladies and gentlemen, and ye grave and reverend senators, pass around the wine, for what says the poet: "Enjoy life to-day for to-morrow ye die!"

Inspired by this truly pagan quotation, the guests resumed their sensual occupation. The Emperor was the gayest of the gay, and every face was fashioned to the model of the imperial divinity. One ventured to ask the purport of the message he had sent to Lyons.

"What was it?" laughed Severus. "Why a prescription for an old complaint,—a receipt for smoking out rats. It was an epistle to those kind and faithful Christians, whose hypocritical outcries find so much sympathy with some of our subjects. What sayest thou, Publius?"

The person addressed for the second time in so peculiar a manner, was a venerable old man of a mild and engaging appearance. He seemed in no way disconcerted, but said calmly:

"Your majesty's words seem to indicate more than appears in the surface. I am sure your majesty is too wise to need any aid from me in elucidating knotty subjects of state polity. I am neither a Christian nor a friend of Christianity, but—"

"But what, sire," interrupted the Emperor.

Simply this, sire, that I cannot approve of the

severities I see practiced every day upon people against whom not a tittle of evidence can be shown to prove their complicity with designs with which they are charged. Justice compels me to bear witness, how those very Christians were the bravest and truest soldiers I ever led to victory. When in danger they have covered me with their bodies and died to save my life. I cannot forget such things, sire."

"Enough—enough! Candidus! the guards," roared Severus.

The guards entered.

"Take away that traitor to the Mamertine; let him share the lot of the Christians he loves so well!"

Without a word, the old officer passed quietly from the banquet of the Emperor to a prison cell.

Raucus soon found himself outside of the palace gates. His reflections were none of the most pleasing.

"A tenth part, forsooth! And who will get the rest?" *Himself*, of course. There's justice for you! *He*, swilling himself from morning till night, the hog, with the choicest Falerian and viands fit for the gods, while I am laboring like a slave; and the lion's share must go to *him*! Well, master Raucus, you will be a greater fool than yonder crowned buffoon, if you suffer such an imposition. But he must have his nine-tenths; why, of course, he will. However, you, Raucus, shall take the inventories, and, by Jove, you will deserve to be fleeced if you do not arrange matters in a satisfactory style. But let us see what the divine wine-bibber says."

The emissary approached a lamp, and, unrolling the parchment, read:

SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS, IMP., PONT. MAX.

Whereas, it has come to our knowledge, by means of our faithful and trustworthy subject, Raucus, that there are divers evil-disposed persons of the sect, called Christians, in our city of Lyons, who, not having the fear of the god's nor our majesty, before their eyes, have entered into most traitorous combinations, having for their object the destruction of our temples, and religion,—the ruin of this imperial throne, and ourself its occupant, and the overthrow of the state in general.

Therefore, we instruct and command you, Catullus, our Prefect of our said city of Lyons, to use your utmost diligence in discovering the haunts and meeting-places of those wretches, and, when apprehended, to punish them with torture and death. But if, abandoning their wicked de-

signs and doctrines, they sacrifice to the gods, then we grant them, in our clemency, full pardon.

Moreover, we appoint the bearer of this edict, our well-beloved Raucus, our agent for the prosecution and punishment of the accused, subject, however, to your orders. And it is our will that he, Raucus, receive one-tenth of the proceeds of each confiscation; two-tenths to yourself, and the rest to ourselves."

"A tenth, indeed! Himself! we'll see," muttered the emissary as he put the document into his pocket. Then, as he turned down the narrow street, his breath came short and his eyes gleamed with demoniac glee.—

"Ha, ha," chuckled he, "there is one thing he cannot take from me: He, he, no division there; no one shall divide with me; all shall be my own.—Revenge; and oh, it will be sweet, sweet, sweet!"

And as he disappeared into the gloom beyond, there came forth a deep voice: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay." The same figure we have noticed before, appeared from behind an abutment, and hastily followed the evil emissary.

CHAPTER IV.

About three weeks had elapsed after the events recorded in the last chapter. The scene opens again in the mansion of Lady Thecla. Our little Angelicus was not present; he was long past his hour of "second sleep," as the saying is, for it was past midnight, and not a breath broke the stillness. Standing at a window, as if watching for some person, was a muffled figure, evidently prepared for a journey. A small lamp burned dimly upon a marble table, casting a sombre light around the room. The person at the window turned quickly as the sounds of approaching steps were heard, and revealed the features of the Lady herself. She was pale and seemingly agitated.

"Oh, Manlius," she exclaimed, as her husband hastily entered the room, "I have been very anxious on your account. What kept you so late?"

"Read that, Thecla,—I think you will find reason for my absence in *that*."

The soldier threw himself wearily and sorrowfully upon the lounge.

Lady Thecla read the document; she did not tremble, but, faintly growing upon her beautiful face, was a look of triumphant joy. It was the edict!

"Well, dear Manlius," she said at length, "we must prepare ourselves for the worse. I am sure you are not afraid, and, as for *me*, I trust in the

grace of my dearest Jesus and His sweet Mother's aid."

"Well said, my brave woman," exclaimed her husband. "But tell me, what will become of Angelicus if any thing should happen us?"

The father spoke gravely, while a pang thrilled through the Lady Thecla's heart.

"I have thought of that, Manlius, and I will not conceal from you the anxiety it costs me. Suppose, in case of danger, we should send him to your aunt's family."

"What! to my aunt's! Now, Thecla, I did not expect that from you. Let me tell you something: A few days ago I met Flavius Milo near the Via Longa, and do you guess the greeting he had for me? Listen: 'Well, Manlius, I saw your two nieces yesterday. I assure you they looked divine—perfect Venuses, in fact.'"

"Where did you see them, Flavius?" asked I.

"*In the circus,*" he answered.

Lady Thecla crossed herself, and looked the picture of indignation and astonishment.

"Christians in the circus! Manlius, mark my words: your pretended friend deceived you! You will discover the truth soon, I am certain."

"Indeed I trust it may be as you say, Thecla, for it would grieve me to believe such a thing. But, Thecla, why are you dressed as if prepared for a walk?" asked he.

"Why you know, Manlius, I told you that we shall have the happiness of hearing Mass at two o'clock this morning."

"True enough, Thecla, but this miserable edict has driven every thing else out of my head. God grant we may have no cause to mourn before morning. I have felt a strange presentiment of danger all day."

"Well, now, Manlius, if it was a pagan that was speaking I would not be astonished. God rules all, Manlius,—that is sufficient for us."

And yet she had felt the same undefined sense of coming danger all that day.

A few moments afterward, and the two were stealing along the shaded parts of the streets to the place where the divine mysteries were to be celebrated. They walked out into the suburbs of the city and suddenly turned into a narrow, obscure alley. After proceeding as far as the middle of it, they entered a passage and knocked three times at an old trap door. Waiting a few moments in deep suspense, they heard the sounds of some person approaching.

"*Corpus,*" whispered some one below.

"*Christi,*" answered they. The door fell down

in two folds, and Manlius and Thecla descended half a dozen steps and found themselves in utter darkness. The person who had admitted them arranged the door again, and, passing them, whispered:

"Follow me!"

They were soon in the midst of the faithful. Nobles and slaves; freemen and bondsmen, were there, kneeling in equality before the humble little altar. The Holy Mass had not begun, but two handsome youths were lighting the tapers, and arranging the vestments. Not a sound was heard, for a cough even might betray them.

As the Lady Thecla entered, her eye caught sight of a figure that made her start in spite of herself. It was a man, but so muffled up and disguised as to make recognition impossible. A thought struck her—"that's Raucus!" but she rejected it as a temptation that had come to disturb her mind. Besides the very idea was so absurd as needed but a moments reflection to show how unfounded it was. And yet—and yet!—She caught herself looking stealthily at the prostrate figure more than once.

The Holy Sacrifice went on; it was the holy Irenæus who was saying it. Thecla was soon absorbed in her devotions and forgot, for the time, her suspicions. The awful moment of the elevation came; all were prostrate adoring their God and King. As Thecla bent to worship the Sacred Host, she felt,—or fancied she felt,—something brush silently past her; but it was no time to inquire. After the Consecration, she looked again towards the corner where the person knelt who had excited her suspicions.

He was gone!

She immediately whispered to Manlius her terrible suspicion. He arose, and beckoning to one of the servants, told him to inform the holy bishop. The latter merely nodded his head, and went on, more rapidly, with the Sacrifice. He soon ended, and, then, partially disrobing, turned to the little flock. As the light fell down from the tapers upon his face, the faithful imagined that an angel stood there, so unearthly, so beautiful and majestic was its expression.

"Dear children in Jesus Christ," he said, in a sweet, low voice, "the hour is approaching when I shall be called upon to give testimony to the truth. I hope to bear the trial, as becometh the shepherd, who should ever lead the way to the consummation of the faith. There are many things I would wish to say, but my time, I may say with my Divine Master, is short."

A sob here and there began to tell how much his hearers were affected.

"Do not grieve, dear children. Tears should be for our birth into this world of sin and trial and possibility of our eternal separation from God. Many years have passed since I, however unworthy, was placed over you; I know I have committed many faults"—

"No, no, dearest Father in Christ," interrupted his flock.

—"many faults," continued Irenæus, seeming not to notice their affectionate protest; "but, dear children, I have always loved ye with a love that time shall not end. And now, before my hour comes, there are some things I wish to say to you. You know well that the enemy has excited the rage of those who hate Christ's Kingdom, and that the persecution is about to burst upon us. The strong and weak shall testify to the truth, and little children shall follow Jesus through torments, prisons and death.

"Be not afraid, dear children. He, who is our Hope, hath conquered the world. And He will give to each one of us strength to brave all that the enmity of the evil one is preparing for us.

"The holy Polycarp hath often related to me how Blessed John was wont to tell him the many sweet things our Blessed Lady would say to him. But what she most insisted upon, was confidence in her Divine Jesus.

"Yes; but, dear mother," would John say, 'will it not be hard for the weak and helpless of the flock to have confidence, when He so hides His face, that the enemy shall seem to have the utmost control over them?'

"Dear child John,' would our Mother say, with that smile which He, who had described all that shall ever come on earth and in heaven, could never describe: 'Thou wouldst not speak so, hadst thou been with my Jesus as I was'—

"Pardon, dear Mother!" John would cry, falling on his knees before her."

The holy Irenæus wept, and then continued:

"Arise, my dear child,' Mary would say, 'thou art my earthly protection—my good, adopted son; and I wish to instruct thee, for it belongs to thee to raise thy voice in the Church of my Son, and teach the faithful unbounded confidence in My blessed One. Tell me, John, when I did look upon thy motionless figure after the adorable consecration at the Holy Mystery this morning, hadst thou not the most unlimited confidence in My Jesus? And what gave thee that confidence? His love. Then, dear son, when persecutions

shall arise, shall not that same love strengthen and console others in the conflict? The more weak, the more helpless the soul, the more consolation shall my Divine one give, that the victory which He hath won, may belong to the little children of His heart.'

"Oh, dear children," continued Irenæus, "these were our Mother's words. And shall we fear or grow faint-hearted? They may destroy the body; our souls belong to Jesus. Pray, then, for strength, and when all earthly succor hath left you, think of Mary's words. Pray—"

At this moment the sound of many feet were heard rushing along the narrow passage that led to the little chapel; and with the sound came the clashing of arms.

"Put out the lights," said the holy bishop. Before the lights were extinguished a door was opened, through which the terrified flock hurried, trembling and silent.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

HE HAS NO MOTHER.

Sitting one day in the schoolroom, I overheard a conversation between a sister and a brother.

The little boy complained of insults or wrongs received from another little boy.

His face was flushed with anger.

The sister listened awhile, and then turning away, she answered:

"I don't want to hear another word: Willie has no mother."

The brother's lips were silent; the rebuke came home to him, and stealing away he muttered:

"I never thought of that."

He thought of his own mother, and the loneliness of Willie compared with his own happy lot.

"He has no mother."

Do we think of it, when want comes to the orphan, and rude words assail him? Has the little wanderer a mother to listen to his sorrows?

Speak gently to him then.—*The Catholic.*

THE famous iron crown has recently been replaced in the Treasury of the Cathedral at Monza. It was first worn by Berenger, at Milan, in 888; then it passed to Rodolph of Burgundy, 921; thence to Otto III., 996; Henry III., 1046; Henry IV., 1081; Conrad III., 1138; Frederick III., 1452; Maximilian, 1496; Charles V., 1530; Napoleon, 1804; Ferdinand I., 1838. It is called the iron crown, although made of gold, because it contains a part of one of the iron nails from the cross.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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ANTHEMS, PRAYERS, AND HYMNS OF THE CHURCH TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BY THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.

X.—THE REGINA CÆLI LÆTARE.

But what is that magnificent melody, which fills the grand Cathedral, and floats so sweetly along its lofty groined ceiling, making every fretted arch and stately pillar vocal with its strains! Its notes are lively, joyous, jubilant; they lift us from this dull earth, and almost make us imagine that we are already mingling with the heavenly choirs, and listening to their songs of triumph and glory!—It is Lambillotte's REGINA CÆLI LÆTARE! ALLELUIAH!

It is now Easter Sunday evening; the sorrows of the Cross are passed, and are now almost forgotten in the joyous Alleluiah which greets the glorious resurrection. The plaintive wail of the *Stabat Mater* has died away, and given place to the triumphant burst of the REGINA CÆLI. As at the cross, so at the glorious sepulcher on the bright Easter morn, Mary stood, sharing to the full in the joys and triumphs, as she had shared with her whole Mother's heart, in the sorrows and death of her beloved Son, from whom she is inseparable in weal as in woe.

Her sorrows, like His, were passing and of short duration; her joys, like His, will last for all eternity. The memory of the brief sorrow, now passed forever, serves only to enhance the joy with which her heart is overflowing eternally; as the clouds, when they have flitted away, but serve to bring out in greater brilliancy the light of the sun. The wail of sorrow soon passed away; the Alleluiah of triumph will resound forever through the vaults of heaven. Who would not suffer for a short time with Jesus and Mary, in order to rejoice and triumph with them eternally in heaven!

It is her heavenly triumph, which the Anthem

REGINA CÆLI so joyfully celebrates. Its glowing words of exultation, and the corresponding notes of its swelling music, are addressed to her in her brilliant heavenly estate:

Joy to thee, oh Queen of heaven! Alleluiah!

He whom thou wast meet to bear; Alleluiah!

As He promised, hath arisen; Alleluiah!

Pour for us to Him thy prayer; Alleluiah!

Peerless Queen of the heavenly host; decked with thy brilliant diadem by Him whom thou was deemed meet to bear; surrounded by the brilliant array of saints and angels, who look up to thee with reverence and with love as their Queen, because thou wast and art His loved and loving Mother; let thine eyes glisten and thy heart glow with purest joy; let triumph sit forever more on thy queenly brow! The night has passed, and the day hath dawned which knoweth no evening! He hath triumphed over death, hath emerged from the darkness of the tomb, hath arisen to die no more! He hath accomplished what He promised, hath fulfilled the law of the prophets, hath crushed the serpent's head; and He shall now reign forever, and of His reign there shall be no end! Rejoice and triumph with Him, thou His queenly Mother, Alleluiah! But in the never-ending day of thy joy and glory, forget not us poor, weary pilgrims of earth, who lift up our trusting eyes to thee, to catch one glimpse of thy heavenly triumph! Pour forth to Him thy powerful prayer in our behalf, that we who share in thy joy here below, by walking in the path of His commandments, may come to participate in thy everlasting triumph in heaven!

A. B.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

If thou desirest to have a share in the triumphs of thy Redeemer, imitate His death, by dying to thy sins; that so thou mayest also imitate His resurrection, and walk, henceforward, in the newness of life, after the great model given to thee by Jesus Christ.

CHALLONER.

THE APPARITION OF JESUS TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

O Queen of Sorrows! raise thine eyes;
See! the first light of dawn is there;
The hour is come, and thou must end
The Forty Hours of lonely prayer.

Day dawns; it brightens on the hill:
New grace, new powers within her wake,
Lest the full tide of joy should crush
The heart that sorrow could not break.

Oh never yet had Acts of Hope
Been offered to the throne on high,
Like those that died on Mary's lip,
And beamed from out her glistening eye.

Hush! there is silence in her heart,
Deeper than when Saint Gabriel spoke,
And upon midnight's tingling ear
The blessed *Ave* sweetly broke.

Ah me! what wondrous change is this!
What trembling floods of noiseless light!
Jesus before His Mother stands,
Jesus, all beautiful and bright!

He comes! He comes! and will she run
With freest love her Child to greet?
He came! and she, His creature, fell
Prostrate at her Creator's Feet.

He raised her up; He pressed her head
Gently against His wounded Side;
He gave her spirit strength to bear
The sight of Jesus Glorified.

From out His Eyes, from out His Wounds
A power of awful beauty shone;
Oh how the speechless Mother gazed
Upon the glory of her Son!

She could not doubt: 'twas truly He
Who had been with her from the first,—
The very Eyes, the Mouth, the Hair,
The very Babe whom she had nursed,—

Her burden o'er the desert sand,
The helpmate of her toils,—'twas He,
He by whose death-bed she had stood
Long hours beneath the bleeding Tree.

His crimson Wounds, they shone like suns,
His beaming Hand was raised to bless;
The sweetness of His voice had hushed
The angels into silentness.

His sacred Flesh like spirit glowed,
Glowed with immortal beauty's might:

His smiles were like the virgin rays
That sprang from new-created light.

When wilt thou drink that beauty in?
Mother! when wilt thou satisfy
With those adoring looks of love
The thirst of thine ecstatic eye?

Not yet, not yet, thy wondrous joy
Is filled to its mysterious brim;
Thou hast another sight to see
To which this vision is but dim!

Jesus into His Mother's heart
A special gift of strength did pour,
That she might bear what none had borne
Amid the sons of earth before.

Oh let not words be bold to tell
What in the Mother's heart was done,
When for a moment Mary saw
The unshrouded Godhead of her Son.

What bliss for us that Jesus gave
To her such wondrous gifts and powers;
It is a joy the joys were hers,
For Mary's joys are doubly ours!

FABER.

E A S T E R .

[From the French of Dom Gueranger.]

Christmas gave us a God-Man, an Emanuel; three days since we beheld the shedding of the divine blood, whose infinite value more than paid our ransom; but on Easter Sunday it is no longer a victim immolated and vanquished by death—it is the victor destroying death itself, the child of sin, and proclaiming life, life immortal, which He has conquered for us. It is no longer the humility of the swaddling clothes of infancy; no longer the sorrow and agony of the cross; it is glory first for Him, and then for us. On Easter God recovers His first work, through the risen Man-God. It is not He alone who returns to life immortal, but the entire human race: "For by a man came death," says the Apostle, "and by a man the resurrection of the dead; and as in Adam all die, so also in Christ all shall be made alive."

The anniversary of this sublime event is, then, every year, the grand day; the day of rejoicing; the day *par excellence*. Toward this day the entire year tends; on this day it rests as a foundation. But as this day is holy above all others, since it opens for us the gates of eternal life, the Church did not wish its glory to shine upon us, before we had purified our bodies by

fasting, and repaired our souls by compunction; and for this purpose she instituted the fast of forty days. This time has now passed; and behold the Sun of the Resurrection rises in all its brilliancy.

But it is not sufficient for us to celebrate the solemn day which has seen the Christ-Light escape from the shades of the tomb—another anniversary also claims our gratitude and devotion. The Word Incarnate arose on the first day of the week. Four thousand years before, He had commenced the work of creation in calling light from the bosom of chaos, and in separating it from the darkness, He inaugurated the first day in the annals of time. On Easter our divine Saviour consecrates, a second time, the Sunday,—and henceforth Saturday ceases to be the sacred day. Our resurrection in Jesus Christ, accomplished on this day, crowns the glory of the Sunday; and if the divine precept of the Sabbath must succumb with the rest of the Mosaic Law, the Apostles instruct all the faithful to celebrate as holy the first day of the week, the day on which the glory of the first creation is united to that of the divine regeneration.

The resurrection of the God-Man having transpired on Sunday, its annual commemoration could not be observed on any other day. Hence resulted the necessity of separating the Christian Pasch from that of the Jews, the latter being irrevocably fixed on the fourteenth day of the March moon—the anniversary of the departure of the children of Israel from Egypt—it necessarily fell upon the different days of the week. This Pasch being but a figure, and ours the reality in which it was effaced, the Church broke this last link with the synagogue, and proclaimed her emancipation by placing the most solemn of her festivals on a day that never would come in contact with the one on which the Jews celebrated their Pasch henceforth void of every hope. The Apostles determined that the Pasch of the Christians should no longer be on the fourteenth day of the March moon, even though that day fall on Sunday, but that it should be celebrated throughout the universe on the Sunday that follows the day on which the calendar of the synagogue placed it.

We are forced to suppress the interesting details, wherein Dom Gueranger shows the extreme importance attached to the date of the Easter festival. During the interval that elapsed before it was universally observed, Heaven was pleased, on more than one occasion, to manifest by prodigies that it was not indifferent to this sacred date.

Of all the seasons of the liturgical year, the Paschal Time is undoubtedly the most fruitful in mysteries; we may even say that it is the culminating point. Whoever has the happiness to enter with mind and heart into the love and intelligence of the Paschal mystery, has reached the very center of the supernatural life, and it is for this reason that our Mother, the Church, accommodating herself to our weakness, every year proposes to us this initiation. All that precedes is but a preparation for it; the pious expectation of Advent, the sweet joys of Christmas, the grave and solemn thoughts of Septuagesima, the compunction and penance of Lent, the dolorous spectacle of the Passion, were but the preludes of the sublime Paschal term at which we have arrived.

The blessed eternity is the true Pasch, and for this reason the Pasch here below is the Feast of feasts, the Solemnity of solemnities. The human race was dead; the gates of life were closed against it. Now behold the Son of God, rising gloriously from the sepulcher, and entering into possession of life eternal! and it is not He alone who will not die again; His Apostle teaches us, that "He is the first born from the dead." The Church, then, wishes us to consider ourselves as already risen with Him, as already in possession of eternal life.

The Fathers tell us that the fifty days of the Paschal Time, are the image of a blessed eternity. They are wholly consecrated to joy; all sadness is banished. And the Church knows not how to say one word to her divine Spouse, without adding the Alleluia, that cry of heaven which the Sacred Liturgy tells us sounds forever through the streets of the celestial Jerusalem. For nine weeks we have been severed from this chant of admiration and joy. We had to die with Christ, our Victim; but now that we have risen from the tomb with Him, and since we do not wish to die that death which kills the soul, and caused the Redeemer to die on the Cross, the Alleluia is ours.

The Wisdom of God, which harmoniously unites the visible work of this world with the supernatural work of grace, has placed the resurrection of our divine Head during these days, when nature herself seems to rise from the tomb. The fields are covered with verdure, the trees of the forest bud forth into new life, the songs of the birds fill the air with melody, and the sun, the radiant type of Jesus triumphant, pours its floods of light upon the regenerated world.

JESUS APPEARING TO HIS MOTHER.

Jesus risen, whose glory has not yet been seen

by mortal eyes, overcoming space is in a moment reunited to His blessed Mother. He is the Son of God; He is the Conqueror of death; but He is also the Son of Mary. Mary remained close by Him until the end of His agony; she united the sacrifice of her mother's heart to that which He Himself offered on the cross; it is but just, then, that the first joys of the resurrection should be hers. The holy Evangelist does not recount the apparition of the Saviour to His Mother, whereas he enters fully into the details of all the others. The reason of this is plain. The aim of the other apparitions was to promulgate the fact of the resurrection; but the first was called forth by the heart of a Son; and such a Son as Jesus! Both nature and grace ask for this first interview, whose touching mystery is the delight of Christian souls. It had no need to be preserved in the pages of the Sacred Book; the traditions of the Fathers, to commence with Saint Ambrose, sufficed to transmit it to us, even had not our own hearts felt it; and when we ask ourselves for what reason the Saviour who was to rise from the tomb on the first day of the week, did so in the earliest morning hour—even before the sun had enlightened the universe, we can, without difficulty, accept the sentiments of those pious and learned authors who attribute this haste of the Son of God to His desire to put an end to the sorrowful expectation of the most tender and most afflicted mother.

What human tongue would dare attempt to describe this hour? The sleepless eyes of Mary, worn out by weeping, are suddenly opened by the gentle celestial light which announces the approach of her Beloved; the voice of Jesus reaches her ear, not in the dolorous accents which so lately fell from the Cross, piercing like a sword her maternal heart, but joyous and tender; they are the tones of a son who comes to recount his triumphs to her who gave him birth. The sight of this Body, which three days before she had received into her arms, lifeless and covered with blood, now radiant and full of life, reflecting the rays of the divinity to which it is united; the caresses of such a Son; His words of tenderness; His embraces, which are those of a God—for all these we have but the word of the pious Abbé Rupert, who depicts to us the effusion of joy with which the heart of Mary is filled, as a torrent of happiness that inebriates her, and effaces the poignant sorrows that had pierced her heart.*

We Christians who love our Mother, who have

seen her sacrifice for us her only Son upon Calvary, should share, with filial hearts, in the felicity which Jesus was pleased at this moment to overwhelm her, and should learn at the same time to solace the dolours of her maternal heart. This is the first appearance of our risen Lord, the recompense of the faith which ever dwelt in the heart of Mary even during the dark eclipse of three days. But it is time that Jesus show himself to others, and that the glory of His Resurrection begin to shine over the world.

Had it been given us to arrange the circumstances of our Saviour's coming into the world, what a noise would we not have made to call all mankind, kings and people, around His cradle! With what a flourish of trumpets would we not have announced to all nations this miracle of miracles, the Resurrection of the Crucified, the victory over death, and redemption won! The Son of God, who is the Strength and Wisdom of the Father, acted differently. For the first adorers at His birth, He called simple and rustic men whose account of it went not beyond the confines of Bethlehem; and now, the date of this birth is the era of all civilized nations. For the first witnesses of His Resurrection He selected some feeble women, and in our age the entire world celebrates the anniversary of this Resurrection. All are moved by it. An impulse unknown during the rest of the year is felt even by the most indifferent. The unbeliever, who elbows the believer, knows at least that to-day is Easter, and from the bosom even of infidel nations innumerable Christian voices unite with ours, so that from every point of the globe joyous acclamations of the divine alleluia ascend uniting us all as one people. "O Lord!" may we well exclaim with Moses when the chosen people celebrated the first Pasch, in passing with dry feet the Red Sea, "O Lord! who is like to Thee among the strong?" (Exodus xv.)

WHEN the Duke of Popoli was on his death-bed he gave a high testimony to the good resulting from Confraternities in honor of the Blessed Virgin. "Remember, my son," he said to his eldest born and heir, "that I attribute all the little good I have done during my life to the fact of my being a member of a Confraternity. I can leave you no better heritage than the Confraternity of the Blessed Virgin—I now rejoice much more for having been a member of it than for having been Duke of Popoli."

* De divinis officiis Lib. vii, c. 25.

RESURRECTION.

Aurora colum purpurat.

The dawn was purpling o'er the sky ;
 With alleluias rang the air ;
 Earth held a glorious jubilee ;
 Hell gnash'd its teeth in fierce despair :

When our most valiant mighty King
 From death's abyss, in dread array,
 Led the long-prison'd Fathers forth,
 Into the beam of life and day :

When He, whom stone, and seal, and guard,
 Had safely to the tomb consign'd,
 Triumphant rose, and buried Death
 Deep in the grave He left behind.

"Calm all your grief, and still your tears ;"
 Hark ! the descending angel cries ;
 "For Christ is risen from the dead,
 And Death is slain, no more to rise."

O Jesu ! from the death of sin
 Keep us, we pray ; so shalt Thou be
 The everlasting Paschal joy
 Of all the souls new born in Thee.

Now to the Father, and the Son
 Who rose from death, be glory given ;
 With Thee, O holy Comforter !
 Henceforth by all in earth and Heaven.

CASWALL.

PIO NONO.

From the "Life of Pio Nono by Mon. St. Aubry."

[Translated from the French, and arranged for the AVE MARIA, by MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.]

PART I.

At any other time I should not feel justified in this undertaking. Yet, if it is not only natural, but also proper for a son to review the life of his Father, if it be characterized by all that is glorious and virtuous, it cannot be inappropriate for him to relate it to his children, that they may venerate the acts, which have made it illustrious. Why, then, should not the same argument apply to this work, and to the events which have so sadly occasioned it ?

I do not wish, for an instant, to forget that the history of cotemporaneous persons and events, do not possess the same advantages and interest as the history of the Past. In the very first days of his Pontificate Pius IX discovered that he was surrounded by snares, which it would require the

most discreet policy, and decided action, to avoid ; and because he had the wisdom to succeed, he found leagued against him an array of evil passions, in whose consequences the historian would deserve to share, did he shrink from treating of them as they deserve. But since many of these treacherous instigators of evil yet live, and yield the same obedience to those direful passions that led them astray a dozen years ago ; since they still misuse that liberty which is the privilege of life ; since death has not yet bound them eternally to their ill regulated passions and affections, or, rather, to their hatred and their crimes, we may not speak of them save with Christian hope, and Christian charity. And neither does it become us to speak of their august victim, but with the reserve that his virtue itself demands. It is like doing violence to the modesty of that virtue to relate, at this time, the history of a Pontificate so replete with labors and toils. Future generations should alone have the right of penetrating into the hidden sanctuary of that great heart,—laying bare its secrets, and explaining the exterior life of the Pontiff-King, by its interior history. It is my purpose to relate, in this chapter, a summary of the history of Pius IX, from his birth, to his exaltation to the supreme Pontificate.

Giovanni-Maria Mastai Feretti was born on the 13th of May, 1792, at Sinigaglia, in the ancient Duchy of Urbino, which at present belongs to the States of the Church. The ancient family of the Mastai were distinguished, during a period of six hundred years, for their services to their country, and received, as a recompense, the title of Count ; that is to say, the Count Mastai was authorized to unite his name with that of Feretti, on the occasion of his alliance with the last branch of this noble family.

The Father of Pius IX, the Count Jerome Mastai Feretti, was "holy standard bearer" of Sinigaglia. His uncle, Andrea Mastai, was Bishop of Pesaro. The heroic fidelity of the latter to the persecuted and saintly Pontiff, Pius VII, caused him to be thrown into prison in the citadel of Mantua. Giovanni-Maria was then a young child. The generous devotion of the Bishop of Pesaro ; his captivity, and his unwavering firmness, were, for Giovanni-Maria, full of meaning. The sight of the Sovereign Pontiff persecuted for his fidelity to the duties of his supreme charge ; and of Bishops, persecuted for their devotion to the Holy See, produced a lively and lasting impression on the tender and pious soul of this young man. The spectacle of the holy courage of these successors

of the Apostles left thereon a most profound impression. It was thus that divine Providence prepared, in Giovanni-Maria, the future Pontiff, by permitting him to witness and participate in the events of what may properly be styled a persecution and a martyrdom.

But his education had commenced at the knees of his mother. The Countess Mastaï had, it is said, always present to her mind the example left to all Christian mothers by the mother of Saint Thomas Aquinas, and the mother of Saint Francis de Sales.

Giovanni-Maria Mastaï was scarcely seven years of age when his mother instructed him to add to his daily prayers a *Pater* and an *Ave* for the deliverance of Pius VI, then a prisoner of the French Republic, causing him at the same time to pray for France.

"But, my mother, are not the French a wicked people, since they have taken the Pope prisoner? Why do you make me pray for them?"

"My child," replied the Countess, "so much the greater reason is there for you to pray for them. Besides, it is not their fault that the Holy Father is detained in captivity. It is their government that is wicked."

"Is it then necessary for me to pray for their government?" he inquired.

"Without doubt it is, my child. Our Lord in dying prayed for those who persecuted Him."

It was thus, that while she was humbly walking in the mysterious ways of Providence, only intent on preparing a Christian for his final destiny, this Christian mother moulded the character of a great Pope for the Church.

Giovanni-Maria was placed at the college at Volterra, in Tuscany, at the age of twelve years. By the amiability of his manners, and his genial courtesy, he quickly gained the good will and affection of his teachers and classmates. He made great progress in his studies, and gained, by his talents and diligence, rapid promotion. One day—it was in 1810—the Inspector of the Imperial University of France, who was making a short sojourn at Volterra, felt so charmed by the replies of the young student to his questions, that, desiring to know more of him, he addressed some inquiries to the Principal of the college. As much pleased by what he heard, as with what he had seen, he exclaimed: "This young man will rise to great eminence if circumstances should favor him." This Inspector died in 1830, having lived to see the former student of Volterra become Archbishop of Spoleto, and congratulate himself

on the wisdom of his judgment. What would he have said had he lived to witness the events that occurred twenty years later, when circumstances favored not only Giovanni-Maria Mastaï, but Italy, and the entire world, over which the Roman Catholic Church extended its power, its benevolent influences being acknowledged even where its authority is not admitted! What, if he had seen him elevated to the chair of Saint Peter, under the title of Pius IX; seen him hurled from his royal throne and driven into exile, a wanderer and outcast, but greater in his misfortunes than when clothed in the power of royal state; if he had beheld him again entering Rome to pardon those traitors, who, whilst they were his enemies, dared to call themselves his children!

The college of Volterra still remembers that it had the privilege of numbering among its students Giovanni-Maria Mastaï Feretti. When the faculty heard of his exaltation as Pius IX, they assembled all the students, and with them adjourned to their church of Saint Michael's, where they returned solemn thanks to God. Nor had Pius IX forgotten the care that was taken of his youth in this institution of learning, and as a token of his grateful remembrance, presented to it a magnificent chalice.

Having finished his collegiate course, Giovanni-Maria entered the army, and when the Pontifical army was reorganized, he was appointed to the *Guard Nobile*, under Pius VII. It was his vocation to be, in an especial manner, the defender of the Holy See, as soldier, as Bishop, as Cardinal, and as Pope.

But God caused him quickly to abandon this first dignity. The young Count Mastaï Feretti was attacked by a disease which his physicians thought would soon terminate fatally. They declared their inability to arrest its progress, and were of the opinion that his constitution would sink rapidly under its mortal attacks. But maternal tenderness, which had not waited for sickness to stimulate it, had for a length of time inspired the Countess Mastaï with the belief, that her son was under the powerful protection of the Blessed Virgin. To whom, then, could she—an afflicted mother—address herself with more confidence in behalf of her son, than to the Mother of God, to whom, when he was a little child, Giovanni-Maria had been consecrated? Nor was her confidence in vain; her son's health was restored, and he saw in this truly miraculous cure the effect of that protection, which maternal piety had secured for him. Inheriting from his mother,

a tender devotion towards MARY, he felt his love augmented, whenever she had spoken to him of this great and compassionate Advocate. It is no doubt owing to the first prayers that the Countess Mastaï taught the infant lips of her son to lisp, and to his unhopèd-for restoration to health, that all Christendom have acquired a greater claim on the protection of MARY; as by his means, after he was elevated to the Tiara, the definition of the Immaculate Conception was dogmatically established. Thus we see by what means Almighty God deigns to accomplish his designs.

That life which was restored by a miracle, the Count Mastaï believed he ought to consecrate entirely to the service of God. As soon, therefore, as his strength permitted it, he went to Rome to commence his course of theology. He was there ordained priest, and there he passed the first years of his priesthood; years of obscurity, over which the survivors of the poor families of that time could alone throw any light. We only know that for many years, the young Abbé was the benefactor and daily visitor of the hospital of *Tata Giovanni*. It will not be irrelevant to our subject, to speak in this place of an establishment which during the youth of Pius IX held so high a place in his regard, and which has never been forgotten by the Sovereign Pontiff. I will quote the words of a pious traveler who thus speaks of it:

"In the last century there came to live in Rome a poor bricklayer named Giovanni Bergi. Every holiday he was seen going to the hospital of the Holy Ghost to give his services to the sick. Having nothing else to give them, he gave them freely the time that he could spare from his business; he made up their beds, shaved them, and performed many other offices for them, with all the kindness of a faithful and devoted servant. But in going thither, he frequently met in the streets young children insufficiently clad, and exposed to all the dangers attendant on idleness and vice. He found others in the hospitals, whom death had deprived of their natural protectors, left to all the helpless desolation of orphanage. The condition of these unhappy orphans quickly touched the heart of this charitable man. He began by inviting those who were sick to come to his house to see him, when they were cured. By the aid of alms, which he collected, he sheltered them under his own roof, and having clothed them decently, he apprenticed them to various manufacturers in the city, in order that they might earn by their labor the honest means

of subsistence. He taught them the catechism, and prepared them to approach the Sacraments.

"Generous benefactors were not wanting to assist him with their advice and means. I will mention among others the great Cardinal di Pietro, who was the right hand supporter of Pius VII during the terrible trials of Fontainebleau. He hired, for Giovanni and his little protégés, a large apartment in the *Via Giulio*, and assigned to him thirty crowns per month. This permitted him to increase the number of his orphans to forty. Bergi called them his children, and they in turn called him Father. From this circumstance the institution derived its name of *Tata Giovanni* (Father John). Pius VII, whose heart was full of generosity and benevolence, was the principal protector of Bergi. Not satisfied with buying the house which Bergi had at first hired for their use, the Pontiff gave these orphan children many kind marks of favor and frequently bestowed small sums of money on them, with his own hands, in the Sacristy of St. Peter's.

"Although Giovanni was an illiterate man, he understood fully how necessary education was to the well-being of his protégés, and had them taught reading, writing and arithmetic, and whatever branches it was necessary for a young workman to be acquainted with. Above all, he taught them the truths of their religion and the practice of piety.

"We sought an opportunity to ascertain the truth of all we had heard concerning this remarkable institution, to visit it, and examine the rules which govern its inmates. Six chambers are occupied by the children; these dormitories bore respectively the names of Saint Joseph, Saint Philip, Saint Peter, Saint Paul, Saint Stanislaus, Saint Camilla and Saint Louis. Every thing was simple in this establishment. The young people selected from among their number the wisest and most learned to preside over these dormitories. Farther advanced than his fellow pupils, it was his duty to instruct them in the first elements of science. Good priests, or certain of the pious laity, came frequently to give religious and scientific instruction. The interior discipline was confided to the clergy. The children rose early, and were placed at an early age at some shop in the city, to learn a trade. Pious laymen sometimes procured places for the pupils, and daily posted themselves with regard to their progress and conduct. This method allowed the establishment to be carried on at but small expense, and gave to the young people an opportunity of se-

lecting that trade, or calling, which was best adapted to their strength and taste, so that out of an hundred and twenty scholars, there were thirty different trades. At the age of twenty years, they were dismissed from the institution, in a condition to support themselves, and their honorable and praiseworthy conduct as citizens proved how great an influence this establishment exerted over the public morals."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LEGENDS OF CHRISTIAN MARTYRS.

The "Atheist."

BY CLONFERT.

In the first three centuries of the Christian era, "Atheism" was an accusation brought against the Church. Dio, in his life of Domitian, tells us that the noble Acilius Glabrio was put to death on this charge. Flavius Clemens, one of the most popular and unselfish men that ever wore the Senatorial toga or sat in the curule chair, was executed, and his wife, and niece and family, (most probably including the martyrs Nereus and Achilleus) exiled to an island of the Neapolitan Bay;—because they were guilty of "Atheism." The nickname Atheist became so common that an usual test for the confessors was to ask them to swear after this fashion: "Away with the Atheists." The following, suggested by a passage in the Acts of Martyrs, in Alexandria, illustrates the fact:

A Christian Maid, whose gentle face
Showed like a sunbeam through the place,
Before the tyrant-judge was led.
Moved by the sight he mildly said
"My gentle Maiden! Swear with me—
" "Confusion to the Atheists be!
"And thou shalt pass from torture free."

"O Mighty Judge! I gladly dare
" "Confusion to all Atheists swear!"
"And to thy Christ? O Maiden fair?"
"O Judge! that oath I cannot swear!"

They bound her by the tender back
Upon the whirling toothéd rack;
And swiftly as the wheel rolled by
That beauteous maid was heard to cry:
"O Judge! No Atheist 'fool' am I!
"For Christ, my Lord, is God on high!"
And with her last, her parting sigh
She said—"No Atheist fool am I,
O Jesus, God! I see thee nigh!"

REMARKABLE CURE

Wrought at Holy Communion at Notre Dame des Victoires, on the 4th of August, 1866.

[From the London Lamp.]

[CONCLUDED.]

On the following day, the 4th August, I reached the house at half-past six in the morning. I found her prepared to start, half-reclining on her bed, but in such a state of weakness as to cause much alarm to her aunt, who had spent two hours in dressing her. Léontine was wearing her cross, her medal, and her rose; I went in search of a carriage, which I ordered to drive into the court-yard, so as to draw up at the foot of the staircase; after which I returned to her room; and, after a short fervent prayer, in which we all three joined, I carried the girl downstairs in my arms, her aunt following us with a chair, on which we rested her at each landing; and by this means succeeded in getting her down to the carriage, in which we placed her in an almost motionless state. We were thus, by the grace of God and our Lady of Victories, fairly started; but humanly speaking, it seemed little better than an act of madness. The girl looked petrified, and as if she might die on the way; indeed, she has since acknowledged that at one time she really thought she was dying.

When we reached Notre Dame des Victoires I once more lifted her in my arms, and carried her across the nave, I felt my strength failing, and perceived that Léontine had fallen into a doze. By an extraordinary effort I was able to get up to the altar of our Lady of Victories. By this time I was quite exhausted, and felt as if I were throwing down my heavy burden when I placed her on her aunt's knees. You, Monsieur l'Abbé, were just about to offer the Holy Sacrifice.

One of the officials of the church, alarmed at seeing the poor girl in this motionless condition, with her head falling back, came up and offered to afford us assistance in the sacristy. We declined his kindness, just as Mass was going to begin.

As my head was bent down until the time of Communion, I saw nothing more; but her aunt assured me afterwards that she was deeply affected by the interest every one seemed to take in her poor niece; and that, when the girl's head was vacillating unsteadily from side to side, kind hands were stretched out to protect and support her. She told me too that the server at Mass mingled his tears with yours; and that as long as

she lives she shall never forget the look of compassionate sorrow which you cast upon our little group at the "Orate, fratres," and then turned your eyes in fervent prayer to Heaven. The cry of so many broken hearts could not fail to reach the throne of the Almighty and draw down His compassion.

From the time she fell asleep until just before the moment of Communion, Léontine had continued in a state of insensibility on her aunt's knee. She then suddenly moved, raised herself with difficulty, and (as she subsequently told us), without being aware of what she was doing, availed herself of the support afforded her by her aunt and myself to advance to the altar-rails, where she knelt.

You were piously prompted, M. l' Abbé, to take the Body of our Blessed Lord to her first of all. *At the very instant of her Communion she was healed.* Rising up forthwith, she endeavored to free herself from my grasp, from which I had never loosed her. She wished to return to her place alone and unsupported, in order to manifest God's mercy to her; and I failed to guess her intention. On arriving at her seat, she placed herself on her *prie-dieu* for the first time, and there remained to make her thanksgiving, which lasted not only to the end of the Mass, but to the Gospel of the Mass which followed. She stood up at the Gospel, and then asked us to go and thank *you*. She approached the altar of our Lady of Victories, and, after kneeling on the step, preceded us with a firm step, towards the sacristy, whither we followed her with tears in our eyes, and overcome with feelings of gratitude, reverence, and fear. We had seen the glory of God pass by, and His very breath had touched us. We were an object of wonder to all those who were present; and they can vouch for the truth of what I say.

After she had expressed her gratitude to you and received the precious memento you gave her of her cure, she returned to the chapel of our Lady of Victories, and knelt there once more, and thence went on to the chapels of St. Joseph and St. Peter, in the latter of which she kissed the feet of the Apostle before leaving the church. I would not allow her to return home on foot, as she wished, but we stopped the carriage outside the archway, instead of letting it drive into the court. She crossed the court-yard with a firm step, and without assistance, and mounted the five stories without being willing to rest for an instant on the chair which I carried for her. At the last landing she met one of her neighbors, who had been

especially attentive and devoted to her during her long illness. This neighbor, who was aware of the state in which she had been the night before, was so surprised at her altered appearance, that she looked as if she would let fall what she was carrying in her hands. She stared as if she were in a state of stupefaction, and then began asking questions without giving time to reply. I never saw any one more utterly bewildered. Léontine's explanation was simple and laconic: "They have taken me to Notre Dame des Victoires, and here I am!"

Monseigneur de Segur had expressed a wish, that if God should grant Léontine the grace of recovery, he might make her acquaintance; and we felt bound in gratitude to pay him a visit the same day. Partly in omnibus, and partly on foot, we reached his abode. He was rejoiced to see Léontine; and praising God for her cure, he encouraged her with much kind advice, and bestowed his blessing upon her.

We went thence to return thanks at our parish church, where we saw Monsieur le Curé, and the priest who had lately been in the habit of visiting her. To complete the day's work by a further act of gratitude, Léontine and her aunt went on foot to thank the Rev. Mother Superior and Sisters of a neighboring religious community, who, after the fatigues of teaching all day, had spent several nights with the sick girl; indeed, one of these Sisters had agreed to watch by her bedside that very night. All who saw her were astonished at what had happened, and reverently ascribed it all to the mercy of God.

The medical man who had attended her had been so entirely convinced that her case was beyond the reach of medicine, that he had ceased visiting her, excepting at rare intervals. Great was his astonishment, when he called, for the first time after her cure, to find his patient sitting up, having lost every trace of pain in her head, chest, and, above all, in the region of her heart. When he had listened to a minute account of the circumstances of her visit to Notre Dame des Victoires, he joined with us in giving glory to God, and declared that her cure was assuredly not in the order of nature. He added, that this was the second instance in his personal experience of a fact of this kind having occurred; and expressed his regret that he had not been informed of our novena, as he should have been glad to have joined us in it.

I pray our merciful Father that this account of one of His signal benefits may redound to His



honor and glory, and may arouse some souls from that lethargy which often ends in death! Thy grace alone, O God, can raise them from the bed of pain, in which they toss and groan in a vain hope of deliverance; and they must *ask* this grace of Thee. Force, O Lord, from their frozen hearts this cry of faith and hope: "Carry me to our Lady of Victories, and I shall return home cured!"

I have the honor, M. l'Abbé, &c. N——.

We cannot conclude this touching narrative without adding that the subject of it has continued in perfect health since the day of her cure. The following lines were written on the 27th of August:

"Ever since the 4th of August Léontine's health has continued to improve. Her frame was always delicate, but she can now do things of which she was incapable before her illness. She is entirely free from pain; and in spite of the great distance between her house and Notre Dame des Victoires, she has already been there three times at the same hour as on the day of her cure, in order to receive her Saviour in thanksgiving for the miracle which, under the auspices of our tender Mother, He deigned to work in her behalf."

OUR LADY OF THE CHAINS.

A Legend of the Fourteenth Century.

[Translated from the French of L. D'Appilly.]

VII.

A moment afterwards the *shirri* led Angelo into court. His dejection was frightful; when he came out of his prison he seemed ready to faint away at every step, and they were obliged to support him.

Near the door of the hall, a veiled lady had placed herself in the passage, and thanks to the multitude that blocked up all the approaches, she was able, without exciting remark, to stoop down to his ear and whisper in a low voice: "Courage and discretion!"

Angelo trembled and raised his head, but the lady had turned away and he did not perceive her face. He inhaled with delight the perfume which she spread around his steps, and heaved a sigh. However, that rapid scene reanimated his strength; he entered the hall. But there all his constancy failed again! he let himself fall on the bench and hid his face in his hands.

A sympathetic shudder passed over the whole assembly, and the judges themselves could not

forbear a sentiment of pity. Curiosity was raised to its height; on the answers of this young man depended the fate of the three brothers; for as Robert had well apprehended, it was sufficient that one should appear guilty to accomplish the ruin of the two others.

"Recover yourself," said the president. "We compassionate your position most sincerely. Your age is not capable of crime, and we know that if you participated in the murder, it was because you did not dare disobey your brothers. Take good courage, then, and reckon upon the indulgence of the court. Is it long since your brothers resolved on the death of Cecilia's seducer?"

"I do not know."

"When did they speak to you about it for the first time?"

"Never."

"Did they bring you with them without telling you where you were going?"

"They did not bring me; I went out alone and I passed through the garden so as not to be perceived."

"Used you to go out that way every night?"

"I could not always do so."

"Was it Robert or Joseph who struck the first blows?"

"Neither. I swear to you that it was not we who committed this deed."

"If you wish the tribunal to be merciful, be sincere on your part; do not think of denying what your brothers have plainly confessed."

"If my brothers have confessed it,—ah, well! I did not know it. They never caused me to suspect that they entertained such a project."

"You were seen with them near the body."

"I was passing; the noise and my own curiosity drew me to the spot, but I had no design but that of affording the assistance which the cries of the victim implored."

"This poniard is perhaps yours?"

"Yes; I had drawn it from its sheath as a precaution; then, when I heard the neighbors, I was afraid; the poniard slipped from my hands. They took me for the murderer—they threatened me; I fled away."

"This story wants probability, even. What had you to fear if you were innocent? To fly was to declare yourself guilty."

"I did not reflect, and I was afraid of justice."

"And how was it that you happened to be there at precisely the same time as your brothers?"

"If my brothers were there, I was completely ignorant of it! I—oh! I can say nothing—I cannot, indeed."

"To this secret the life of your brothers is attached."

Curiosity became so lively and silence so profound at that moment, that the noise of the falling of a rose-leaf or a beetle's wing might have been heard in the hall.

Angelo hung down his head and said: "Woe is me! My mad passion will be their ruin."

"The tribunal will never believe that you would neglect so easy a means of justifying all of you, if it were in your power."

"Holy Madonna! if it were only my blood, I would rush to shed it—"

"Do not push delicacy to a crime. There is no consideration in the world that can outweigh the execution of three innocent men."

"No! may my brothers forgive me! I will not tell."

"They did not foresee this question, and did not suggest an answer beforehand?"

"My brothers have suggested nothing to me."

The audience was then startled by a voice which came from the tapestry; it spoke with emotion, and said aloud:

"It is a shame thus to torture the heart of so young a man!"

The assembly looked upon each other with surprise and applauded this sentiment in whispers. Borbero struck his pike against the pavement.

"Who is here so bold as to interrupt the course of justice?"

The President resumed:

"Your declarations contain several other improbabilities. How could you have approached the victim without being perceived by the neighbors, who ran up to the spot?"

"Some time passed before they opened their windows. They did not come down until after they were certain of their numbers."

"The Count's servant, who had not left his master, saw you come."

"What servant?—The corpse was alone, and if there were a servant, he had fled."

"On your return, did not your brothers reproach you with remaining so long near your victim? Did they not say that your imprudence would betray them?"

"Joseph did indeed reproach me with dissipation. He had no fear of being betrayed. We did not expect that we should be accused."

"The tribunal has remarked with regret the method of defense you have chosen. Instead of giving the naked truth, you have studied to envelop it in darkness and mystery. Sincerity

would perhaps have disarmed the severity of the laws; but since you endeavor to embarrass our discernment, we shall be obliged to seek by the cruelties of torture the revelations which you will not give us freely. Think of that, Angelo. The most robust men cannot always withstand these tortures; and if you survive, your limbs will remain crippled. Is it not better, by a voluntary sincerity, to avoid sufferings which it is always painful to us to order?"

"I cannot be guilty of lies against myself," replied the young man, shedding tears.

The magistrates were leaving their seats to deliberate, when their attention was attracted by an unexpected scene, which moved all the assembled throng.

A lady in mourning rushed through the crowd, which made way for her as she advanced to the foot of the tribunal. She lifted her veil, and the judges arose with respect as they recognized the widow of the assassinated minister. When she tried to speak, whether it was through grief or compassion, her voice was choked with sobs and she could not pronounce a syllable.

"Yes, noble lady," said the President to her, "we understand your affliction, but have patience: the lord count shall be avenged." "I came," she answered, "to beseech your lordships to stop the prosecution. If the merchants are not guilty, and I believe this, their punishment will not restore to me the husband I lament, and will do no more than add to my affliction the remorse of having caused the innocent to perish."

"The tribunal will have a regard for your wishes, Madame, but we are the ministers of the law, and it is important that the truth should be discovered."

The widow retired, and a few instants afterwards, the judges again took their seats and the President read in a firm voice the order which condemned the Zibelli to undergo the torture.

They had been brought back to the bar; Joseph remained unmoved; a bitter smile played upon the features of Robert. When Angelo was heard to sob, tears of pity dropped from every eye. The widowed countess fainted away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE first form of the AVE MARIA had gone to press before we perceived that on page 253 we had inadvertently credited to Mr. Cumiskey the excellent *Month of St. Joseph*, which has been published by MR. CUNNINGHAM, of Philadelphia, to whom we should, and hereby do, offer our thanks for this tribute to our holy Patron.

CHRONICLE.

RELIGIOUS PROFESSIONS AND RECEPTIONS.—

February 24th, at the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Louisville, Ky., Miss Maggie Bishop, in religion Sister Mary Loretto, made her solemn vows at the hands of Very Rev. B. J. Spalding.

On the 20th of March, the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick gave the religious habit of Saint Joseph, at Saint Joseph's Convent, Carondelet, Mo., to Miss Bridget Leddy, who received the name of Sister Mary Pancratia; Miss Mary O'Neill, (Sister Mary De Britto;) Miss Bridget Nolan, (Sister Mary Maurice;) Miss B. McGrath, (Sister Mary Candida;) Miss Margaret Naville, (Sister M. Sebastiana;) Miss Ellen Kenedy, (Sister M. Alphonsina;) Miss Mary McCoy, (Sister Mary Albertine;) Miss Ellen O'Neill, (Sister M. Paul of the Cross;) Miss Amelia Stedingk, (Sister M. Eugenia;) Miss Mary Dansberger, (Sister M. Camilla;) Miss M. Wallace, (Sister Mary Henrietta;) Miss B. Willey, (Sister Mary Adriana.)

The following made their final vows: Sister Mary of Mount Carmel, Miss Rose Kevenny; Sister Mary of the Annunciation, Miss Mary O'Donnell; Sister Innocencia, Miss C. Reilly; Sister Mary Euphrasia, Miss A. Gaffaney.—*Saint Louis Guardian*.

March 19th, Right Rev. Bishop Wood gave the religious habit at the Convent of Mount St. Joseph, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa., to Miss E. Burns, in religion Sister Mary Berchmann; Miss A. Brennan, (Sister Saint Louis;) Miss J. Glackin, (Sister Fredrica;) Miss K. McDonald, (Sister Mary Ursula;) Miss K. Mullen, (Sister M. Blanche;) Miss Mary Dominici, (Sister Macaria;) Miss M. Terney, (Sister Mary Columba;) Miss M. Lyon, (Sister Mary Macrina;) Miss B. Gallagher, (Sister M. Raymond).—*Philada. Universe*.

In the Church of the Sacred Heart, Notre Dame, Ind., on the Feast of St. Joseph, 19th of March, Very Rev. E. Sorin, Provincial of the Order of Holy Cross, gave the Religious habit of the Brothers of Holy Cross to the following persons; M. Malone, in religion Brother Cyril; M. Kavanagh, Brother Raphael; Bernard Thiemann, Brother Ignatius; J. Bernens, Brother Hilarion; J. Duffy, Brother Claude; M. Coridon, Brother Columban; R. Sergeant, Brother Wilfrid; Fr. Poignat, Brother Francis de Paul; Th. Fagan, Brother Thomas of Aquin; R. Conway, Brother John Climacus; J. Kelly, Brother Malachy.

At the same time Brother Thomas, (N. P. Harkins;) and Brother Paulinus, (M. H. Owens,) made their religious profession.

March 25th, Miss Mary Callahan received the black veil in the Order of the Sisters of Mercy, at Nashville, Tenn.—*Cin. Telegraph*.

At the Jesuit Father's, Quebec, the Right Rev. C. F. Baillargeon, D. D., Bishop of Cloa, Administrator of Quebec, gave the clerical tonsure to the following scholastics: Samuel H. Frisbee; Patrick Halpin; Joseph M. Jerge; William O'B. Pardow; John B. Pendergrast; David Plante; Francis Smith and Adrian Turgeon.

OBITUARIES.—Died, on the twentieth of March, in San Francisco, Cal., Rev. Maurice McGrath.—*San Francisco Monitor*.

Died, March 18th, at Monte Maria, Richmond, Va., Mother Juliana, in the 73rd year of her age, and the 55th of her religious profession.—*Baltimore Mirror*.

Died, on the 2nd of March, at the Convent of Mercy, Rochester, N. Y., Sister Joseph, in the 23rd year of her age and the sixth of her religious profession. May they rest in peace. Amen.

DONATIONS FOR THE POPE—COLLEGES, SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES.—In response to his Card, the Archbishop has received various contributions for the Pope. Besides the hundred dollars in gold already acknowledged, and various other smaller contributions, one gentleman has offered five hundred dollars in gold, and another one thousand in currency. If these good examples be followed by others who are blessed with this world's goods, the Archbishop will have the great satisfaction to make in person to the Pontiff an offering not unworthy the venerable See of Baltimore. The German Catholics have already signalized their zeal and generosity in this respect. Besides nearly eight thousand dollars in currency, the equivalent of which they have lately sent to the Holy Father, through the Redemptorist Fathers, the sum of one hundred and forty dollars in currency from the German Catholics of Evansville, Indiana, has been handed by them to the Archbishop, through the editor of the excellent German Catholic paper of Baltimore, who has exerted himself nobly and successfully in behalf of the Pope.

The community and students of St. Charles' College have sent in their contribution of ninety-six dollars and twenty-five cents. If ALL the colleges, schools, and female communities and academies of the Archdiocese, would imitate this good

example, a very considerable sum might be realized; and such an offering coming from the young and innocent would be peculiarly acceptable to the Holy Father, who is much devoted to children as the chief hope of the Church in the future. We hope this idea will be promptly and cheerfully acted upon in all our institutions. No matter how small the amount contributed by each, it will aid in swelling the sum total, and will, moreover, bring down a blessing upon the donors. All sums so collected should be sent to the Chancellor of the Archdiocese before Easter Monday next. The Archbishop will take care to bring back the special blessing of the Holy Father on all contributors and their communities or families.—*Catholic Mirror*.

A FEMALE DEFENDER OF PIUS IX.—The chaplain of the Antibes Legion received and publicly read a letter, which we here publish for the glory of the Church, the honor of the person who wrote it, and the benefit of those souls whom noble sentiments always edify:

“LYONS, January 14, 1867.

“MONSEIGNEUR:—I regret exceedingly not to be able to serve the holy cause in the heroic Pontifical army. Alas! such an honor cannot be for me, since I am a young maid. However, God in His goodness, does not wish my ardent desire to be altogether sterile. He has granted me the grace of saving the amount necessary for the support of a soldier. I send it to you, Monseigneur, and entreat you to get me a substitute. To a bank note of 500 francs, enclosed in my letter, I add a scapular for the soldier who will take my place. It has been blessed at Notre Dame of Fourviere, and made out of the coat of a general who was both a saint and a hero. If my substitute has the happiness of dying under the Pontifical flag, I request to be informed of it, because I will consider myself obliged to pray for the repose of his soul, as he shall have died in my place. May my modest gift arrive in time, and my desire be fulfilled! Deign, Monseigneur, to let me know it, if possible. I have promised something to the God of Armies, should He grant me this favor.

“Please to accept, etc.

A. G.”

The Holy Father and all the persons who heard of the generosity of this young Lyonese female, were deeply affected. His Holiness gave orders that her wishes should be executed, and sent her his paternal blessing. Such a noble deed has already produced good results; it has been imitated by several.—*Mirror*

RECEIVED: *Le Journal de l'Instruction publique*; Montreal: Fevrier & Mars, 1867. As usual, replete with interesting and well digested matters. We notice, especially, the first article, which expresses our own views on the “*Passé présent et avenir de la Langue Française au Canada, par M. E. Blain de St. Aubin*,” as also the description of the grand tableau which Mr. Bourassa is preparing for the Universal Exposition in Paris. The subject is the Apotheosis of Columbus. The conception is as rich as it is original, and if the artist is equal to himself in the execution, we congratulate him and predict no ordinary admiration of his talent, even in Paris. Thus far we have heard of nothing equal to Mr. Bourassa's production, sent or to be sent from this side of the Atlantic to the Exposition.

The Month of Saint Joseph, published by Eugene Cummsky, Philadelphia, is an admirable little book, well gotten up, and for which the publisher deserves much praise, but we would wish to find more care bestowed in revising the translation; although generally grammatical, the style reminds us, at every page, of its having been originally written in another idiom.

The Love of Religious Perfection; by Father Joseph Bayma, S. J.; published by J. Murphy: Baltimore. This is a most excellent work, well calculated to awaken and perfect what is expressed in its title. Although it is evidently written for Religious, it is suitable to be placed in the hands of every fervent soul. After the best treatises on Religious Perfection, we know of no recent publication we would recommend more unhesitatingly to religious communities.

The Life of Saint Dominic; by P. O'Shea: New York. Mr. O'Shea deserves special thanks and encouragement for this new and precious publication. We consider it too important to pass it with a cursory notice; we must return to it again.

A GOOD COLLECTION.—On last Sunday a collection was taken up in Holy Trinity Church, on Fifth street, for the Pontifical Loan, which brought nearly \$1,600, and will, very likely, be increased to \$2,000.

Holy Trinity is the oldest Catholic congregation of Cincinnati, having been established in 1835. Rev. Hengehold and Boering are the zealous pastors of this excellent congregation.

Collections for the same purpose, it is understood, will be taken up in nearly all the congregations of the Archdiocese, and we sincerely hope that they will try and imitate, as much as is in their power, the example of Holy Trinity.—*Tel.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

"THECLA;" A TALE OF EARLY TIMES.

BY MARIAPHILOS.

[CONTINUED.]

And why had Irenæus spoken so long? The boy, who served, had mistaken the purport of the intelligence confided to him.

Thecla, in an agony of fear for the safety of Irenæus, passed with the rest through the door.

"Come, holy father,—escape, quick!" cried Manlius, laying his hand upon the arm of Irenæus.

"No, no, child, my hour is come. Here, take these sacred vessels and give them to the priest, Faventius."—

The soldiers without called loudly for admittance.

"Yes, yes; I hear ye panting for your prey!" said Irenæus in a low voice, as he divested himself of his alb.

"Come, now, father, this way,—My God, we are late!"

The door was burst open.

"A light!—a light!—or the old fox will escape!"

The click of a dark lantern was heard, and the reddish glare of light, which it threw around, disclosed the prostrate form of Irenæus.

Manlius had sprung through the door as the satellites entered the room. He thought the holy bishop was with him; he turned around, had barely time to see the old man lying on the floor, when the light almost betrayed himself to the human tigers.

With a prayer for the saintly bishop, he dashed down a narrow alley that led to a back street, and soon disappeared.

Crossing to a dark side of the main thoroughfare of the city, Manlius concealed himself, in order to see what had been done, or was about to be done, with the bishop.

Soon loud outcries resounded on all sides; oaths and execrations were mingled with scornful laughter. The mob turned a corner, and as they passed on, Manlius saw an old man, bleeding and covered with mud. His white hair floated in the breeze, and his garments were torn. The form he could not recognize; but the face, oh, yes!—the sweetness and resignation of that face could not be mistaken.—It was Irenæus.

And by the side of the captive crept along a crouching, stealthy figure.—It was Raucus.

And the captive Irenæus, and the persecutor Raucus represented the Church and the World in all ages.

CHAPTER V.

The Lady Thecla was sitting in her apartment once more; her little Angelicus playing at her feet. She was pale, and the tears were coursing down her cheeks. And no wonder she should weep, for on that day the blessed Irenæus had passed—through the martyr's torture and agony and desolation,—to his fadeless palm. Quietly and uncomplainingly he had gone to his death—his last word a prayer for his persecutors. But with her grief there was mingled that consolation that deprives sorrow of half its bitterness—the thought that the unutterable joys of heaven had succeeded the pains of earth. Then, as she continued to recall the many beautiful lessons of resignation and love that the blessed martyr had taught her, she suddenly remembered his prediction, and a great sadness fell upon her. She thought of the little one at her feet, and a sigh arose from the inmost depths of her maternal heart. She thought of the noble-minded companion of her life, and she felt herself very weak and diffident. That her great trial would come, sooner or later, she well knew. Was she afraid of the ordeal? She prayed for grace, yet she was not afraid;—she was but a loving wife and mother, and nature complained.

Her little boy was now asleep, his curly head resting lovingly upon her breast; the shades of evening grew deeper and deeper, and, in a while, the quiet, solemn stars began to twinkle out from the still heavens. She gazed at them, and her thoughts took another channel. The holy bishop was far, far beyond the myriad orbs that looked down like angel eyes upon the poor, sin-stricken earth. He was now amid the harmonies for which even a St. Paul could find no expression. He had endured the pang, and eternal bliss was his. And as she looked, she fancied the grand, old face was looking out from the upper gloom upon her and her child, and the thought filled her with a pleasure that had more of heaven than earth in it.

Her eyes filled with tears, and yet the emotion was rather one of sweetness than grief. For, oh! she had that source of comfort which few, alas! possess. She could look to the past and no dread shapes and monstrous forms of mortal sin arose from its gloom to upbraid and sting her; and

only such as she can ever feel that exquisite sense of divine things which makes of earth a heaven—that makes confidence in God a reality and not an abstraction.

She commenced to sing in a low, subdued, yet entrancingly sweet voice, a little hymn to Mary—the *Ave Maris Stella* of her age. A deep sense of devotion made the hymn what every hymn should be,—a prayer, subjectively felt, and her soul went out in sweet melody.

Oh, Mary, Mother! the sinner, when a sense of his miseries holds him back from rushing to the feet of Jesus, can always approach thee! There is not one sorrow or weakness of the human heart, for which thou hast not sympathy. We call thee Mother and that beautiful name makes us bold. No matter how far we may have wandered from virtue, there is a *something* in Thy sweet name which pierces the darkness of the human mind and fills our souls with mysterious consolation,—Oh Mary! not until the last day can we understand thy blessed agency in the salvation of mankind!

Something like this was passing through the Lady Thecla's mind, as she sat there in silence and alone. But now we must approach a subject that we would wish to pass over, were it not necessary for the explanation of our little tale.

* * * * *

"I tell thee, Claudius, she *is* a Christian; and moreover, I suspect that her husband is one too."

The harsh tones could not be mistaken.—It was our old acquaintance Raucus who spoke. It was in a small room, off the public baths, that they held their conversation.

"But the proof, Raucus, the proof! Mehercule! it will not do to impeach the wife of a Captain, without convincing proof," said the person addressed as Claudius. He was a stout, low-sized, brutal looking man.

"Proof—proof!—always the cry," answered Raucus. "Is it not enough that I saw her adoring the ass's head, and drinking the blood of a newborn infant when we captured their leader? I tell thee, Claudius, I saw the whole thing myself, and heard the fellow, Irenæus, speak treason of the blackest dye. And I tell thee moreover,—although I am not certain—that her husband, Manlius, was there, too. At least there was a person beside her, whose figure was very like that of that overbearing wretch. He may not be a Christian, but thou hast heard, I suppose, how he ill-treated the Lieutenant Abacus, yesterday?"

"I have not," answered Claudius.

"Why, Abacus, who is a friend of mine, charged Manlius with being one of the hateful sect. Now, what think you, good Claudius, was his answer? A soft word, say you? No such thing. He took the Lieutenant in his arms—(you know he is a beast for strength)—and, carrying him to the pump in the yard, ordered one of the legionaries to deluge the poor gentleman, until he was almost senseless with water and rage."

"And what followed?" asked Claudius.

"Why, what *could* follow? It would not be safe to challenge the best swordsman in the army to mutual combat, so poor Abacus was compelled to suppress his wrath and wait for more favorable times."

The conversation ceased for a few minutes. At length Claudius said:

"Well, what dost thou intend to do? If she be a Christian, it is right that she should suffer the penalty. But, truly, friend Raucus, your story about her husband hath taken from me all stomach for the business. If he should come across us he might treat us to something more objectionable than the pump. Ha, ha!"

"Do not fear, Claudius, even *he* cannot despise the Emperor's mandate. Thou knowest I am deputy agent in this matter, and, after the Prefect, no one hath authority to thwart me. I shall demand a company of soldiers this night, and enter his house. Then I shall see who is master."

"Thou sayest he is rich," put in Claudius musingly.

"As Cræsus," responded Raucus.

"And if I assist thee, shall I have a share?" asked he.

"Undoubtedly; and a good one, too; for it will give publicity to our seizure if one of the Claudii be with us."

Claudius belonged to a noble Roman family. He was a cadet and a scape-grace, and had found his way to Lyons sometime before in hopes of bettering his fortune. The persecution was a windfall of which he did not hesitate to avail himself.

Finally it was decided that at midnight the entrance to the mansion of Manlius should be made.

Let us return once more to the home of Lady Thecla.

* * * * *

"But, dear Manlius, you should have restrained yourself. He will be your bitter enemy hereafter. Indeed, I am sorry," the Lady Thecla sighed.

"Why, Thecla, woman, would you have me to be bearded by that impertinent moon-calf? The varlet wanted a cooling, so you should commend me for my charity."

Thecla smiled and made no reply, for indeed she could not, in her heart, disapprove of the lesson Manlius had given Abacus.

"Thecla," said Manlius at length, standing up and buckling on his sword-belt, I am on guard as officer to-night on the northern tower. You need not wait up for me, as I shall be away late. Tell Priscilla to leave the light burning in the hall before she retires."

"Why, Manlius, it is strange. You were never sent on that duty before. I thought it was the decurion's business, and not the captain's." Lady Thecla seemed anxious.

"Well, indeed, Thecla, to tell the truth it struck me as rather odd, too. I attempted to remonstrate with the commandant, but he told me that the troubled state of affairs owing to the machinations of those Christians made it necessary that the most reliable officers should be detailed for night duty. You may imagine what difficulty I had to restrain my indignation when I heard such an infamous calumny hinted at."

"Dear Manlius, take care of your impetuous temper. You may betray yourself, and place yourself in the power of your enemies. Do be prudent."

"Tut, woman, I'll be careful, never fear; and if the worst comes to the worst, I shall be able to take care of myself. Good bye." So saying, the brave soldier passed from the room.

"God and His Blessed Mother protect you, my husband," breathed Thecla, as Manlius' step passed up the street.

The lady determined to set up until his return. A presentiment of some coming danger had filled her mind all day. For the first time for many a year she felt terrified at being left alone. She was about to summon one of her maids, but hesitated for fear her weakness might be suspected. She prayed fervently, and in prayer she found relief.

At length she fell into a doze. It was past midnight when a frightful dream awoke her. She looked about her in terror, and was about to reassure herself when the front door flew violently open, and a foot came rapidly along the hall. The lady sprang to her feet and clasped her hands, while a silent appeal to Heaven passed her lips.

A young girl, her hair dishevelled and face as

pale as death, burst into the apartment. It was Clara, her god-daughter, her cousin's child.

"Fly, fly, Thecla!" was all the girl could say, so exhausted did she seem from her long run.

"What? who?" cried the bewildered lady incoherently.

"Oh, dear, dear Thecla, they are coming to take you! Quick, fly!"

"Who is coming?" asked the terrified lady, as they fled along the hall.

"Raucus and a lot of soldiers. Dear Thecla, do not wait a moment; I will tell you all afterwards."

"I must go for my child, Clara," whispered the lady, whose firmness had returned when the danger was known.

The Lady Thecla soon returned with the unconscious child in her arms. She carried him as if he were but a month old, for all the holy instincts of the Mother were aroused. They warned the servants, who were soon weeping and lamenting throughout the house. The lady did not forget to collect all the most valuable jewelry before she left.

"God's poor will require them, mayhap, before this danger passes away," she said as she passed out of the back door, followed by two or three of her most trusty attendants, and as she fled, she heard the shouts of the soldiery as they burst like a pack of wolves into her late happy home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Saint Rose of Lima.

Saint Rose of Lima, animated from her very infancy with a most tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, spent the greater part of the day in gazing upon the image of her heavenly Mother, invoking her, conversing with her, adorning her altar, and taking extreme care to keep her sanctuary very neat. The Saint cultivated with great care a little garden in which she had all the most beautiful flowers of her country; and as she was permitted by her parents to do as she pleased with them, she made a bouquet every Saturday of the year and placed it at the feet of a miraculous statue in the chapel of the Rosary. Every one was astonished as they remarked that little Rose's garden was never wanting for flowers, there was always plenty in it even during the hottest time of summer. "If I were rich," Rose used to say, "I would like to offer to my Blessed Mother a golden crown ornamented with precious stones, but as I am only a poor little girl I can only give her my flowers."

AVE MARIA.

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ANTHEMS, PRAYERS, AND HYMNS OF THE CHURCH TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BY THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.

XI.—THE SALVE REGINA.

More than a third of a century ago, near the midsummer of 1830, we were walking at evening on the beautiful Alameda of Cadiz in Spain, inhaling the refreshing breeze which blew from the ocean. The walks of that favorite resort were crowded with promenaders, all enjoying themselves with that quiet and orderly sobriety of hilarity which are so characteristic of the Spanish people. The view seaward was most beautiful, verging on the sublime. Looking over the parapet of the high and broad sea-wall bristling with cannon, you saw the bay gradually widening into a boundless expanse of waters, while the breeze from the southwest caused the distant breakers to roll in foamy billows over the rocks, in the form of a semicircle. Their subdued roar enhanced the solemn stillness of the scene on the Alameda.

We gradually passed into a state of pleasing, half sleepy reverie, in which we were thinking of the beauty of God's works on the land, and the sublime evidences of His power on the ocean; when we were suddenly aroused by the deep tolling of church bells not far distant. Our companion informed us that it was the signal for the solemn evening chant of the SALVE REGINA in the Church of the Carmelites, and that it was music which always fell most agreeably and attractively on the ears of the citizens.

We lost no time in hastening to the spot; and it was well we were so prompt, for the church was already crowded, and we were barely able to effect our entrance through the serried throng. After a few moments of anxious expectancy, there came a silence deep as that of the grave. The Anthem was entoned by the deep and musical

voices of the monks, and it was chanted in four parts, without instrumental accompaniment, by voices which thrilled you by their deep tones and fervent earnestness. The grave and solemn music corresponded well with the serious, moving, and tender words of that most impressive Prose-poem to the Virgin. Never before had we more vividly felt the truth of a remark which we had often heard, that, after all, the human voice is the master-instrument of music, because fashioned by God Himself. That throng of fervent worshippers, on bended knee and in hushed silence, entered fully into the spirit of the chant, and appeared to follow, knowingly and earnestly, every phrase of the touching Anthem, which became more and more pathetic as it approached the conclusion. We have heard it sung since that time, particularly in the churches of the Trappists, who claim it as peculiarly their own, from the fact that it was a great favorite of Saint Bernard, their illustrious founder; but we were never so much impressed with its pathos as on this first occasion of hearing it so solemnly chanted in the Church of the Carmelites in Cadiz. It was probably, because it was the first impression, so fresh and vivid on our young hearts, that no later one could equal it in force, or leave behind it so tender and lasting a memory.

What is the SALVE REGINA, which has been ringing through the world for more than seven hundred years? It is a plaintive appeal to the Virgin in heaven by the poor, weary exile of earth. Its words have a marvelous sweetness and pathos; particularly the three last epithets, which are well worthy the mellifluous, or honey-distilling lips of Saint Bernard,* the sweetest and most

* It is related that St. Bernard, having visited Spire as Apostolic Legate to Germany, and having there heard the SALVE REGINA beautifully chanted in the Cathedral, was so struck with its pathetic strains, that, in a gush of feeling, very nearly akin to inspiration, he added to the Anthem the three last words forming a climax: *Oh Clemens! Oh Lira! Oh Dulcis Maria!* which were afterwards retained. The more or less generally received popular impression, that St. Bernard was the author of the entire Anthem is not borne out by the facts, though the real author is unknown. He was however probably more ancient than St. Bernard. Some ascribe its words to Peter, Bishop of Compostella in the twelfth century; some to Herman Contract, a Benedictine monk of the

eloquent votary and champion of the Virgin, probably, whom the Church has ever produced, since the days of John, the Divine; and he was her first favorite adopted son, committed to her charge by her own well Beloved Jesus with His dying breath. It is assigned to the last Cycle in the Church Calendar—that which extends from Pentecost to Advent—which portrays the history of Christ's mystic body His Church, from the day on which He first breathed into it at Pentecost the Divine Spirit of life, to that on which He shall come again to close its history with the last solemn judgment, in which all men shall be judged according to their works. This Cycle also emblems, or rather shows forth, the earthly pilgrimage of each particular Christian, from the baptismal font to the tomb; and more particularly does it recall the sad yet sweet pilgrimage on earth of Her, the lone and desolate Mother, for twelve weary years which elapsed from the Ascension of her Son to her own Assumption into heaven. It is, therefore, the most appropriate time for reciting or chanting the *SALVE REGINA*; which accordingly is therein daily read or sung by all priests at the close of the divine office, as well as by many of the religious communities, both male and female. As we had occasion to remark in regard to the other Anthems, no English translation can do justice to the touching simplicity and eloquence of the original Latin. The best metrical one we have seen is from the *Lyra Catholica*, which we subjoin:

Mother of Mercy, hail, oh gentle Queen!
 Our life, our sweetness, hope, all hail!
 Children of Eve,
 To thee we cry from our sad banishment!
 To thee we send up our sighs,
 Weeping and mourning in this tearful vale.
 Come then, our Advocate!
 Oh turn on us those pitying eyes of thine!
 And our long exile past,
 Show us at last
 Jesus of thy pure womb the Fruit divine.
 Oh Virgin Mary, Mother ever blest!
 Oh gentlest, sweetest, holiest!
 Can Mary, our Mother in heaven, so sweet and

so dearly beloved by her pilgrim child on earth, resist his heart-cry of faith, hope, and love, appealing to her with accents so tender and so full of filial confidence! The child of Eve, banished for her fault from Paradise, cries out in his heart-anguish, and sends up his sighs, weeping and mourning, to her, the pure and Immaculate second Mother of the race, whose obedience retrieved the evil done by the disobedience of the first, and who is now crowned in heaven as the bright Queen of men and angels. Can she forget the sorrows and pangs of her own long pilgrimage in this valley of exile and tears, wherein, after her Son's Ascension, she so lovingly lifted her Mother's eyes to heaven, where He was sitting in glory and majesty at the right hand of His Father, and with the tears streaming from them, sighed for the blessed moment when she should be reunited with Him, never more to part! And remembering those years of sorrow, which like dark clouds set off, relieve, and highten her present glorious sunshine in heaven, can she forget those who, still weeping and mourning in this tearful vale, with tender, and unwavering trust claim her as a Mother, because they feel the blessed confidence that they are the adopted brethren of her Son, who mercifully redeemed them with His blood!

No: the heavenly Mother cannot resist the trusting appeals of her sorrowing earthly children; they are too dear to her tender heart, because her Son loved them and laid down His life for them; she will be their Advocate, motherly, persevering, devoted, and powerful, with her Son, by whose side she now stands, who, having never refused her any thing on earth, will surely refuse her nothing in heaven! See, how she already turns her pitying eyes upon these weary and weeping exiles of earth; see, how with her tender looks and beckoning smiles, she already hears and hearkens to their cry, and promises, after the brief period of their banishment shall be over, to show them the beaming face of her own Beloved Son! Is she not, then,

Our heavenly Mother ever blessed,
 The gentlest, sweetest, holiest!

A. B.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

eleventh; while others again give the honor to Adhemar, Bp. of Pay, who died in 1098. Cardinal Bona favors the opinion which awards the authorship to the Benedictine contract, who, he says, having received the most signal lights and graces through the intercession of the Virgin, though an illiterate man, was so lifted as it were above himself and transferred by his love and gratitude towards his heavenly Mother, that his heart emotions found vent in the pathetic and gushing words of this beautiful invocation. The opinion of a man so learned and accurate is entitled to considerable weight. See *Origines et Raison de la Liturgie Catholique*; par l'Abbe Pascal. Edit. de Migne, 1844.

THE Catholics of St. Louis contemplate the erection of a cathedral, which is to surpass the one in course of erection in New York as far as that will surpass the present cathedral at Philadelphia. The plot on which the new cathedral is to be erected contains over 60,000 square feet. This will afford room for the largest church edifice in the U. S.

For the AVE MARIA.

THE MONTH OF MARY.

By the Author of "Grace Morton," "The Confessors of Connaught," etc.

The sunlight pours in golden streams through
opening leaves and buds;
There's glory on the mountain heights, there's
beauty in the woods;
Each forest glen, each turf-clad dell, flings out its
treasures gay,
Oh, spring hath come with dancing steps to usher
in the May!
The waters leap and sparkle from their winter
fetters free;
The wildwood birds pour out a flood of joyous
minstrelsy;
But a sweeter gush of melody from grove and
field rings out—
'Tis childhood's burst of laughter free, 'tis child-
hood's merry shout.
Like a blithesome troop of fairies from path to
path they rove,
All eager which shall do the most in their sweet
work of love,
The choicest buds and flowers they cull to deck
Our Lady's Shrine,—
Children and flowers, meet offerings for Mary,
Queen divine!

Now before the holy altar—
Where the angels ever throng,
To the "Hidden God" intoning
Heaven's most extatic song—
Bend in shy, adoring homage,
Mary's children, bright and fair,
Their imperfect praises bringing,
Sweeter than archangels' singing
To His Heart who watches there,
Blessing them as erst He blessed them,
While His loving hands caressed them—
"Little children," *His co-heirs*.
Then with eyes, like stars that glisten,
Loaded with their floral treasure,
Keeping step to music's measure,
On to Mary's shrine they hasten,
There to cast their dewy flowers,
Round their Queen in fragrant showers.

And maidens, fair and blooming
As roses, cluster here,
A living wreath of loveliness
Around their Mother dear,
And bright young manhood bends him down,

His pride cast, like a monarch's crown,
At Mary's sacred feet.
Oh! blessed are ye, in life's fair dawn,—
While yet your bright cup of joy is brimming,
And ye laugh at the thought of sorrow dimming
The sunny brightness of heart and brow,—
That thus to your May Queen bowing low,
Gladly the gifts she loves best ye bestow—
Light hearts with devotion's flame aglow,
And souls by her watchful care kept pure,
As ye shun at her bidding the tempter's lure.

Not these alone are gathered here:
Mary, thou claimest all ages for thy own!
Even from the cradle to the bier
Thy children look to thy bright throne,
With more of yearning tenderness,
The more that earthly cares depress,
And some, alas! temptation's wile
Hath from thy service long beguiled,
Yet to thy beauteous altar turn,
And feel within their bosoms burn
A longing wish once more to be
From Satan's cruel bondage free.
With a yearning sadness their Mother sends,
They list to the voices clear and gay,
Sending back and forth, in exultant strains,
The beautiful anthems of May,
And a gush of soft and holy feeling
O'er the earth-worn heart is stealing,
As the strains of her glorious Litany
Bring back sweet thoughts of their early days,
When sorrow and sin were things unknown,
When life seemed a May-day, a fairy scene,
On which ever the golden sunbeams shone,
And while they list to the song of praise,
Their hearts strike in, but in minor key;—

O happy hours of Eden, have ye vanished and
for aye?
Will never earth restore again the bliss of child-
hood's May?
Alas! the spring of life hath passed—the fairy
dream is o'er,—
Time's miser grasp our treasures will give back
to us no more.

But yet, the past is not all given to his remorse-
less hold,
Its precious memories remain, a store of wealth
untold;
And oh—remembrance best of all:—how in our
youthful days,
We, too, with flowers decked Mary's shrine, and
sang sweet hymns of praise.

Oh, world! too far we've tested since thy bright,
deceiving hope—
Too oft amid thy mazy paths our clouded spirits
gripe—
But not for all thy boasted gifts would we the
thought resign
Of the hours in sunny childhood passed before
this holy shrine.

We have been Mary's children—ah yes, we claim
her yet;
Refuge of sinners! we renew with penitent re-
gret
The vows which in our early days of innocence
were given,
With all of childhood's fervent love unto the
Queen of Heaven.

Thrice happy little children! With envy 'mid
our joy,
We look upon the smiling band, untouched by
earth's alloy,
No sin or sorrow yet hath fallen, to cast a wither-
ing blight
Upon those brows all radiant with the pure spir-
its' light.

Take them, O Mary! for thine own—those chil-
dren young and fair,
And let them through life's changing scenes thy
watchful guidance share!
O keep thy subjects everywhere safe 'neath thy
potent sway,
And grant them all in heaven to meet their cho-
sen Queen of May!

Yes, this triumph of our Mother blest,
For sorrowing sinners fondly doth she call,
To take safe refuge on her gentle breast
From all that held them in a weary thrall.
"Behold thy son!" 'Twas thus that Jesus taught
In His last hour: and she, with spirit caught
From Him who was her own and only one—
At once her God supreme, her cherished Son—
Adopted to her loving heart mankind,
Happy the fallen race unto such care consigned!

And oh, 'mid seraph's sweetest song
Will not the ear of Jesus bend,
To the first accent of her tongue?
And holy inspirations send
To e'en the vilest sinners, when for them
Are raised the eyes that first looked love on Him,
Above His manger-crib in Bethlehem—
The meek, sad eyes that 'neath His cross grew dim!

The bright orb of day is retiring to rest,

His last lingering beams lighting up the fair
shrine;

They fall on the priest in his rich vestures dressed—
On saint and on sinner,—on young and on old—
He sheds his last radiance of crimson and gold:
But longest he lingers bright glory to throw,
On the image that speaks of the Virgin divine,
In its chaste marble beauty, lit up by the glow
Of his roseate flush on its surface of snow.
The sacred "Benediction" given,
Has thrilled all hearts with holy bliss,
Raising to the bright world of Heaven
Souls that were never made for this.
And now in simple, plaintive tones
Ascends the parting hymn,
Ah! supplication still must close
Our hours of praise while lingering
Amid earth's shadows dim.

Soft as falls the dew of heaven
On the parched and drooping flower,
To our hearts come angel whispers,
At this holy vesper hour,
Evening shades are fast descending,
Virgin Mother, list our prayer!
Through the coming hours of darkness
Watch o'er us with loving care.

Oh! to thee we breathe our sorrows,
Blessed Mother of our God!
Thou dost know full well our trials,
Thou life's thorny path hast trod:
Look then on us with compassion,—
Guide us on our onward way,
Let not earth's deceits allure us,
Nor temptation lead astray.

Still around thy children's dwelling,
Gentlest Mother, hover near!
Whilst beneath thy care reposing
We may rest secure from fear.
Thou our Refuge—thou our Guardian—
Thou our Mother—Mary be!
Never, till we meet in heaven,
Shall we cease to call on thee!

Now the purple twilight comes softly down,
But still on the lofty mountain's crest
With its deepening shadows softly blends
The light that glows in the gorgeous West.

And thus though we leave thy presence bright
And the shades of earthly care again
Steal o'er our frail hearts, may the guiding light
Of thy smile, sweet Mother! still remain.

When the first red tinge of the early dawn

Glow in the East, and the earliest bird
In a burst of song, from his leafy couch,
Giving thanks to the Maker of all, is heard;
Then again unto Mary's altar fair
Will her children with joyous haste repair.

All too swiftly the bright May-days speed by,
But their flight by song and prayer is told,
Thousands of these form a rosary

More precious than any of pearl and gold.
Help us, oh Mary! these beads to string,
And smile on our humble offering.

The blossoms around thine image laid,
Blooming and fragrant, alas! must fade.
Not so with the tributes from full hearts breathed,
And with Nature's fair, fragile gifts enwreathed;
Immaculate Mother! may these e'er be
The favorite offering we bring to thee.

How sweet to think that everywhere through this
sin-darkened world

Where Satan's wide-spread banner by bold hands
is unfurled,

The Church confronts his cohorts, as their wily
snares are spread,

With HER to whom was given power to crush the
serpent's head:

That wheresoe'er the cross is raised, the sign of
triumph high,

The covenant of God with man, as th' rainbow in
the sky,

MARIA'S name with JESU'S blends—the fairest
month is given

To her who reigns in majesty, bright Queen of
earth and heaven!

THE MONTH OF MARY.

The bright days of spring have again brought round the delightful month consecrated to Mary, the beautiful festival of thirty-one days, wherein will be extolled, by the sound of music and the voice of praise, all the mysteries in the admirable life of the Blessed Virgin. "When nature renews her youth," says one of the pious and eloquent writers on the Mother of God, "when the fields and the groves, the hills and the valleys, resound with the melody of the feathery songsters; when the first flowers appear, and the hawthorn, the violet, the primrose and the rose, the tulip, the lilac and the modest lily embellish the earth with their gorgeous tints and embalm the air with the sweetness of their perfume, a

modest, pure and pious crowd gather around the oratories and sanctuaries of Mary. Garlands of rare flowers, baskets of full-blown roses, and roses of every description are brought to these altars and chapels—the riches, the treasures, the perfumes of spring are all for her!"

From the eve of the first day an altar is ornamented in every church in honor of the Queen of Angels. Here the faithful come to invoke her aid, and recommend to her care all those they love. Her praises are sung, and her virtues proposed for imitation by the earnest voice of the minister of God. Such is the pious opening of the Month of Mary. At day-break the children of Mary repair to the church to assist at the holy sacrifice of the Mass at Mary's altar. A day with such a commencement is passed in peace and happiness, and the impressions of the morning are still fresh in the heart when evening brings the sweet May devotions, and once again they assemble around the altar of Mary; the Rosary is said in common, and the invocation,

Mother of Mercy, Star of the Sea,

Pray for the wanderer—pray for me,
ascends from hearts in every condition of life. We pray for own wants, for those we love, for the poor, the rich, the dying, and, above all, for those who, in the fires of expiation, patiently await the moment of their deliverance—which we can hasten by our supplications to the Mother of Mercy. What touching exhortations are then heard from the zealous and eloquent minister of the altar upon the life and virtues of the Blessed Virgin; and the fruit of all these beautiful flowers of devotion, which matures and ripens as day after day of the month passes away in these holy exercises, is found in the one sentiment that absorbs the heart—*confidence in her powerful intercession, and firm determination to imitate her virtues.* Ah! in truth this month is a season of *benedictions.*

To show their great desire for the faithful to participate in its blessings, the Sovereign Pontiffs have enriched the May devotions with the following Indulgences:

A Plenary Indulgence for all Catholics who receive Holy Communion, and who every day, either in public or private, specially honor the Blessed Virgin by some pious exercise, prayer or act of virtue. A Partial Indulgence of three hundred days for every day during the month on which they perform public or private devotions in honor of the Blessed Virgin. These Indulgences are applicable to the souls in Purgatory.



OCTAVE OF EASTER.

It was on the eighth day after His glorious resurrection that our Blessed Redeemer appeared to the incredulous Thomas. The Church includes that event in the Gospel of this day. It is unnecessary to relate here the details of this appearance, but we would lose nothing by dwelling a moment on the lesson which Jesus gives in his mild words of severe reproach to Saint Thomas.

Jesus said to Saint Thomas: Because thou hast seen me, Thomas, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen and have believed. (*St. John xx, 29.*) These words of our Blessed Redeemer contain a salutary lesson not only for Thomas, but for all who sincerely wish to live united with God on earth, and to enjoy Him for eternity in heaven.

But why this reproach? Was Saint Thomas so guilty for having wished to see before giving his adhesion to the miracle of the resurrection? Did he not give proof of prudence in refusing to believe until he had verified the wonderful reports in circulation? Was he not a worthy model of many Christians of the present day? Yet how crushing in its very gentleness is the reproach Jesus makes to him. Our Saviour deigned to accede to the insolent conditions which the incredulous disciple had made. And when the trembling Thomas said, with deep emotion: "My Lord and my God," Jesus did not spare him the reproof he merited. The hardihood and incredulity of the disciple merited a punishment; and that punishment was to hear his divine Master say: Thou hast believed *because thou hast seen*.

And was not the reproof terrible in its severity? Thomas like the other apostles, had been three years in the company of Jesus. He had seen the divine miracles by which Jesus had proved himself to be the Messiah. He had heard Jesus fortell the humiliations and sorrows of His Passion,—the ignominy of his death on the cross; and had heard Him solemnly assure all his disciples that He would arise the third day.

A well disposed heart would have had no difficulty in admitting the reality of the resurrection upon the first rumor of the disappearance of the body. St. John had no sooner entered the sepulcher and seen the abandoned winding sheet, than he understood it all, and believed. But men are rarely so sincere as was St. John; they stop on the way as if they would compel God to make new advances. But even such men should in

Thomas's place have been satisfied; for Jesus made these advances—He appeared several times.

Now Thomas had heard Magdalene, St. Peter, and the disciples of Emmaüs—and still he was incredulous. The testimony, which when serious and disinterested brings conviction to the mind, has no effect with many whenever it is given concerning supernatural things. How often do not Christians imitate the incredulous Thomas, and that alone is enough to deprive them of the fullness of the light of faith. Even when they have faith, it is merely of the mind and not of the heart, and it is therefore cold and powerless, always fearing to go too far by believing too much. It was for such, as well as for St. Thomas, that the words Jesus pronounced are words of reproach; but to those who are ready to believe, they are words of joy, bringing consolation and confidence. Happy are they who have not seen, and who believe.

Thomas sinned through incredulity—we expose ourselves to the danger of sinning as he did, if we do not endeavor to have in our faith that expansion which mixes up our supernatural faith in every thing, and causes it to make that progress which God rewards by a flood of light and superabundant joy of heart. As we are members of the Church of Christ we should consider every thing from a supernatural stand-point; and we need not fear being carried too far: The just man liveth by faith. May we all be of the number of those whom Jesus calls Blessed: Blessed are they who have not seen, and have believed.

WHY WE LOVE THE AVE MARIA.

BY REV. ALEXIS RENOUX.

How welcome do we not make this little journal that comes to us every Saturday, greeting us cheerily with the Angelic Salutation! With what avidity we read it! With what satisfaction! How we love to have it read around us, in our circle, in our families; how eagerly we recommend it, and seek to increase its circulation.

No paper is received with so general, so illustrious a sympathy: all who are so happy as to possess it press it to their heart; it has been, from the first, a welcome visitor in the Episcopal palace, and in the humble presbytery, in the aristocratic family, and in the farm house, in the cloister, and the parish library, and has thus become the indispensable messenger of Heaven. It is regarded as a precious courier; if it delays, we become impatient, alarmed; it fills the sweetest hour

of Saturday's programme, and the Sunday afternoons—the moments devoted especially to good reading. It is the joy of the ancient domestic, and the grandmother has her daughter read it as a recreation for the joyous circle of her grandchildren.

The Sovereign Pontiff has affectionately blessed it, the gentle paper! He has blessed its founder, holily inspired by piety toward the Blessed Virgin and charity for the veteran servants of the sanctuary, the modern Confessors of the Faith. He has blessed the co-operators, and even the readers. And the benediction of the Vicar of Christ, of the saintly Pontiff Pius IX, so great before God, will not be sterile: his words must, on many accounts, participate some little in the efficacy of the divine word. The word of God, says Saint Thomas, is an efficacious and fruitful word. Our journal—the paper of all of us children of Mary—will increase, then, and multiply by the benediction of a Saint. It will multiply its leaves with the number of its subscribers, and, above all, it will multiply its fruits.

Our Bishops of America have approved it. The Bishops of our aristocratic and manufacturing cities, and the missionary apostles in territories still half wild, which are now coming under the domain of civilization and religion through the indefatigable zeal of those pacific vanquishers of error and superstition and ignorant prejudice. They read it themselves, in the moments left them by their pastoral cares; they repeat with a satisfied air to their beloved co-operators in the service of souls: It is a good little paper; it deserves to be circulated, to be spread around; it will do good. And they have graciously signed its passport for their dioceses; and that, not with the common formulas, and administrative dryness, but with kindly encouragement and benevolent words. They have marked it with their pectoral cross, the sign of security and salvation. Some have contributed pecuniarily to its establishment and to its diffusion—they who are the legal judges of sound reading, they to whom, in the person of Timothy, the Apostle of Nations has said: *Depositum custodi*. The Master had before said to them: Go, teach all nations.

And our Bishops, men wise and learned, chosen from thousands among the wise and learned, have their good reasons to act thus, to give to the AVE MARIA those marks of peculiar good will. The twofold object it has in view is equally dear to their hearts.

And the priests, encouraged, stimulated, by

these words, by these acts of their chiefs, have in their turn become the panegyrists and promoters of our journal. They taste, for themselves, the honey of its pages, and then use it as a means of edifying their flocks.

The Religious of various Orders receive it with pleasure, and patronize it; the virgins of the cloister, who in their life of silence and retreat reject every profane paper, open their holy asylum to the celestial messenger, always laden with flowers of Heaven. It has in some communities the honor of being read in the refectory, where nothing but good and beautiful things are read to worthily nourish the spirit and prevent it from being lowered by sensuality. In the boarding schools it is given to the pupils; they are sure that it will not bring to them the spirit of the world, which is vanity, scandal and seduction; they know that it will not offend the pure eyes of their soul, but that it will instruct them, please them, and render them better. The pious school girl—I know one—loves to have her companions assembled around her in recreation, seated at the foot of an old oak, and to regale them with a page of the AVE MARIA. Sometimes a tear falls from the reader's eye and drops on the page. How eloquent is that tear to those who know its cause! It has a greater effect than the most pathetic passages, than the most vehement figures of rhetoric. How I wish that tear could be printed; it would be the most precious pearl of my article. Maria Florida, the young Texan girl of whom I speak, delights in calling herself the child of Mary, and in being called so by others; but she is not yet a child of Jesus—she is a Protestant, and cannot obtain from her father permission to become a Catholic. . . . *Cela viendra*—with Mary, says Saint Augustine, under the protection of her name, we must never despair. And who knows—perhaps, instead of one victory, we shall have two! Maria Florida is a faithful subscriber to our journal. Pray for her, reader. Was I not right in vaunting the great worth of the tear which, at times, embellishes these pages.

The AVE MARIA, then, is the delight of Christian families and of pure and innocent youth. All, in fact, who know it, love it—I mean all who have a taste for religious subjects, who wish to serve Mary, as she should be served by the true Christian, the brother and disciple of Christ who is the first and greatest devotee of the Virgin, at Nazareth, and in Heaven.

In France, the AVE MARIA, despite its Amer-

ican dress, receives a hearty welcome in many places; even those who do not perfectly understand it, feel a sentiment of friendship on seeing it. I was thus, before I could translate it well. One of my friends, the director of an interesting journal for youth, delights to take for it, from time to time, some of the beautiful pages of the AVE MARIA. "Do you know it," he said to me one day, "it is as beautiful as a magnolia flower, and perfumed like a bouquet of the aromatic plants of the rich countries across the sea."

There is nothing surprising in this sympathy of the French people. Our journal speaks highly and lovingly of the well-beloved of France, of the inspiring genius of its old basilicas, nearly all consecrated to Mary, of the friend of the good country people, of the object of the filial veneration of all.

Why, then, this unusual affection for the AVE MARIA? We have stated a fact manifold in its unity; this fact has a proportional cause,—let us seek it. Why do we love the AVE MARIA? There are many reasons. I have already glanced at some of them: I will add some others. This gentle journal endeavors to extend, to justify, to exalt, the devotion to the Blessed Virgin, our powerful Mother, our advocate, as the Church calls her, the *general instrument of the operations of grace*, according to the solid doctrine of Bossuet and Saint Bernard. And according to the same fathers the devotion to Mary concerns our salvation; it is pleasing to the hearts of all the children of God; it is intimately connected with all the phases of their spiritual life. Saint Francis Xavier tells us that it is a mark, a sign, of predestination. The Church, in her admirable liturgy resuming many similar sentences of her Doctors in all ages, boldly puts on the lips of Mary these consoling words: "He who has found me," by confidence and true charity, "has found life, he will drink of the salvation of God." And again: "They who make me shine by the light of poesy, literature and the fine arts, shall have eternal life—*qui elucidant me, vitam aeternam habebunt*."

But let us put affection before interest. We love the AVE MARIA because it speaks of our good Mother as we desire, as we feel. It is a tableau of our thoughts, an echo of our sentiments, an image of the zeal we would exercise for her. In it we recognize ourselves, at least in desire and in will, in its manifold functions of harmonious singer, panegyrist, genealogist, annalist and eloquent preacher. What it does we

would wish to do also, and because what it says is in some sort our own we are pleased with it.

Yes, a child is happy indeed when his mother is spoken of. His heart dilates with joy. The blush of pleasure colors his cheeks. He never thinks too much is said. When he himself speaks of her, none but the bad could tax him with exaggeration. Every well-born soul easily understands the affluence of the flattering words that come from his mouth; we listen to him with pleasure, and sympathize with him.

And thus it is in respect to the AVE MARIA. It speaks to us of her whom, after Jesus, we love the most, of her who most merits to be loved—of Mary, the Refuge of Sinners, the Consolation of the Afflicted, the balm of human suffering, the mother of the orphan, and the help of all Christians. By all her titles so magnificently realized Mary exhausts the source of the pathetic. So do we say with the Evangelist of Mary: *De Maria nunquam satis*. When we speak of Mary we can never say enough. All our homage can never approach the honors which God has heaped upon her. The manifestations of our love can never satisfy our heart: we always feel that there is still a great deal to do for her—*De Maria nunquam satis*. Oh, beautiful words of Saint Bernard! how profound, how strictly true they are in the light of faith and of the words of the Gospel!

The mother loves to read this journal because it brings to the fireside circle the aroma that preserves her daughter's virtue. She is inspired by the reading of the AVE MARIA with admiration for the young Virgin of Israel, so simple and so pure! she is penetrated with esteem and love for the poor, laborious, hidden life of Mary, Mother, under the humble roof of Nazareth.

The young girl, too, loves these pages, because they exalt the favorite object of her devotion, of that devotion that creates immense resources for the newly budding imagination, for a heart opening to the first affections of nature. Mary is the glory of the devout sex; the Divine Maternity of the Virgin of Judea has cast a very great honor upon her sisters in Eve. A woman has become the Mother of God; therefore woman is worthy of our respect. A brilliant historic fact! Mary has raised woman from the degradation in which she was plunged before Christianity. The veneration of the Mother of God ascends, 'tis true, to her; but, like the clouds of incense that arise before the tabernacle, it spreads all around over

the daughters of Adam the perfumes of dignity and honor which penetrate them.

Moreover, young folks need to read a great deal. The knowledge of the Good, of the True, and of the Beautiful, which good books give, is the oil of the intellectual lamp; it is the natural life of the soul; and that life influences, to a great extent, our moral conduct, as we act ordinarily according to the ideas and impressions we receive from what we read. But how often is not this food for the soul badly chosen! and thus, instead of ornamenting, embellishing and strengthening it in virtue, the unwholesome, poisonous reading of dangerous books seems only to wither the imagination and harden the heart. In the bad journals scandal is displayed with a shameless excess and in a variety of ways; the modern novels give all kinds of easy means for doing away with the difficulties of Christian life and honesty; they teach by example and by a shameful practice, how to cut the gordian knot of duty, to launch forth into the fantastic world of passion and dissipation. What dangers in the inundation of pernicious reading that surrounds us! The AVE MARIA does its good share in doing away with these evils. It is an agreeable aliment to curiosity, a remedy to the sick soul, and strength for the feeble. I willingly say of it what a great rhetorician once said of the works of the greatest orator of his time: One has profited much when one takes pleasure in perusing it.

The AVE MARIA comes, then, once a week to revive in Christian families the devotion to the Queen of Heaven. And a family which serves Mary cannot perish. The Blessed Madonna who stands in the common room on her throne decked with flowers, surrounded with lights, and enriched with the trophies won from childish vanity, is truly the protection, the safe-guard of the family hearth; and the lamp which burns before her is the lightning-rod of salvation. My words are understood, I know; for it is well known that the children of Mary must endeavor to please her by interior conduct, by true sentiments of devotion, as well as by these praiseworthy manifestations of piety.

What a pleasant distraction is not the AVE MARIA for the student, for the seminarist, who wishes to remain virtuous, and to that end preserves his devotion to the Queen of Virgins, to the friend of youth, to the Directrice of the Holy Young Man of Nazareth!

And finally, the priest favors, in a particular manner, the AVE MARIA, because it is for him an

active aid, a powerful means of sanctification in his parish. Mary is the ladder of sinners, says picturesquely the White Friar of Clairvaux; it is by her we go to Jesus, it is she who presents us to Him. "God," continues Bossuet "has once given us Jesus by Mary: and that act is a principle from which He never departs. God never changes, and His gifts are without repentance. As in the Incarnation He transmitted to us by Mary the universal Source of grace, so also by her henceforward He will diffuse the various applications of that same grace, in our vocation, our conversion, our justification, and our perseverance. Mary is, then, the first step we make to go to God. She is also the channel of spiritual favors; to use again the language of the desert of Clairvaux, she is the transmitter of the gifts from on high, the treasurer and steward of Heaven for earth. Daily experience, the avowal of the great converts of ancient and modern times corroborate all my assertions. I cannot resist the pleasure of quoting the childlike and forcible avowal of Saint Bernard before all his Religious, assembled in chapter, on a day of great solemnity: "I avow, well-beloved brothers, that if there is any faith in my soul, any ray of hope, any spark of divine charity, I owe it to Mary. I acknowledge that it is through her I have received it from God." To this motive, viz: that devotion to Mary is a mark of predestination, the starting point of salvation, I will add another: it is that this devotion is easier than all other others, especially because it goes at once to the heart by the connection of filial affections. In this manner it is the uniting link of natural sentiments with the spiritual tenderness which we must have for our Heavenly Mother. This is the reason why all that develops this devotion, especially that which brings it into the family, under an amiable form, has the well founded sympathy of all saviors of souls, of the priests of Jesus Christ.

The Bishops know that Mary is the Queen of the clergy, and that a priest who honors her will work with more effect. They are, moreover, the principal members of the body of the Church, they are the nearest to the head and heart of the body of the faithful. Now the Holy Ghost, who unceasingly animates and vivifies the Church, communicates to them a more lively esteem for His holy Spouse. And the visible head of the Church, the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX! who does not know that he is most devoted to the Blessed Virgin? He favors with generosity, with

earnestness, every thing that conduces to the veneration of Mary. He blesses and encourages the AVE MARIA, the amiable missionary, the zealous apostle of the Blessed Virgin. Pius IX well knows that if Mary reigns over the nineteenth century, if the Church loves her, invokes her, prays to her with fervor, we shall have the victory. She will chastise all cowardly protectors, all hypocritical guardianships. She will render vain all the murderous chains of the hydra-headed revolution. She will crush the head of all that by cunning, by duplicity, or by malice, shows itself to be a *serpent*. And the trump of triumph will sound throughout the Church, and inundate with joy the heart of Pius IX.

AN EXPLANATION AND DEFENSE OF THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE OF THE SAC- RIFICE OF THE MASS.

BY CLONFERT.

FIRST PROPOSITION.

In the Mass is presented to God a true and proper Sacrifice, in which Christ as High-Priest offers Himself under the appearances of bread and wine by the hands of His delegated minister.

PROOF.

Before entering on the scriptural proof of this Proposition it may be asked, How far does Reason throw light upon it?

To guide us in answering a question which spreads like a labyrinth into metaphysics and scholastic theology we content ourselves with laying down the following *principles*:

1. Man is composed of soul and body. To represent human nature adequately therefore body as well as soul should have part in human action. Experience shows this to be the case: the soul through the body manifests its sentiments. Every reflecting individual will perceive himself borne by instinct and habit to use signs, or outward actions performed through the senses and members of the body, as exponents of his inward feelings. This instinct is implanted constantly, invincibly and universally in the human heart; it must therefore have its origin in man's rational nature and have been there placed by the hand of the Creator. Now there are no sentiments stronger, more sacred and absorbing in the soul conscious of its relations to God, than those of reverence and adoration towards Him. The very instincts of man's rational nature therefore will

impel him to give utterance—*adequate* utterance, if possible,—to these sentiments by signs, or outward actions of the body.

Again, man owes supreme homage to God not only on behalf of the soul but on behalf of the body also: for he has received both with all the favors they imply from the creative and conserving hand of the Deity. Reason therefore clearly points out the obligation, if the instinct of nature did not, of offering supreme worship not only through the faculties of the soul but through the senses of the body; and of offering it in the most perfect and expressive way at man's disposal.

Finally, if we consider men as members of society they are bound in their collective capacity as forming communities to pay homage to the Supreme Being, the author, conservator and Lord of the social system. This homage society can offer only by means of sensible, or outward signs and actions: and these signs ought to be as completely expressive as it is in the power of society to render them.

From these considerations we conclude, *firstly*, that men individually and collectively are bound to manifest by outward signs the inward adoration of the soul for God; and, *secondly*, that these signs should, if possible, represent *adequately* and in the most perfect mode our sentiments towards the Great Being.

2. What signs, or outward actions, has man at his disposal for exhibiting worthily his reverence for God? He has only those which may be called the "sensible acts of religion," viz: bowing the head, bending the knee, prostrating the body, offering incense, etc. Of those outward acts of religion sacrifice is the most expressive and perfect. If then sacrifice be not opposed by the natural law, or by some positive divine enactment, reason founded on the instinct, habit and duty of human nature in individuals and in communities, leads us to the conclusion that we are bound to give the most perfect expression of our adoration of God by means of sacrifice. That sacrifice implies nothing repugnant to the laws of nature is evident from the fact that in the patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations sacrifices were the usual modes of worship ordered and accepted by Jehovah. That there was no positive enactment of the divine law against them under the Jewish dispensation is equally certain. Did our Lord by His own Word, or through His apostles abolish them? We say emphatically—No! On the contrary He instituted and offered and ordained His apostles and their successors in the

priesthood to offer through all time the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the fulfillment and crown of all the patriarchal and Mosaic sacrifices. This we have undertaken to prove from Scripture and early Tradition. But we are now considering how far Reason leads us in the controversy. Take the Protestant hypothesis of abrogation or abolition of sacrificial worship—and—what does Reason say? It says:—*Firstly*, that in such case Religion will be left without an *adequate outward* expression of its inward reverence and adoration of God. Because every other act of religious worship, such as bowing, genuflecting, prostration, incensing, etc., may be used as expressions of our reverence and respect for creatures. The subject bows, kneels, and in oriental countries prostrates himself before the monarch's throne. We offer incense before the images of saints and angels: the levites and priests in the Jewish temple did the same by authority of God. Hence if we take away sacrifice Religion possesses no sign, can perform no outward act, which *of itself* represents the supreme adoration due to God. In this respect Christianity should bow the head to Judaism, and in a certain sense to paganism. For it will have lost the most perfect and only adequately expressive mode of worship, which these religions possessed. Whereas admit the practice of sacrifice, and then we have an outward act of religion, which cannot be used as the vehicle of manifesting any other sentiments save only those which can be entertained towards God only,—an outward act, which therefore *cannot* be presented to *any* creature whether mightiest king on earth, or highest archangel in heaven.

Secondly, Whether sacrifice originally derived this significancy from the suggestion of man's rational nature seeking an outlet for its feelings towards the divine Being, or from inspiration, or revelation, is a question we undertake not to decide. But it is an *arbitrary* sign, that is, depending for its signification on positive institution. Thus the sacraments are *arbitrary* signs, depending for signification on the intention and will of their Divine Institutor; of *their own nature* the matter and form do not lead the mind to think of the inward grace communicated by them. But when we know that Christ intended them to have this significancy and effect, then they become for the Christian community *arbitrary* signs and bring to our recollection the idea of grace as powerfully as the blue columns of smoke rising over the landscape remind us of the fires in which they originate. Another illustration is found in the coin,

which is the staple currency. *Of itself* it has no more significancy with regard to value than the veined stone by the roadside. But when taken up as the representative of value by the community, or by one having authority over the community, then it becomes a *sign* by institution, that is, an *arbitrary* sign, and brings the idea of value before the minds of all members of the community in which it passes current. So it is, so it has been with sacrifice in the religious community from the infancy of the human race. It is by institution an *arbitrary* sign of God's supreme power, especially His power over life and death: and has been accepted by all nations as spiritual currency with this significancy and value. As the water poured on the head in Baptism has a certain fitness for signifying the inward cleansing by regenerative grace, so the destruction, or immolation of the victim outwardly has a congruous force of bringing before us the majesty and supreme power of God, who alone can vivify and destroy. This may be under divine inspiration or revelation, the reason why all peoples have accepted and retained sacrifice as the highest mode of divine worship. When the human family grew into tribes, and these tribes in turn into nations, which spread themselves like the waves of an ever-advancing tide till they reached the boundaries of the earth, they did not lose every shred of the primal revelations to Adam and his immediate descendants. Amid the general darkness of idolatry, rays of light coming down from the days of Eden were preserved and scattered. The idea of the congruity, utility and necessity of sacrifice was one of these: and though surrounded by error and turned to wrong purposes, that spark of original revelation never died out among the pagan nations. It was as fixed, and constant and universal as the idea of a Supreme Being. Reason, therefore, must claim the practice of sacrifice to be, if not of its own suggestion, certainly after its own heart, even though it condemn the uses to which it was after applied, the rites by which it was in many countries surrounded. Sacrifice was constantly and universally offered by all peoples from the age of Adam down to that of Martin Luther. Weighing the number of Protestants who from the latter down to our days have given it up, they are only as a little dust in the scale compared with the countless generations who have for six thousand years used the sacrificial sign as the noblest means of showing to men and angels ~~their~~ thanksgiving and adoration of the Supreme Being!

Almighty God prescribed this mode of worship and received it as an agreeable odor from His special friends. Abel and Cain, Abraham and Melchisedech, Noah, Job and Tobias—all the patriarchs offered sacrifice. God, in His own inspired words, appointed the nature and the number, the times and the places, the mode and the objects of the Jewish sacrifices; and Moses, through whom He gave His directions, foretold that those sacrifices were only figures, which in future time would give place to the reality; shadows without the substance, which the Legislator yet to succeed would himself introduce.

Here, then, we have the voice of reason, the common sense of mankind and the institution of God against the Protestant hypothesis. On them, therefore, not on us, devolves the burden of showing by strong, well-founded arguments that Christ, in establishing His religion *positively* abolished the sacrificial worship. If they cannot show that he *positively* did so, we cannot be dislodged from our strong position fortified by Reason, universal usage and divine approval. But leaving that position impregnable behind us, we now go farther and assert that Christ not only did not abolish the practice of sacrifice, but that on the contrary He instituted a sacrifice which fulfills all the sacrificial types and attains in a supereminent degree all the ends of the manifold offerings in the Old Law. We come now to the Scriptural proof of this truth as contained in the proposition we have laid down. Our first argument from the Old Testament is founded on a passage in the first chapter of the prophecy of Malachi.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOTICE OF PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF SAINT DOMINIC, and a Sketch of the Dominican Order; with an Introduction, by Most Rev. J. S. Alemany, D.D.: P. O'Shea, Publisher, 27 Barclay Street, New York.

Last week we promised to notice this book again. Our space, however, allows us no room for comment, as we wish to give an extract from the book itself that the readers of the AVE MARIA may be tempted to procure for themselves this portrait of St. Dominic, which is pronounced a gem by the Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany in his introduction.

We have given a few anecdotes of the life led by Dominic during a time when war and bloodshed were raging around him. They are all that are left us to mark his course for many years. But

it was during this time, though it would be difficult to affix the precise date, that he propagated that celebrated devotion which would alone entitle its author to our veneration, did we know him in no other way than as the first instructor of the Rosary. The universal voice of tradition affirms this devotion to have been revealed to him by the Blessed Virgin herself; and if we consider its almost supernatural character, combining as it does the simplest prayers with the profoundest meditations, or again if we remember the extraordinary power with which it has been blessed, and its adoption through the universal Church as the very alphabet of prayer, it is difficult for us not to believe it something more than a human invention, but rather as a gift which came to us as the most precious token of the love of our dear Mother.

We again remark in the institution of the Rosary something of that characteristic feature of St. Dominic to which we have before alluded. It was not altogether a new devotion. There was nothing novel in the frequent repetition of the "Angelical Salutation," or the "Pater Noster;" such devotion had been common in the Church from time immemorial, and we read of the hermits of the deserts, counting such prayers with little stones, in the same way as we use the beads. The novelty was the association of mental and vocal prayer in those mysteries, which gather together, under fifteen heads, all the history of the life of Christ.

We may, however, consider it as certain that the Rosary had begun to be propagated before the year 1213, as we are assured that it was used by the soldiers of the Count de Montfort's army before the battle of Muret, which took place in that year. Many stories are told of the wonders which followed on its first adoption. Some despised it, and ridiculed its use; among whom was one of the bishops of the country of Toulouse, who, hearing the Rosary preached by Saint Dominic, spoke of it afterwards with contempt, saying it was only fit for women and children. He was soon convinced of his error; for shortly afterwards, falling into great persecution and calumnies, he seemed in a vision to see himself plunged into thick mire from which there was no way of escape. Raising his eyes, he saw above him the forms of our Lady and Saint Dominic, who let down to him a chain made of a hundred and fifty rings, fifteen of which were gold; and laying hold of this he found himself safely drawn to dry land. By this he understood that it was by means of

the devotion of the Rosary he should be delivered from his enemies, which shortly took place after he had devoutly commenced its use.

The spread of this devotion was the most successful weapon in the eradication of the Albigensian heresy. The child of ignorance, it fled before the light of truth; and as the mysteries of the faith were gradually brought back to the minds and hearts of the people, the mysteries of falsehood disappeared. The doctrine of the Incarnation, so specially commemorated in the Rosary, became then, as ever, the bulwark of the truth; and wherever the society was established, and the name of Mary was invoked, that name, as the Church sings, "alone destroyed all heresies."

It was on the 10th of September of the same year, that the king of Arragon suddenly appeared before the walls of this place, with an army, according to some writers, of 100,000 men, or, as others more probably state, of 40,000. The intelligence of his approach reached De Montfort at Fanjeaux. It seems probable that this hostile movement took the Catholic chieftain by surprise; for only a few weeks previously, he had been invited to a friendly conference by the king, and so little was he prepared for any active measures at the time (owing to the pending negotiations with the Roman court), that he had no more than 800 horse, and a small number of men-at-arms with him, with which to come to the relief of the besieged. To oppose so contemptible a force to the army of the king, seemed little less than madness, yet he never hesitated. On the day following that on which the news reached him, he set out from Fanjeaux, taking with him the bishops and legates, amongst whom was Fulk, bishop of Toulouse, with the intention of at least attempting a pacific settlement before the last appeal to arms. He stopped on his way at the Cistercian monastery of Bolbonne, and going into the church, laid his sword on the altar, as though to commend his cause to God, and remained for some time in prayer; then taking back his sword, as now no longer his, but God's, he proceeded to Saverdum, where he spent the night in confession and preparation for death. His little company of followers did the same, and on the morning of the following day they all communicated, as men who were about to offer their lives as a sacrifice. Some authors tell us that Dominic was present with the other legates and ecclesiastics in the army; others name him as being in their company only at Muret; but it seems probable that he had joined them previously, and if the current

tradition is the correct one, that the crusaders ascribed their subsequent victory to the particular assistance of Mary, whom they had united to invoke in the prayers of the Rosary, we may well believe that this appeal to our Lady of Victories came from his counsel and exhortation. The army reached Muret on the side of the town opposite to that where the forces of the king of Arragon were drawn up; but, before entering the gates, the bishops were dispatched with propositions of peace to the enemy's camp. A contemptuous sarcasm was the only reply they received, and returning to the army they all entered Muret together. But they determined on one more effort, and very early in the morning dispatched another message to the king, to the effect that they would wait upon him barefoot, to bring about the terms of reconciliation. They were preparing to execute this design, when a body of cavalry attacked the gates; for the king had ordered the advance, without even deigning a reply to this second embassy.

The scene that morning within the walls of Muret was surely a religious one. Eight hundred devoted men, fortified by prayer and the sacraments of reconciliation, were about, as it seemed to human judgment, to lay down their lives as a sacrifice for the faith. There might be seen how the holy sacrifice was celebrated in the presence of them all; and how, when the Bishop of Uzès turned to say the last *Dominus vobiscum*, De Montfort knelt before him, clad in armor, and said: "And I consecrate my blood and life for God and His faith;" and how the swords and shields of the combatants were once more offered on the altar; and when it was over, and the horsemen were gathering together, and the very sound of the attack was at the gates, these men all once more dismounted, and bent their knee to venerate and kiss the crucifix, extended to them by the Bishop of Toulouse. He had come to give them his parting words and blessing. Did his voice falter, or his eye grow dim at the spectacle before him? Something there certainly was of human emotion at that moment which history does not notice; for we are told it was not he, but the Bishop of Comminges who stood by his side, that spoke the last charge to the army, and, taking the crucifix from the hands of Fulk, solemnly blessed them as they knelt. Then they rode out to battle, and the ecclesiastics turned back into the church to pray.

Nothing more heroic is to be found in the whole history of chivalry, than this battle of Mu-

ret. It was a single charge. They rode through the open gates, and after a feigned movement of retreat, they suddenly turned rein, and dashed right on the ranks of their opponents, with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent. Swift as lightning they broke through the troops that opposed their onward course, scattering them before their horses' hoofs with something of supernatural energy, nor did they draw bridle till they reached the centre of the army where the king himself was stationed, surrounded by the flower of his nobles and followers. A moment's fierce struggle ensued; but the fall of the king decided the fortune of the day. Terrified by the shock of that tremendous charge, as it hurled itself upon them, the whole army fled in panic. The voice and example of their chief might again have rallied them, but that was wanting; Peter of Arragon lay dead on the field, and Dominic's prophecy was fulfilled.

And where was he meanwhile? When the Christian knights were ridden forth to the battle, the churchmen had gone before the altar to pray. They had sent their comrades, as it seemed, to certain death; and their prayer had in it the anguish of supplication. F. Bernard, of the Order of Preachers, thus describes them: "Then going into the church, they prayed, raising their hands to heaven, and beseeching God for His servants who were exposed to death for His sake, with such great groans, and cries, that it seemed not they prayed, but rather howled." But from this agonizing suspense they were roused by the shouts of the populace. The cry of victory sounded in their ears; they hastened to the walls, and beheld the plain covered with the flying companies of the heretics. Some plunged into the waters of the Garonne and perished in their armour; others trampled their own comrades to death in the confusion of their flight; many died under the swords of the Crusaders. It is computed that no fewer than 20,000 of the heretic forces were slain, whilst we are assured by all authorities that *eight* only of the Catholics fell during the combat of that day. As the Count de Montfort rode over that victorious field he checked his horse by the bleeding and trampled body of the king of Arragon. De Montfort had some of the failings, but all the virtues, of his order: he was cast in the heroic type of Christian chivalry. Descending from his horse, he kissed the body with tears, and gave orders for its honorable interment, as became a gallant enemy; then, returning barefoot to Muret, he went first to the church to re-

turn thanks to God, and gave the horse and armour with which he had fought to the poor. It was a true picture of the ages of faith.

DEATH OF RIGHT REV. JOHN TIMON, BISHOP OF BUFFALO.

Just as we go to press we hear, by telegraph, of the death of an illustrious Prelate of the Church and one of the most zealous and warm-hearted friends of the AVE MARIA.

On the 16th inst. Rt. Rev. John Timon, Bishop of Buffalo, died of the erysipelas at his residence in that city.

One year ago we were all edified here by his earnest words of charity, his fervent piety, and heartfelt sentiments of love for our Blessed Mother.

With all Catholics of the United States we shall ever keep his memory in veneration, as a learned and saintly Prelate—but all connected with the AVE MARIA have still a further motive to preserve his memory in their hearts, for he was truly a devoted friend to our Mother's paper, which he approved so generously and to which he was a life subscriber. This interest, however, that he took in the AVE MARIA was but one of the many proofs he gave of his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and of his zeal in her service. May our Blessed Mother obtain for him a reward for the labors of his long life. *Requiescat in pace.*

RELIGIOUS PROFESSIONS AND RECEPTIONS.—On the Feast of the Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin, Very Rev. E. Sorin gave the Religious habit of the Sisters of the Holy Cross to Miss Ellen Tong, (Sister Mary of Saint Florentine;) Miss Elida Fuller, (Sister Mary of Saint Lucretia;) Miss Mary Larkins, (Sister Mary of St. Leonida;) Miss Mary Rady, (Sister Mary of Saint Anesia.)

March 26th, at St. Xavier's Academy, Latrobe, Pa., Right Rev. Bishop Domenec gave the Religious habit of the Sisters of Mercy to Miss Annie Walker, of Elizabeth, Pa., (S'r M. Calista Teresa.)

OBITUARIES.—Died, Feb. 22d, at the Presentation Convent, San Francisco, Cal., Sister Mary Joseph.

Died, March 17th, at the Convent of the Sisters of Charity, Chicago, Ill., Sister Anne Regina Jordan, Superiorress.

Requiescant in pace.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

"THECLA," A TALE OF EARLY TIMES.

BY MARIAPHILOS.

CHAPTER VI.

We shall not follow the terrified fugitives, but return to Manlius. The more he thought of his unusual guard the more was he convinced that something wicked lay at the bottom of the whole affair. He began to be affected with something of his wife's gloom, so that before he reached his destination, he was very low-spirited indeed.

After giving his orders to the soldiers, he entered a small guard-house and sat down. He tried to shake off the painful forebodings that depressed him. But he was unequal to the task, so he began to pray. Every one knows what a good soldier's prayers are. There is a brave, military truth about them that pierces Heaven, and takes it by storm. Hence, after the religious, there are more saints from the military state than from any other.

Manlius was about to leave the room, when a knock was heard at the door, and presently the sergeant of the watch entered. There was a peculiar air about the man, which Manlius had often noticed. His appearance was not like that of the other soldiers. He was neither boisterous nor profane, hence the Captain liked him.

"Captain," said the sergeant with a salute. "I would like to have a few words with you."

"Well, Terentius, what is it?"

"Captain, I may be making too free, but I would wish to say that those you love are this night in the greatest danger."

"Ha! what mean you?" asked the startled officer.

"Did it appear strange, Captain, that the Commandant assigned you this post to night?" asked the sergeant."

"Well I must confess, Terentius, it did appear at least unusual," answered the Captain.

"Then, be assured sir, that you will find yourself the victim of a deeply laid plan. The deputy Rancus was with the Commandant for a long time yesterday evening. He brought a letter from the Prefect, and I feel certain that you would not be far wrong if you connected your presence here to-night with that letter."

"But what would their object be?" asked Manlius.

"Sir, your wife is a Christian and—"

"How know you that, sirrah?" demanded the Captain.

"Ah, Captain, do not be afraid of me. I am, too, a Christian, and have seen you and the Lady Thecla often at mass."

Manlius seized the sergeant's two hands and blessed him for the comfort such an avowal gave him.

"Now, Captain, I can speak more openly, I fear that you have some secret enemy who is aiming a blow at your happiness. I suspect very strongly that your being sent here to night is but to get you out of the way. The Lady Thecla is in danger—"

"Merciful God!" exclaimed Manlius, starting to his feet, "I see it all now, Terentius, they have taken her."

And the strong man trembled like a frightened child.

"Then Captain, why do you remain here? Let us away and see to her safety."

"Thanks, thanks, good Terentius, but how leave out post? Would it not be dishonorable to abandon our trust?"

"Captain," answered the good sergeant, "you do not seem to understand fully our position. We owe no fealty to an emperor who treats us worse than his most bitter enemies. I pray no evil on him, but right is right, and if he thinks proper to treat us, his faithful servants as dogs, we have little reason to sacrifice ourselves to his interest. Besides, this horrible persecution will strike us soon as well as those other blessed souls whom we see dragged to an ignominious death every day. Let us away then Captain, and see to the safety of the Lady Thecla."

So spoke the brave soldier, and his words found an echo in the heart of Manlius.

The Captain and sergeant were soon on their way to the former's mansion.

When they arrived all was quiet as the grave. Manlius took heart from this circumstance, and boldly entered. When in the hall he called loudly, but no response came to his summons. From room to room he rushed, his agony growing more intense, but not a living thing met his gaze. Suddenly he heard a faint cry, as he passed from a small chamber. He quickly returned, and was startled at observing a young girl creeping out from a place of concealment behind the tapestry. Manlius instantly recognized her as one of his wife's attendants.

"Oh, my dear master," cried she, bursting into tears and falling upon her knees.

"Where is my wife?" asked the officer in a voice hoarse with agitation and passion.

"Gone sir," answered the girl.

"Gone!" shouted Manlius, "where?"

"I do not know sir. The wretch Raucus and a band of soldiers came here about an hour after you went away. We would all have been taken, had not Miss Clara come to warn us."

"And they captured my wife, child?" asked Manlius in an accent of agony.

"No, no, dear sir, your wife escaped with dear little Angelicus and some of the servants. Where she has gone, I know not. But oh! if you had heard the execrations of Raucus and his followers when they found that she had disappeared! I heard it all, for I had not time to get away, and I trembled so much that I was certain the movement of the tapestry would have betrayed me."

"Thanks be to God and His Blessed Mother," cried Manlius, when the girl had ceased speaking. "My heart is easier now."

"Ah, Captain," said Terentius, "see the state they have left your house in. Your pictures cut in shreds, your sacred statues broken to pieces, your rich furniture destroyed. Truly the devil has his own way with such wretches."

"I care not, Terentius,—my wife and child are safe. Thanks be to my good God again and again. But alas, where can they be?"

"Is there no place of refuge to which they might have fled, sir?" asked the sergeant.

"Ha, thanks good Terentius!—thanks for thy suggestion. Now I know! The 'Cave of the Olives!' it must be so. Come with me,—we must go there instantly," exclaimed the Captain with revived feelings.

"Forgive me, sir, for saying it, but I think you would be very imprudent to go there now. You may depend that spies of this Raucus are scattered about on all sides; you would simply be betraying your wife and many others by such a course. Take time to-morrow to look about: I shall have my eyes and ears open, and let us trust before to-morrow night we shall be able to baffle our enemies."

"You are right, brave Terentius, and I shall follow your advice," said Manlius. "But oh, Terentius, you know not what it is to have a dear wife and child!"

"Captain, I never complain. The will of God is sufficient for me, I have no wife and child, you say. It is true: but there are those in Rome who one day not long ago, saw a mother and four beautiful children led to death for Christ's sake, and

a poor soldier grieves now for them—for them! do I say? no, no, but for himself that he is left behind. Oh, Captain, they were my own dear ones."

Manlius threw himself at the feet of the soldier down whose furrowed cheeks the big tears were coursing

"Oh, my Captain, this is too much! Do arise," the sergeant said.

"I humble myself before thee, Terentius, for thou art worthy of it. The husband and father of martyrs! Terentius, from this night we are brothers! Call me no more Captain,—call me, Manlius!"

"Dear Captain—"

"Manlius, I say," interrupted the officer rising to his feet.

"Dear Manlius, then, do not forget that I am but an humble legionary, without learning or polish."

"I tell you, Terentius, you are superior to me in every thing that is truly worthy, so say no more about it. And now, dear friend, ought we not, as a matter of prudence, return to our post?"

"I was just about to propose such a course, Manlius," answered the sergeant. "A little prudence is never out of place."

So the two friends returned to their guard ere their absence had been noticed.

And it was well for both that they did so. They had hardly returned, when a messenger arrived from the commandant, ostensibly with a note for Manlius, but in reality to act as a spy on his actions. The missive merely directed the Captain to exercise more than ordinary vigilance that night as there were rumors of some disturbance. Manlius saw the *ruse* at once, but prudently refrained from the least remark.

But where were our poor fugitives in the meantime? Hurrying away to the "Cave of the Olives" through the open country, for the place of refuge was more than a league from the city. It was by the river's bank, and happily, was part of a good Christian's property. The entrance was at the water's edge, yet so covered with foliage and vines that it could not be observed from the river.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A servant girl, on leaving her place, was accosted by her master as to her leaving. "Mistress is so quick tempered that I cannot live with her," said the girl. "Well," said the gentleman, "you know it is no sooner begun than it is over." "Yes, sir; and no sooner over than begun again."

AVE MARIA.

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VOL. III.

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No. 18.

ANTHEMS, PRAYERS, AND HYMNS OF THE CHURCH TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BY THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.

XII.—THE SUB TUM PRÆSIDIUM, AND THE MEMORARE.

These two Prayers to the Blessed Virgin are warmly cherished by Catholics, and are often on their lips. They are, in fact, so well known, that it would seem almost useless to explain them, or even refer to them. Yet, like many other things which are trite, because we have grown familiar with them, they have many beauties which do not appear on the surface, and which, from repeated use, are often lost sight of. The former is more usually recited at the end of other prayers or occupations; the latter on all occasions of need and danger. Both implore the intercessory protection of the Virgin in a tone of the utmost confidence, blended with filial love and devotedness.

The SUB TUM PRÆSIDIUM is an Anthem of the Church, being the Antiphon to the *nunc dimittis* of Complin in the the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. The MEMORARE is not an official Prayer of the Church, but is highly prized by many Catholics, who ascribe it to the great Saint Bernard. Whether Saint Bernard really composed it or not, appears to be involved in doubt. After a somewhat diligent search, we have been unable to find it in his published works, in so many words and in its present form; though we found many expressions of kindred nature, breathing a similar spirit of filial confidence in the intercession of the great Mother of God—our own dear Mother in Heaven. The bare fact of its not occurring in the printed works of Saint Bernard does not appear to us to be a conclusive evidence that he was not the author of it; for it may very well be

supposed that this, and other smaller compositions or fragments, may have been omitted in the collection. However this may be, the popular tradition seems to be sufficiently well founded, as to the substance of the prayer, from the fact that it at least embodies the spirit, if not the identical words, of the great champion of the Virgin in the twelfth century.

Both these Prayers are variously translated in our different Manuals of devotion, and we do not recollect having seen a single rendering with which we were entirely satisfied, or which embodied the full force and beauty of the original Latin. Thus, the word *præsidium* is usually translated *patronage*; whereas it implies something more—the idea of active *protection* and *defense*. It represents the Christian, struggling with temptations and dangers in this land of his exile, flying confidently to the Virgin as to a fortress of strength—a tower of David and of Ivory—well capable of shielding from peril all who fly to its sheltering walls for protection, because these are impregnable fortified by her Son, who is “God blessed forever.” Of course, it is clearly understood, and is sufficiently implied in the Prayer itself, that the whole power of the “Glorious and Blessed Virgin” to help and deliver is derived from her Son Jesus, than whom “there is no other name given to men whereby they may be saved.” No Christian, however rude or simple-minded in his faith, is in any danger of losing sight, for a moment, of this essential fundamental principle of Catholic faith; in accordance with which each invocation of the Virgin is a distinct recognition of the one mediatorship of salvation of Christ, from whom alone she has borrowed all her wondrous beauty and derived her well nigh boundless power of intercession. Any other sentiment opposed to this principle were rank heresy, and even downright blasphemy, according to the most elementary teachings of all Catholic theology. The principle is always implied in every prayer to the Virgin, and it is not at all necessary to express it in every instance.

The SUB TUUM PRÆSIDIUM may be rendered thus :

"We fly to thy protection, O holy Mother of God! Despise not our supplications in our necessities; but deliver us from all dangers, O glorious and Blessed Virgin!"

What we have above remarked may be also applied to the MEMORARE. This is the heart petition, full of faith and confidence, of the weary child of earth to the tender Mother in heaven, asking for special favors without any misgiving or fear of denial. As well might you attempt to criticise the language employed by the fond and confiding earthly child appealing, in its glowing heart-language and trusting filial love, to the tender earthly mother, as carp at the fervid tone of this prayer to the heavenly Virgin Mother by her confiding pilgrim child on earth. In neither case are we called on to expect or exact any great logical precision of language or severe weighing of expressions. All this is sufficiently understood, and according to the French expression, *ça sans dire*.

As we have already intimated, no two translations of the MEMORARE which we have seen, are exactly alike, and not one of them is entirely true to the original, whose simple beauty can scarcely be reproduced in any other language. According to our view, the key of the whole Prayer is the word *piissima*, the first epithet applied to the Virgin, which, in its original and true meaning, implies the tender relationship that subsists between the parent and the child. This is its primary meaning, even when it refers to man's relation to God, who is our Father in heaven. In the MEMORARE it is variously translated *most pious*, *most merciful*, *most gracious*, *most compassionate*, and *most tender*. We wholly discard the first, as not conveying the true meaning, and of the rest we prefer the two which are last, especially the last one. Perhaps the combination *tenderly compassionate*, or *motherly*, would be better than any other form of expression. We will adopt this last, and present a literal rendering; not omitting the antithetical allusion, contained in the phrases *divine Word* and *our words*, which occur toward the close :

"Remember, Oh most motherly Virgin Mary, that it is unheard of from all ages, that any one flying to thy protection, imploring thy aid, or begging thy prayers, was ever forsaken! Inspired with such confidence, I fly to thee, Oh Virgin of virgins, my Mother; I come to thee; I stand before thee, a weeping sinner! Do not, Oh

Mother of the Word, despise my words, but bounteously hear and hearken (to my petition)! Amen."

The past is a perfect and most consoling guaranty for the present and the future. As thou, Oh sweet Heavenly Mother, hast never been known to turn a deaf ear to the cries of thy children in the past, so I have the most unbounded confidence that thou wilt not refuse my present prayer, poured out with a filial reverence and trustfulness, by one who is indeed a weeping sinner, but who still claims to be thy child, and who, with unwavering trust, invokes the Mother of the eternal Word, who is his own dear Mother as well, to hear and favorably receive his poor halting words of supplication and trusting love!

A. B.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the AVE MARIA.

THE RESURRECTION.

BY MARIE.

All hail to the glory and gladness of day—
Transfiguring Earth in its magical ray!
Exult, O ye Nations! the shadow hath fled,
And life waketh fair in the realms of the dead!
The sunlight dispels, with its roseate glow,
The phantoms that filled the long night-time with
wo—
And the tempest that blighted a world in its
wrath,
The anguish that wailed o'er its conquering path,
Their discord is hushed—for a radiant form
Flung the bright bow of peace o'er the way of the
storm;
And the spell of its brightness hath silenced the
might
Of the demons that rode on the blasts of the
night.
O fair dawn of Easter! O beauty benign!
Whose glory celestial forever shall shine,
Thy life-spring hath gushed from the gloom of
the grave,
From the tomb of the Victor who suffered to save;
Love kindled thy splendor, and gilded thy gleam,
Fulfilling the promise that brightened Earth's
dream;
The long-brooding darkness forever is past;
The light long awaited forever shall last.
O'er the realms of a world, lo! its magic is shed,
Bringing strength to the stricken and life to the
dead.

O'er the hamlet's low roofs, and the city's proud walls;
 O'er Scythian tents, and Athenian halls;
 O'er desolate deserts,—o'er valleys that smile,—
 Where the lotus flings beauty and bloom o'er the Nile;
 Where the "white cliffs" of Britain rise, girded with foam;
 Where, throned, by her Tiber sits glorious Rome;
 Where the far Southern Sea slumbers, shining and calm,
 Enchained by the spell of its islands of balm;
 Where, safe in his Alp-home, the vulture looks forth;
 Where the ice-seal is laid on the lips of the North;
 Where silence hath built, 'mid the cedars, her nest,
 And majesty reigns in the forest-walled West;
 O'er all the vast home of the children of clay,
 Redemption hath lavished the wealth of its ray.
 Exult, then, O Nations! sweet Easter bells, ring!
 Let gladness her anthems triumphantly sing;
 Let the altar be decked for the jubilant rite;
 Let the tapers shed o'er it their halo of light;
 Let the odor of incense, the bright blossom's breath,
 Waft praise to the Risen—the Conqu'ror of death!
 To Him who hath loosened the bonds of the slave,
 Illumed the dark valley, and gladdened the grave,
 For no terrors can lurk in the pathway once trod
 By the Master of Heaven, Earth's Saviour and God!

SAINT MONICA---MAY FOURTH.

THREE PHASES OF CHRISTIAN LOVE. By Lady Herbert; Lawrence Kehoe: New York.

A friend has had the kindness to send us the beautiful work of Lady Herbert; and though the publisher has not yet forwarded us a copy, we depart from our rule, and notice this republication of the life of St. Monica, that the readers of the AVE MARIA may not be contented with the short sketch of her life, but may procure the work from Mr. Kehoe.

The publisher has not only shown good judgment in the selection he has made, but has also given the book a dress worthy of the subject. Three lives are given in the book; of St. Monica, the model of the wife and widow; of Mlle. Victorine de Galard Terraube, the model of ladies living in Christian society, and of the venerable Augustine Eulalie Devos, the pattern of religious.

Space and our object limit us to the first life—that of St. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine.

The opening of the first chapter takes us to a mountain slope at some distance from the ruins of Carthage:

"It was on this mountain-side, in the year 332, that a lady named Faconda gave birth to a little girl, during a time of danger and difficulty, which in that era of revolution overwhelmed so many of the noblest Roman families. She and her husband had remained Catholics when their native town had fallen almost universally into the Donatist heresy, and this circumstance added to the isolation from their family and friends, which political convulsions had caused. Little else is known of their previous lives; but at the time of their babe's birth, who received at the baptismal font the name of Monica, they appear to have been in straitened circumstances for their position in life, with numerous servants, but small means to keep up appearances. The little Monica was thus early inured to privations of various kinds; and to this training she probably owed that just appreciation of the value of earthly possessions, and that longing for a heavenly inheritance, which became in after life her marked characteristics. The year of her birth was signalized by being likewise that of Saint Jerome, who first saw the light at Stridon in Dalmatia. Saint Gregory of Nazianzen, Saint Basil, Saint Gregory of Nyssa, Saint Hilary of Poitiers, Saint Martin of Tours, and a host of other saints, were preparing in different parts of the Christian world for the fight which each was to wage for the faith, and under the banner of their Lord. The Church was rising from the catacombs, and Saint Sylvester on the papal throne, and Saint Athanasius in the episcopal see of Alexandria, were nobly maintaining their ground against the heresies of the day. In speaking of her early education, Saint Monica often dwelt not only on her mother's tender care, but on that of an old servant who had been her father's nurse."

We refer to the book itself for the interesting details of the childhood of Monica, and take it up again at the year 348:

"She was then sixteen, and had just made her first Communion. To great natural gifts and personal beauty were added a modesty which charmed all who came in contact with her. Her parents wished to give her the rich apparel suitable to her rank, but she invariably refused all such presents, contenting herself with the simple white robe, without trimmings or other ornaments, worn by young Christians in those days, and of which we see so many paintings in the catacombs.

"Thus passed the early years of our saint, when the time came for her settlement in life; and this pure and holy child, by the inscrutable decrees of Providence, was given in marriage to a man in no way worthy of her, a Pagan, of noble birth indeed, but small means, of violent temper and dissolute habits, and for whom she is said to have entertained a positive repugnance. Who can fathom the reasons which induced her parents to bring about a union fraught with such unhappiness and danger to their daughter? It resembled the old punishment of the heathens, who used to fasten a living to a dead body and shut them both up in one room! It is impossible to understand their motives, except on the supposition that God overruled their judgment in order to purify by suffering the body and soul of her who was to be the mother of so great a saint.

"Be that as it may, it is certain that after a time Monica accepted the hand of Patricius, believing that by this heroic sacrifice she could thereby save a soul; and after many prayers, not one of which was offered in vain, she plighted her troth at the altar with a calm dignity and a tender modesty which touched even to tears all those who took part in the ceremony.

"Saint Monica had hitherto always lived in a Christian home. She did not even guess at the miseries of a family in which God did not preside, and where passions, unrestrained by principles, make a very hell upon earth. Her mother-in-law was still alive, and, as if to make her position the more insupportable, Monica was compelled to live with her. A Pagan like her son, she resembled him also in character; violent, imperious, and bitter, she added to these qualities a jealousy which knew no bounds. The servants were on a par with their masters. Not daring to treat their young mistress with personal violence, they revenged themselves on her by the vilest calumnies; and, to curry favor with the mother, did not scruple to malign in every possible way the character of her daughter-in-law."

For many years, even after the birth of Augustine she suffered in the house of her husband, but her patience, and unalterable sweetness of temper, overcame the malice of her pagan persecutors. The mother-in-law was the first to yield:

"(She recognized," says Saint Augustine, "the falsehood of the calumnies set on foot by the servants, and exposed them to Patricius, who caused them, in consequence, to be severely chastised. After this punishment, the old lady publicly announced that whoever dared come to her with

stories against her daughter-in-law would obtain a like recompense. From that moment not a word was said, and Saint Monica lived ever after on most affectionate terms with her mother-in-law, no cloud ever arising to mar the understanding established between them."

All know the maternal solicitude with which St. Monica educated her children—St. Augustine, her eldest son, was born in 354:

"Her second boy was named Navigius, a timid, gentle, and pious but sickly child, living a quiet hidden life of prayer and devotion to his mother, and who became later the father of Saint Augustine's favorite nephew Patricio, deacon of his church, and of two girls, who both became spouses of Jesus Christ. After these two sons, whom, as Saint Augustine magnificently expresses it, 'she conceived in her womb for a temporal life, and in her heart for an eternal one,' Monica had a little girl, to whom she gave the name of 'Perpetua,' which was that of the Martyr Saint of Carthage. Of her history, unfortunately, little is known, but that she was brought up by her mother in every good and pious sentiment; that she married, then became a widow, and being without children, went and kept her brother Augustine's house until the day of his ordination. After that, he would have no woman under his roof, not even his sister. She then devoted herself to a religious life, and became superior of one of the Convents founded by Saint Augustine. From the cradle to the grave, her life was so holy that the great Doctor always gave her the name of 'the saint.'"

It is impossible to read without emotion of the prayers and tears of St. Monica for her son Augustine, who forgetting her early instructions, gave himself up to a life totally unworthy of the great qualities given to him by God. And that great saint and doctor of the Church always acknowledged that to his mother he owed his conversion:

"This conversion has appeared to the Church such a miracle that she has commemorated it by a solemn festival, as she has done that of Saint Paul, and the day chosen is the one immediately following the feast of our saint. The last hymns of the office of Saint Monica mingle with those which rejoice over the conversion of her son, and thus are they blended together to all time on the altars of the Church.

"Augustine's first thought had been to rush to his mother; he threw himself into her arms; he covered her with kisses and tears; the barrier

which had so long existed between them was broken down forever; and in that one long mute embrace, the agony of years rolled away from the mother's heart. At last, he felt the value of her tears. He repeated it in every shape and way, to the very last day of his life. 'It is to my mother,' he exclaims, 'that I owe all.' 'If I am Thy child, O my God, it is because Thou gavest me such a mother.' 'If I prefer the truth to all other things, it is the fruit of my mother's teaching.' 'If I did not long ago perish in sin and misery, it is because of the long and faithful tears with which she pleaded for me.' And so on for ever all through his 'Confessions.'"

We close with the words of Monseigneur Sibour to the ladies of the Association of Christian Mothers:

"Ladies," he exclaimed, "if you wish to become real Christian mothers, fix your eyes on Saint Monica; follow in her steps. If you, too, mourn over the wanderings of your sons, do not despair. Imitate her: invoke her aid. It is impossible but that she, who suffered so much on earth from the same cause, should not be touched by your sorrows, and obtain for you, in the conversion of your own children, the happiness which she herself received from our Lord. Only persevere; use the means which she used; offer the sacrifice of your prayers, your tears, your penances, for the sins of your boys; so that the day may come when, with your last breath, you will be able to say joyfully with her, 'Why should I stay longer here? *My task is done!*'"

PIO NONO.

From the "Life of Pio Nono by Mon. St. Aubry."

[Translated from the French, and arranged for the AVE MARIA, by MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.]

[We feel that we express the unanimous sentiments of our pious readers, when we say that we are under peculiar obligations to the gifted authoress of the charming sketch of Pio Nono.

At a time when this great figure of our age is gazed upon with such intense interest by the whole civilized world, there is no living name we love more from our inmost heart to present again and again to the veneration of our friends. Within a short time our Catholic periodicals will be full of interesting reports from our numerous American visitors now crowding the Eternal City. They will all see the great Pontiff-King; and if any one write that he has elsewhere in his life contemplated a more venerable, a more admirable

and heavenlike countenance, then we confess we must have lost, ourself, all idea of what constitutes a sublime figure here upon earth. The impression we received at his feet in September last is created, we honestly believe, in all the visitors admitted to the august audience. In connection with these remarks, we copy the following beautiful extract from the first conference of the celebrated Father Felix opening his Lenten series at Notre Dame in Paris. The illustrious orator has selected "the object and nature of art" for the theme of his lectures, and from his startling exordium he was led to portray the magnificent tableau of Pius IX which we subjoin:

"Oh, tell me, have you once in your life seen the countenance of a Saint? Have you seen *ce je ne sais quoi*, that ineffable celestial air with which holiness marks the forehead of its elect, as the seal of God upon man's flesh? Have you seen Joan of Arc in the virginal halo of her heroism? Have you seen Vincent of Paul in the serene glory of his charity? Have you seen Louis XVI in the royal majesty of his resignation? Have you seen Francis de Sales with the *aureole* of his incomparable meekness?

Here, gentlemen, allow me to turn your attention in the direction of Rome, and while I point to the highest elevation upon earth, to the most moving figure that can be perceived on the horizon of living history, let me ask you: Have you seen Pius IX? Have you visited this august, aged man, *cet auguste vieillard*, now the most perfect personification of moral grandeur, the truest representation of God upon this earth? * * * at last you have discovered in the distance, through the clouds hovering above his head, the sublime and meek countenance of the Pontiff-King bearing on his brow the majesty of a misfortune commensurate with his dignity and of a virtue not inferior to his misfortune? Is it not true that this aged man disarmed, *ce vieillard desarmé*, who now sits before you, as the greatest spectacle of the moral world, carries with him something which in spite of ourselves, draws us, captivates us and forces even from his enemies the homage of an irresistible admiration? So sublime and so moving is the apparition, that to show you something more sublime and more moving, I have only to ask you—Have you beheld the countenance of Jesus Christ?—Have you seen Him, not as the elect contemplate Him in the Beatific Vision, but as we may imagine Him, in the glory of history; and also, as we may admire Him in the artistic masterpieces of past

ages, expressed, interpreted and transfigured by the genius of the greatest masters? Is it not true that from this figure, at the same time human and divine, there emanates something irresistibly attractive and victorious, which gives us the intelligence of the sacred Word,—*Cum exaltatus fuero omnia traham ad meipsum*—"If I be lifted up from the earth I will draw all things to myself."]

PART II.

Before having discovered his vocation for the priesthood the young Count Mastaï-Feretti had devoted himself to the hospital of *Tuta Giovanni*. But after receiving the high dignity of the priesthood he did not disdain to devote himself entirely to the purpose of carrying out the pious and useful plans of the poor bricklayer. He took up his abode in the hospital, that living under the same roof with his children—as he affectionately styled these poor orphans—he might better understand their needs. All his income was consecrated to this benevolent object. They show there to this day the cell where he slept for seven years, and the chair on which he sat every evening when he gave instruction to these friendless ones, whom he had adopted through charity.

But the time arrived when he was to be separated from them. Mgr. Muri, who had been appointed by the Pontifical Government as Apostolic Nuncio to Chili, that he might regulate and re-establish the ecclesiastical affairs of that country, which had fallen into great disorder during the revolutions and public confusion in South America, made application for the Abbé Mastaï to accompany him, which request the Pope granted. When the Abbé Mastaï announced his intended departure to the inmates of *Tuta Giovanni* the scene that ensued was touching in the extreme. The poor orphans implored their Father not to abandon them; they clung to his garments, embraced his hands,—and those who could not get near him sought to detain him by calling him by the most endearing names their affection and grief could suggest. Weeping he embraced them, and said with much emotion: "I would never have believed that our separation could have been so sad."

Happy for thee, O priest of God, if thou hadst never met with griefs more bitter!

Docile to the voice of the Sovereign Pontiff he tore himself away from the tender embraces of these orphan children—left them, and crossed the ocean. During the two years that he lived in South America he visited many missions, thus ac-

complishing the designs of God and preparing himself, without knowing it, to become the chief pastor of all christendom.

One day, when he was on his way by sea from Valparaiso to Lima, in a Chilian schooner, a violent storm suddenly arose. The pilot being ignorant, or inexperienced, the little vessel was in danger of being dashed to pieces on the rocks, when a boat manned by negroes, under the command of a fisherman named Bako, came to their succor. Bako came on board the schooner, took the place of the pilot at the helm, and guided it so well—thanks to the knowledge he had of these coasts—that they were soon safely landed at the little port of Arica. The next day the Abbé Mastaï-Feretti hastened to thank his preserver, who lived with his family in a small hut on the sea-shore. He left with him his purse, containing four hundred piasters. But his gratitude did not stop here. He never forgot Bako; and after his elevation to the Pontificate he sent him his portrait and a sum equal to the first. From that day Bako prospered. The Pope remembered the poor fisherman constantly in his prayers and daily besought Almighty God to bless his deliverer. The first sum of money given him by the Abbé Mastaï seemed to increase tenfold in his hands, and all his affairs were prospering. Profoundly grateful in his turn Bako distributed the second gift that he received in alms to the poor of that region, in the name of Pius IX, and placed the portrait of his Holiness in a chapel which he had fitted up in an apartment at the top of his house, which overlooked the sea. There old Bako relates his happiness to travelers who visit him, and who kneel before his little altar with him to pray for Pius IX and the Church.

On his return to Rome the Abbé Mastaï-Feretti was admitted into the prelacy and named by Leo XII President of St. Michael's.

This vast establishment is situated on the right hand side of the Tiber, opposite Mount Aventine. It was originally designed by Innocent X, its founder, as an asylum for children who were abandoned by their parents; but the liberality of his successors caused the building to be enlarged by additions, which were devoted to other charities, without however interfering with the object of its first design. Gradually it became a refuge and asylum for every class of human misery. Innocent X collected there one hundred children who had been abandoned by their unnatural parents. Innocent XII tripled the number. Clement XI opened at St. Michael's a special asylum for

* Mgr. Gaume: *Les trois Rome*. Vol. II, p. 400.

infirm old men. Clement XII erected another for unfortunate women who desired to return to the paths of virtue. Pius VI opened an asylum for the daughters of St. John Lateran.

As it is a refuge for every form of human misery, St. Michael's is also a school where every variety of labor is professionally taught, and where those who have the necessary talents are instructed in the fine arts by competent masters.* The predecessors of Mgr. Mastai had somewhat relaxed the fostering care so necessary for the maintenance of an institution of this character, and the consequence was that when he took the management of its affairs he discovered that it was in a state approaching bankruptcy and threatened with a speedy downfall. But so efficiently did he fulfill the duties of his position, as President of Saint Michael's, that every thing soon began to wear a better aspect. The deficit was filled up and all the necessary reforms were carried out without the slightest infringement on the charitable plans of the institution. On the contrary, struck with the injustice of the system in operation heretofore, which applied the fruits of the labor of the apprentices to the use of the hospital, granting each one only the sum of thirty piasters, Mgr. Mastai adopted a more liberal course, by which the apprentices received a large share of the profits of their labor. But instead of allowing them to dissipate their salary without profit to themselves, he made a regulation which obliged each pupil to deposit his earnings in a bank, in his own name, by which means they were provided with a small capital when the time came for them to leave Saint Michael's.

A few months sufficed to prove the wisdom of Mgr. Mastai's administration of the affairs of his difficult position; and Leo XII, impressed by these proofs of his ability, called him to the Archbishopric of Spoleto. Five years later, at the close of 1832, Gregory XVI transferred him from the See of Spoleto to that of Imola. I cannot here refrain from relating a circumstance which seems to belong properly to this history.

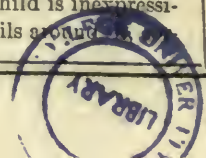
In the midst of the insurrection of 1831 and '32 the Archbishop had saved his people from the horrors of a civil war. In the meanwhile a band of insurgents, vanquished and pursued by the Austrians, presented themselves at the gates of Spoleto and demanded a refuge and bread. The Archbishop left the city with all speed, and seeking an interview with the Austrian general be-

sought him to pursue the fugitives no farther, they having promised to lay down their arms. He obtained the favor he asked, and returning to the city he made known to the rebels, who had revolted against their Pontiff and king, the magnitude of their crime. He disarmed them by the sweetness and force of his words, and saved them from their own passions as well as from the fury of the Austrian general. But the insurgents had accomplices in the city, who were soon discovered by the police. The agent of police, who had made out a list of their names, inflated with his success came and showed it to the Archbishop expecting to receive his thanks for such zeal.

"My brave man," said the Prelate to him, "you understand nothing of your profession nor of mine. When the wolf comes to devour the lambs the shepherd prevents it." And the astonished official at the same moment saw the list of names disappear in the flames.

This news soon reached the Vatican, and the Archbishop was summoned to the presence of the Pontiff, Gregory XVI, who, it is said, appeared irritated by the event. I cannot answer for the truth of this; but it is very certain that a short time afterwards Mgr. Mastai was transferred to the See of Imola, which was one of much more importance than that of Spoleto. Some years later, in the secret consistory of the 23d of December, 1839, Gregory XVI named the Archbishop, Bishop of Imola, as Cardinal in petto, and it was proclaimed in the consistory of the 14th of December, 1840. If I could here relate all that Mgr. Mastai-Feretti did whilst he was in the administration of the See of Imola and that of Spoleto, and describe the humble and touching acts that he condescended to perform for the poor and suffering members of his apostolate, the interest of this history would be much heightened; but I must refrain from doing so as it does not belong to the present design of my subject. "The Church is my mother!" exclaims one of her most devoted sons. A soul is to the Church what a child is to its mother. Aye, even more precious, for there are sometimes found mothers who are so unnatural as to abandon their offspring; but she pursues them with her love and care from their birth to the grave. She forgets all her anguish and travail to rejoice when a new soul is confided to her care, and watches day and night over it. What would be a troublesome task for a hireling is an occupation full of joy and interest to her. Her tenderness for her newly born child is inexpressible. She keeps unwearied vigils around it.

* The most renowned artists of our day, Mercuri, Calamata and Tacca, are from St. Michael's.



poreally and spiritually, and devotes herself as assiduously to the care of forming this tender soul and preserving its innocence as though entirely detached from all things else. She lived and desired only to make it live for Heaven. But if this soul, whose purity she has defended with such jealous care and ceaseless vigilance, proves false to the tenderness of which it has been so long the object, and strays into the paths of vice, an unspeakable grief invades the maternal heart of the Church. Notwithstanding all love is stronger than grief; the mother still loves the tarnished, stained and disfigured soul of her child and follows it, that she may win it back, consecrate it, and restore it, by her care, to its pristine beauty. The parable of the good shepherd going in search of a stray sheep, and bringing it back to the fold, is an abridged history of the Church. No Bishop better illustrated in his acts the touching parable of the good shepherd than the Cardinal Mastai-Feretti in the administration of his diocese of Imola. Having called to Imola the Sisters of Charity, to whom popular gratitude has given the name of "Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul," he confided to their care the hospitals and other charitable institutions of the city,—opened an asylum for poor and friendless females, whose poverty and homelessness placed them in danger of losing their virtue; founded the house of the good shepherd for penitent women; richly endowed several hospitals and rendered instruction easy of access to the poor children of both sexes.

These endowments, with many others of the like kind, soon exhausted the purse of the holy Bishop. But the resources of his charity were inexhaustible. It sometimes happened that the Cardinal Mastai had given away his last coin. But even then he never sent away empty-handed the poor who came to him for assistance. One day when the demands of charity had reduced him to this state of destitution a poor woman came to beg alms of him. He looked around and saw a silver dish cover which he placed in her hands, saying: "Go with it, my poor child, to the pawnbroker's, and when I am able I will redeem it." The servant who had the care of the Cardinal's plate missed the dish cover, and going to the Cardinal he complained that a thief had stolen it and that he must be found out and arrested. The Cardinal smiled, and the man, fully aware that his charity spared nothing, understood that the missing piece of silver had been bestowed in alms on some poor person.

devoted to his clergy as to his people the

Bishop of Imola received into the Diocesan Seminary young men without fortune, who were there educated, free of expense. He also founded and endowed a house as a home for old, infirm clergymen. He formed a library, drew up the rules for the regulation thereof, and presided himself at the reunions, which were held once a month at the Episcopal Palace.

The death of the Pontiff, Gregory XVI, which took place on the 1st of June, 1846, placed before the Bishop of Imola, who was at that time a Cardinal of the Church of Rome, new duties. The Holy College were obliged to provide a successor to fill the vacancy in the Holy See at a moment when they heard in the distance signs which menaced an approaching storm. To the care of what pilot should they confide the ship of St. Peter?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN EXPLANATION AND DEFENSE OF THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE OF THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.

BY CLONFERT.

THE MASS FORETOLD.

Malachi, chap. 1, v. 7, &c.: "To you, O Priests, who despise my name and have said, wherein have we despised thy name? you offer polluted bread on my altar and you say, wherein have we polluted thee? In that you say, 'the table of the Lord is despised.' . . . v. 18. I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord of hosts, and *I will not receive A GIFT at your hands.* 11. For, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof my name is great among the Gentiles, . . . and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a clean oblation; for my name is great among the Gentiles. 12. And you have profaned it in that you say the table of the Lord is defiled; and that which is laid thereupon is contemptible with the fire which devoureth it. Shall we accept it at your hands, &c.?"

From this prophecy we easily establish the truth of the two following propositions:

1st. *The Lord, speaking by the mouth of the Prophet, absolutely foretells the existence in the New Law of a true and proper Sacrifice.*

2d. *This prophecy has its PERFECT and ONLY fulfillment in the Sacrifice of the Mass as understood and offered by the Catholic Church.*

We shall prove these two propositions separately; and firstly:

The Lord, speaking by the mouth of the Prophet, ABSOLUTELY foretells the existence in the New Law of a true and proper Sacrifice.

I. That this passage is prophetic and does not regard any oblation then in existence is admitted by all. It speaks of a "*clean oblation*" which would be offered "in every place from the rising to the setting sun," which would be accompanied by the glorification of the Lord's name through the Gentile world, and would succeed to the Jewish sacrifices. Such a description could not be given of any oblation then in use: not of the (1.) *Jewish sacrifices*, because they were *not* offered in every place, were *not* accompanied with the glory of the Lord's name throughout the *Gentile* world, did *not* succeed themselves. Such an oblation cannot be identical for the same reasons with (2.) *the offerings* of the faithful few, who, like Job and Tobias, though cast among the Pagans, glorified the Lord as they knew Him; nor can it be (3.) the same as *the sacrifices of the Pagan priests*; for it is described to be a *clean oblation*—so pure that it cannot be corrupted by the wickedness of priests, or people. It cannot, therefore, be any sacrifice then in existence; for, the Jewish offerings were rejected, because they were capable of being thus polluted; and the Gentile offerings were an abomination to the Lord. Hence the passage is prophetic, and regards some oblation not then in existence.

II. It is an *absolute prediction to be certainly fulfilled in the New Law*. It is (1.) *absolute*; for there is no condition, no restriction made; it is as surely to come into, as the Jewish worship was to pass out of, being; and is so fixed in the course of time and providence before the prophetic vision that it is represented as a thing present, a fact already accomplished. That it was (2.) to be *surely fulfilled* in the New Law follows from the reasons already assigned. It is put beyond question by the authority of Christ that this prophecy regards the new dispensation. He has shown the fulfillment in his own person and in that of Saint John the Baptist of parts of it. It flows through the three chapters of Malachy in one unbroken current. We must therefore conclude that in the passage above quoted there is contained an unconditional promise of a *clean oblation* in the New Law.

III. What is the nature of this oblation? There are two lines of interpretation: one opinion asserts that the *clean oblation* is only a spiritual, or metaphorical offering; the other maintains that it is a true and proper sacrifice. Those who

understand it metaphorically are not agreed among themselves as to the meaning of the metaphor. (1.) Many of them embrace in its signification *all* spiritual acts of worship; others narrow it to a particular class of internal offerings, such as the acts of prayer, of thanksgiving, &c. (2.) A few say that the *clean oblation* signifies the Gentiles, who were offered and sacrificed to God by having their bad passions and practices cut away by the Gospel-sword which converted them! (3.) And some have gone to the absurd length of understanding it of the offerings made in the early Church for the altar and the poor. There is no unity among the opponents of the Catholic interpretation. "It is a metaphor!" they proclaim; this is the sign-board on which they have inscribed their opinions. But when we come to decipher them we find their "name to be legion," and that they point in all directions but the right one; that is, to the Catholic interpretation, which understands the "*clean oblation*" to be a true and proper sacrifice. By proving this to be the *only* admissible interpretation we shall have established our proposition, and cut off at the same time the straggling army of interpretations by which the adversaries assail it. This proof flows from three sources in the text; *firstly*, from the name by which the oblation is designated, and the immediate context in which it is found; *secondly*, from the qualities it is represented to possess; and *thirdly*, from the duties it was to perform:—

ARGUMENT FROM THE WORD.

Firstly, from the name. The word in the original Hebrew translated "gift" in v. 10, is identical with that translated "oblation" in v. 11. It is the noun *mincha*. So that the verses run in the language of the prophet, "I shall not receive a *mincha* from your hands; for in every place is offered to my name a *clean mincha*." All are agreed that the word *mincha* in the first place is used in a generic sense for sacrifice. It must therefore be taken to mean the same thing in the second place if there be nothing in the context to force upon it a different meaning. The only thing that can be suggested as exercising this influence over it is the adjective "*clean*." But this word has another duty to perform. It is not opposed to the *external* character, but to the *unclean* manner of the *mincha* offered by the Jewish priests. There is nothing in the context, therefore, to necessitate a metamorphosis in the meaning of the word *mincha*. This argument is strengthened by the fact that the same word oc-

curs four or five times in these few chapters of Malachy, and admittedly means a true and proper sacrifice in *three* of them. Why must it have a wholly different signification only in those *two* places, which allude to the *mincha* of the New Dispensation? Again, the accumulation of this passage of words peculiarly expressive of external sacrifice gives our argument additional force: "and in every place there is *sacrifice*, and there is *offered* . . . a *clean oblation*,"—the words "*sacrifice*," "*offered*," "*oblation*," suggest the idea of sacrifice properly so called. According to the Septuagint version, (on which Protestants lay so much stress) the verses are much stronger, viz: "Incense is *burned* (lighted, consumed, sacrificed, &c.) and a clean oblation is offered, &c." The expression "incense is burned," cannot be understood metaphorically: therefore neither can the "clean oblation."

Secondly: Independently of the context the meaning of the word *mincha* is known from an examination of the passages of the Old Testament, in which it occurs. These passages number upwards of two hundred; and show that when used without restriction of its meaning by the context the word *always* signifies a true and proper sacrifice. Radically it means a *gift*, or *present*. But it was appropriated to the flour sacrifice of the Jews in opposition to another word signifying *hostia*, or the sacrifice of animals. When placed by itself, however, without contrast with this latter, or some similar word, it usually extended its signification and stood for every kind of proper sacrifice. These passages prove that it was *never* taken in a metaphorical sense except where that sense was forced on it by some restriction or addition in the context: and in such instances the trope was founded on the likeness between the external sacrifice, from which the name was borrowed, and the internal offering, to which it was transferred. The same figure is observable in the application of the English word "sacrifice." For instance,

"The feelings' *sacrifice* is hard to make."

Any person thence concluding that the meaning of the word *sacrifice* is always figurative would fall into the mistake of those who interpret *mincha* metaphorically. The word, therefore, when used without restriction of its meaning meant, according to established usage in the ecclesiastical terminology of the Jews, a true and proper sacrifice. In the passage under consideration there is no such restriction, or addition transferring it from the literal and ordinary to the

figurative and exceptional signification. Thence it means in this passage of Malachy—a true and proper sacrifice. For, in the language of Horace, usage is the

"*Modus et norma loquendi*,"

the test and standard of language; the test by which its meaning must be tried, the standard by which it must be measured out by those using it, if they be not deceived themselves, nor wish to deceive others in its meaning. No one will impudently dare to assert that the Omniscient "Lord of Hosts," who spoke by the mouth of Malachy, was deceived in the established signification of the word *mincha*, or wished to deceive others by attaching a new and private meaning to it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WHITE FRIARS; OR, MARY AND THE ORDER OF CITREAU.

BY REV. ALEXIS RENOUX.

[CONTINUED.]

I come at length to the most prominent personage of the group,—to the leader of this little people of God. He is a man of feeble constitution, of a mild and noble aspect, with a fine stature and majestic port; his learning is impressed with modesty and sweet serenity; his features are delicate, and at the same time energetic; his dark-blue eyes, lively and penetrating, transparent crystals, reflect one of those beautiful and thoroughly Christian souls of the ages of Faith, living statues from out the mould of the Gospel. Attentively considering him, you will easily conjecture that he is the son of some illustrious family of Champagne, who had been educated and nurtured in a magnificent castle, midst the high but deeply religious society of those times.

The preoccupations of a great enterprise, his labors, his macerations, even whilst reducing the flesh, could not divest him of a noble mien, which his former life had given him. His resplendent forehead indicates a religious genius destined to reform the disorderly spirit, or the enfeebled discipline of an institute or society.

A lock of flaxen hair rests on his brow. An upright and generous heart, enemy of subterfuge and pusillanimity, palpitating with divine love, dwells in his breast. He is of mature years; thirty-two springs have received the perfume of this soul trained in the strengthening atmosphere of

the desert; thirty-three winters have left on his heart only the freshness of innocence and the energy for accomplishing momentous designs. At the age of fifteen, according to the chronicles, offering to the Lord the virginal flower of his youth, he irrevocably consecrated himself to God. Ermengarde, his mother, notwithstanding the grief of the separation and the weight of the sacrifice, had consented to this precocious vocation, for she was fully aware that her cherished son was chosen by the Mother of God for a sublime destiny. One day, previous to his birth, the Blessed Virgin, resplendent with brightness and magnificently adorned, accompanied by angels singing celestial melodies on their golden harps, deigned to appear to this privileged mother, and smiling on her, the Queen of Heaven presented her a ring, enriched with diamonds, saying: "O! Ermengarde, I want the son thou art bearing; keep him for me; let him be my bridegroom! Here is the pledge of our betrothal! The token of my alliance with thy son!" And Mary disappeared, leaving the poor mother ravished with admiration. She could not believe her eyes, and fearing to be the victim of some mental aberration, or the sport of the "spirit of darkness" illuminated for an instant, she was deeply troubled. But the Blessed Virgin, perceiving her affliction, was moved to pity, and reappeared at different times in a dream, reiterating the promises made in the first apparition. Robert is thus born the bridegroom of the Blessed Virgin, to whom he was ever faithful. Mary, on her part, took the utmost care of her cherished child, obtaining for him the choicest and most beautiful virtues—for she destined him to be the founder of her order of predilection, the Father of her beloved White Friars.

As we have seen, Robert, at first, though quite young, took the habit of the Benedictines, in the monastery of St. Pierre of Celle. Notwithstanding his tender age, (says a writer of the Order) he devoted himself to prayer and rigorous mortification in order to prevent and subdue the first attacks of concupiscence. Like a lump replenished with limpid oil, he consumed himself before the altar of his God, and spread around him the radiant lustre of a holy life. He submitted his flesh to the spirit and his soul to God, continually offering to the God of his youth (continues the narrator) an agreeable homage. He then made his solemn profession, promising to God, with heart and lips, to observe all his life the rule of St. Benedict, the Patriarch, the Legislator

of the Western Monks. He promised, and he understood perfectly the extent and the rigor of his word. During many years, he had studied and meditated that holy rule, inspired by God's spirit, and approved and recommended by several Popes, who had practiced it themselves, particularly St. Gregory the Great. This rule civilized a portion of Europe, formed great men and saints by thousands. Besides, he saw it observed with exactitude at Celle, and he wished in embracing it before God and the relics of the saints, on the day of his profession, to become one of its most submissive disciples.

Robert, who knew so well and commenced so young to overcome himself and hold his will constantly under the yoke of divine obedience, was soon judged worthy to command his brethren and guide them in the way of Heaven. He fully realized the hopes they had founded on his piety and his talents. Youthfulness was happily blended with the moderation and the judgment of mature years, in the person of the young Abbot of twenty summers; his paternal administration and the prosperity which the monastery of Celle enjoyed, rapidly extended his reputation abroad. The Monks of Molesmes, who had degenerated from the virtue of their ancestors through the relaxation which had gilded into their cloister, made several attempts to obtain this excellent superior. At last their wishes were accorded to, and with the young Abbot Robert, spiritual blessings and temporal prosperity entered into their monastery. One of his first acts, on arriving, was to consecrate the church to the Virgin Mary, his beloved bride, and promote the devotion to this good mother among the monks. Robert was truly in heart a devoted son of Mary, and doubtlessly a preceding experience had taught him the truth of these words of the Wise man applied to the Blessed Virgin by the Church in her Canticles: "There, where I enter and reign, all graces come with me."

However, the time of fervor and fidelity was not of long duration in Robert's new family; a bad leaven had remained in the community which nearly spoiled the whole of the manna; those among the monks who were formerly relaxed, and who had adulterated by pernicious indulgences the purity of the Benedictine rule, anxiously sought to shake off the wholesome yoke of reformation. A secret revolt, at first, was soon followed by an open one. A faction was formed against the holy Abbot—divisions midst the brothers.—Alas! scenes of dispute in the chap-

ter! Ruffled self-love, that blunderer in the best causes, joined to the love of comfort and the conveniences of life caused union, peace, and happiness to disappear from this unhappy family. Several times, Robert, by his prudence succeeded in calming the sedition and smothering the worldly desires of the poor rebels. But this outward tranquillity did not continue; the ill-disposed had gained new proselytes and the chosen little band of good and faithful monks could no longer observe the rule in its pristine vigor, nor struggle against the torrent of the revolted party. They were overwhelmed by the number, and incapable of opposing violence to violence, a separation was decided upon as being the last remedy and the one most congenial to the holy Abbot's charitable disposition. We have seen when the separation took place, and the events above mentioned explain the divers sentiments which we have found in the morning travelers. They are men of honor and integrity; they have vowed to God to be true Benedictines and they are going to follow freely and without restraint the noble impulse of their generous hearts, their holy passion for penance, watchings and sacred chants; they are wearied of divisions, of conflicts; they are going to repose in some hospitable desert under the eye of God. Such are the fond hopes that fill them with joy; but bitter fears assail them, and cast a momentary cloud which seems to dispel their most sanguine anticipations. God permits the just soul to be subject to these fluctuations of hope and fear, but He will not always leave her in that state, says the royal prophet. *Non dabit in æternum fluctuationem justo.* Charity, that queen of religious virtues, perhaps has been wounded by their flight; pride has led them into illusions; they who were so innocent of the evil committed; their Abbot is mild and good, he is a saint, but he is young, and has he not acted through an impulse of inexperienced youthfulness? Thus, doubts occasionally disquiet them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS RECEPTIONS AND PROFESSIONS.—February 28th, at St. Catharine's Academy, San Francisco, Cal., the following Sisters made their final vows: Sister Catharine, (Miss Hanrahem;) Sister Cecilia, (Miss Sylva de Lucca;) Sister Alicia, (Miss Alice Dumphy.)—*San Francisco Mon.*

March 19th, at St. Paul, Minn., Right Rev. Bishop Grace gave the Religious habit to Miss Augusta Smith; in religion Sister Mary Gertrude.—*Northwestern Chronicle.*

March 21st, at St. Walburg's Convent, Covington, Ky., Right Rev. Bishop Carrell gave the Religious habit of the Sisters of St. Benedict to Miss Mary Berg, (Sister Justina;) Miss Antonia Strahl, (Sister Bernardina.)

March 26th, at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Providence, R. I., the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Hartford, Conn., gave the white veil to the following young ladies: Miss Mary Cantwell, (Sister M. Beatrice Liguori;) Miss Margaret Scully, (Sister M. Cyprian Stanislaus;) Miss Margaret Dunne, (Sister M. Ephraim Kotska;) Miss Annie Walsh, (Sister M. Cyril Philomena;) Miss Mary Hanigan, (Sister M. Louis Josephine;) Miss Mary Shea, (Sister M. Ritie Philomena;) Miss Mary Burns, (Sister Mary Calista Patricia;) Miss Kate Burns, (Sister Mary Damien Xavier.)

ORDINATIONS.—On the 13th of April, at Annapolis, Md., the Most Rev. Archbishop Spalding conferred Holy Orders on the following named gentlemen: Rev. Andrew Saner, of Baltimore, Md.; Rev. John Safting, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Rev. Nicholas Firle, Cumberland, Md.; Rev. Charles O'Donoghue, Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. Henry Kuper, Baltimore, Md.; Rev. Joseph Colonel, New York City; and Rev. John B. Blanchet, of New Orleans, all members of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.—*Balt. Mirror.*

On the 6th of April, at Montreal, the following Orders were conferred by His Lordship, the Bishop of Montreal: Subdiaconate, M. M. James Salmon, of Montreal, and Bernard Sheridan, of Hartford, Con. Diaconate, Rev. M. M. David S. Ramsey, and J. B. Beauchamp, of Montreal. Priesthood, Rev. M. Jules Rioux, of Montreal.

In the church of the Sacred Heart, Notre Dame, Ind., Messrs. Daniel J. Spillard and William Ruthman were ordained Subdeacons by Rt. Rev. John Henry Lüers, Bishop of Fort Wayne.

OBITUARIES.—Died, March 6th, at the College of Holy Cross, Boston, Rev. Jas. McDonough, S. J.

Died, here, on Maunday Thursday, in the Professed House, our dear Brother Patrick, in the 71st year of his life, and the 24th of his profession. Privileged, humble Religious! His burial took place on Good Friday, at the hour consecrated by the laying of Jesus in the Sepulcher. He was the first member admitted in this country into the Congregation of Holy Cross. For more than a quarter of a century he persevered with us through many a privation and trial, ever edifying and devoted; we loved him and feel his loss,—will not our friends pray that he may rest in peace?

Mary, Queen of May.

MUSIC BY PROF. M. E. GIRAC.

[Words written for the AVE MARIA.]

SOPRANO SOLO.

Andante.

Where the ti - ger makes his lair, In the east-ern for - est wild, Float the

ac - cents in the air From the mis - sion - a - ry child: Ma-ry, Queen of May! Ma-ry, Queen of May!

8

CHORUS.

Allegretto.

Soprano. *p* From the i - cy north's cold home, From the flow-ry south-ern land, From Saint Pe-ter's lof - ty

Alto. *p* From the i - cy north's cold home, From the flow-ry south-ern land, From Saint Pe-ter's lof - ty

Tenor. *p* From the i - cy north's cold home, From the flow-ry south-ern land, From Saint Pe-ter's lof - ty

Bass. *p* From the i - cy north's cold home, From the flow-ry south-ern land, From Saint Pe-ter's lof - ty

f

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of staves. The first system has a vocal staff (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The second system is identical to the first. The third system has a vocal staff (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The fourth system has a vocal staff (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The fifth system has a vocal staff (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

dome, Comes the an - them swel - ling grand— Ma-ry Queen of May, Ma - ry Queen of May.

dome, Comes the an - them swel - ling grand— Ma-ry Queen of May, Ma - ry Queen of May.

MARY QUEEN OF MAY.

From the wild Savannah's breast,
From the Indian's humble tent,
Comes the hymn of peace and rest
Ere the sun his course has spent—
Mary Queen of May.

Chorus.—From the ruins of Karnac grand,
By the Nile's mysterious wave,
Through the gray old Pharoah land
Swells the hymn with power to save.
Mary Queen of May.

Where the Aztec temple stood
In the mist of ages past,
By the mountain side and wood,
Thrills the song by gloomy waste—
Mary Queen of May.

Chorus.—Where the mighty Congo rolls,
O'er its golden Afrie lands,
By its tangled banks and shoals,
Wake sweet echoes soft and grand—
Mary Queen of May.

From the cradle of our race,
By Ararat's rocky brow,
Where the past hath left no trace,
Hark! the sweeter faith of now—
Mary Queen of May.

Chorus.—From the hills of Palestine,
Where the Holy One once wept,
Crimsoned by His Blood divine,
Comes that hymn of faith still kept—
Mary Queen of May.

By Tyre's ruins and scattered powers,
Crumbling 'neath the breath of time,
From fair Athens' moss-crowned towers,
Comes that hymn of joy sublime—
Mary Queen of May.

Chorus.—Where the waters of the West
Madly plunge o'er the abyss
Of Niag'ra's arch-crowned crest,
Mingles there the hymn of bliss—
Mary Queen of May.

Where the wide Pacific sea—
Emblem of the Mother's soul—
Murmurs its deep harmony,
Swells with its eternal roar—
Mary Queen of May.

Chorus.—Old and young take up the strain,
Grouped before the Mother's shrine;
Millions join the sweet refrain
From the morn 'till the days' decline.
Mary Queen of May.

STABAT MATER.—The new English version, by
Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey, of this most beautiful hymn,
in No. 15 of the AVE MARIA, was marred by an
error in the second stanza. The stanza reads thus:
Oh how deep was her affliction,
Martyr of man's dereliction,
Mother of God's begotten One,
Thus to see His form extended,
And each bleeding wound distended,
Her's each pang that smote her Son.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

"THEOLA;" A TALE OF EARLY TIMES.

BY MARIAPHILOS.

CHAPTER VII.

The "Cave of the Olive" had been long known to the Christians as a place of retreat. It had happily been discovered by the proprietor of the surrounding lands, who was, as has been remarked, a good Christian. Thither on the eventful night which saw the capture of the holy bishop, the Lady Thecla, her child and several attendants fled. As the water of the river entered a few yards into the mouth of the cavern, it could only be approached by boat. This was always in attendance, so that the poor fugitives had no difficulty in obtaining an entrance.

About thirty or forty Christians, with a few priests, were there when they arrived. The announcement of the blessed pastor's capture fell upon the assembly like a thunderbolt. Weeping and wailing resounded on all sides. Some threw themselves upon the ground in an extremity of grief.

"Oh dear father! loving pastor; gone from us forever!"

Such was their cry.

"Not gone forever, oh faithful ones, we shall meet him again soon; his merits are full; our loss is his gain."

So spake the priests.

But louder, deeper, more poignant was their cry:

"Oh, dear father! loving pastor! gone from us forever!"

And then priests and people wept bitterly.

At two o'clock Mass was said. The cool morning air went sighing through the cave, fanning many a feverish, anxious brow and making the candles flicker upon the humble altar. All present approached the Holy Communion that they might be united with that Infinite Heart that is the strength and consolation of the martyrs.

The sacrifice was ended, the thanksgiving finished when the guard who stood on the watch at the mouth of the cave came and informed them that a boat-load of Christians were approaching from the opposite side of the river.

How anxiously their pale faces peered out from the cave upon the waters sparkling beneath the rays of the moon. A boat was coming; the cross

at the bow calmed every fear. The sacred sign had told the guard, and now the lookers-on, that some more of the afflicted of Christ were approaching. The great column of silver that the moon threw across the waters was darkened with the boat. And its rays fell upon the sign of Man's Redemption!

Quickly, calmly, the oars dipped the rippling waters, and the boat approached.

"Corpus!" spoke the watchman.

"Numen Imperatoris," responded a harsh voice.

The Christians were betrayed! A rush was made from the cave, but many helpless ones were left, and Thecla and her child were amongst them.

"What is the meeting for?" asked a thin, crouching figure who led the soldiers.

"That the true God may be glorified," answered a female voice. It was the Lady Thecla.

"Ha! you here! Then the gods have served me to-night. Madame, and the rest of you, yield yourselves prisoners!"

Raucus laid his hand on the shoulder of Thecla.

"Back, wretch," exclaimed the noble lady; "dare not to insult me with your polluting touch!"

"He, he, he,—ah!—madam, I'm sorry, but business before pleasure, you know. My own feelings are opposed to matters of this kind, but I am a public officer; he, he! and—in fact, madame, you are my prisoner."

Raucus laughed a hideous laugh.

And the Lady Thecla was led off a captive.

But her child had been taken off by one of her servants.

"The tables are turned now, madame," hissed Raucus, as the lady was chained to a seat of the boat. "Do you not think that I am a perfect rememberer?"

"There is one more perfect, Raucus," answered the lady, quickly.

"Who?"

"God!" answered she, solemnly.

Raucus, in spite of himself, felt a strange fear in the presence of the "strong woman." But he rallied:

"Do you not think, madame, it would have been better—"

"Peace, poor creature, peace, I pray you. Be assured you or your fortunes never cross my mind. I have matters of importance to think of. So please speak no more;" oh, how queenly spoke the Christian in chains and how the pagan captor crouched before her!

"I would have you know, my dainty dame, that I will crush your proud—"

Again the lady interrupted him.

"Ye others, who are here, witnesses of my chains and insults, must at least possess some human feelings. Mayhap, ye have well-beloved wives at home, waiting anxiously your return. I appeal to you all for protection from this man, for, Christian though I am,—which in your eyes is a crime,—yet I am a Roman lady."

How sweetly the womanly appeal trembled over the burnished waters.

"Now, may the gods cut me into inches if I stand this," exclaimed an honest, bluff soldier, dropping his oar. "Master," continued he, to Raucus, "right is right, and it is unmanly and mean,—I care not what comes of it—it is unmanly and mean, I say, to insult a Roman lady."

"It's unmanly and mean, master," growled the others.

Raucus, though trembling with rage, prudently said nothing. He was a coward, like every *man*, pagan or *Christian*, who persecutes or ill-treats woman.

"I thank ye, my friends," said the lady, and then she was borne off quietly across the waters.

* * * * *

The Captain's watch was over and he was returning to his desecrated mansion in company with Terentius when the heavy tramp of a guard was heard coming down a side street. Terentius ran to the corner and saw—Thecla and her captors—the lamb in the midst of wolves. He returned to Manlius:

"Come, Manlius, let us conceal ourselves in this passage!" whispered Terentius, grasping the arm of his captain convulsively.

"Terentius, Terentius, why that emotion? Terentius, I feel a strange sickness at my heart! There is something—Merciful God!"

The strong man would have fallen had not his companion caught him. For the Lady Thecla, covered with chains and wet with the water, and the dews of night, passed before his eyes, in the midst of a rude soldiery.

For an hour the captain lay as one dead. Then he revived,—but consciousness to him was more than death.

"Oh Manlius," the sergeant wept.

"Weep not, good Terentius,—dear Terentius,—our father Irenæus died yesterday and his prophecy will be fulfilled. Oh, well do I remember his words, dear Terentius: 'Daughter of Jesus Christ, chosen one of Heaven, the sacrifice is for thee, and the triumph, in that day which thou knowest not. I shall not see it, for my hour is

near at hand. Angels shall sustain thee and the consolation of God shall be given thee. For, thou shalt be an example and an encouragement to many.'"

"Let us pray to our sweet mother in Heaven, Manlius," whispered the sergeant.

They fell upon their knees on the cold pavement and prayed in such words as the Church afterwards beautifully embodied:

"Hail, holy Queen! Mother of Mercy! Our Life—our sweetness and our Hope! To Thee do we cry, poor, banished children of Eve! To Thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears. Turn, then, Most Gracious Advocate, Thine eyes of pity upon us, and after this, our exile, show unto us the Blessed Fruit of Thy womb, Jesus. Oh, most clement,—oh, most pious,—oh, most sweet Virgin Mary."

"Oh, most clement,—oh, most pious,—oh most sweet Mother, pray for Thecla,—pray for Angelicus,—pray for me!"

And the sobbing petition went out on the morning air and filled the place with such sweet echoes that the shepherds would have sought another star had they heard them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the AVE MARIA.

OFFERINGS TO THE QUEEN OF MAY FROM THE CHILDREN OF MARY.

FIRST OFFERING—LOVE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Mother of Purity, "Star of the Sea,"

Our hearts in life's springtime we offer to thee!

May the flowrets that bloom in thy garland to-day

Be types of our love for thee, Queen of bright May!

As the orient Sun in his splendor is seen,

So these hearts glow with love for thee, Mary, our Queen;

As increasing in brightness he travels on high,
May our love, Blessed Mother, increase e'er for thee.

As the orb of the day sinks calm in the west,

In death let our souls on thy bosom find rest!

Let the light of their love, unobscured by life's even,

Ever glow in its luster for thee, Queen of Heaven!

"ALTHOUGH Mary loves all men as her children, yet she recognizes and loves especially those who most tenderly love her," says Saint Bernard. "I love those who love me." (Proverbs viii.)

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. III.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 11, 1867.

No. 19.

ANTHEMS, PRAYERS, AND HYMNS OF THE CHURCH TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BY THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.

XIII.—THE AVE MARIS STELLA.

The Muses have been fervently invoked, and the soul of the highest and noblest poesy has been freely poured out, in exquisite Hymns to the beautiful and glorious Virgin Mother of God in the Flesh. And why should it not be so? Is poetry to waste all its sweetness on this desert earth, and to send up none of its fragrant incense to heaven? Are its strains to be monopolized by the transient beauties and glories of this lower world of shadows and darkness, to the exclusion of those of the heavenly sphere lighted up by a Sun which is never obscured by clouds, and which knoweth no setting? Are its notes to chant only earthly and carnal love, which is so very fleeting and so much mixed up with bitterness; and are they never to soar aloft to that theme of a celestial love, won and extorted by transcendent and abiding heavenly beauty and loveliness? were it so, poetry would leave the highest and noblest portion of its mission unfulfilled; and with clogged and clipped wings the grovelling muse would hover near the earth and never soar aloft into the pure air and beautiful unclouded sunlight of heaven.

Not so has the Church of God thought or acted. She has invoked the genius of all the Fine Arts to aid her in celebrating the praises of God and the glories of His Saints; and nobly has genius, in all its varied departments of Art, responded to her call. The elevation and grandeur of the theme have, in fact, evoked genius, and prompted and inspired its noblest efforts in every walk, from painting and sculpture, to poetry, music and architecture. Where else, in the whole range of Art, Pagan or Christian, will you find the par-

allels to the sublime creations of Raphael and Angelo, of Murillo and Valasques, of Dolci and Maratti, of Lambillote and Cherubini! Who is there so cold and dull of feeling as not to have been transfixed with admiration by the Madonnas of Raphael and Murillo; as not to have been transported with emotion and love by the *Memorare* of Lambillote!

In the walk of sacred poetry, with which we are now more immediately concerned, we have the Hymns of the Breviary and Missal, which for simple grandeur, terse solidity of thought, noble dignity of style, and a sweet pathos which goes straight to the heart, are probably unrivalled by any composition in this department. Many of them have not, indeed, the faultless versification and flowing rhythm of Pagan, and of that portion of Christian poetry which imitates the Pagan; they are not decked out in the meretricious ornaments of sensuality, so well calculated to arouse the passions; they have not an imagery so rich, varied, or highly wrought: but they have excellencies more solid and of a much higher character. They appeal to the better nature of man; they lift him above himself; they point him to models of beauty far exceeding any thing which this world can offer; and they stimulate in him the noble and sublime ambition to win heaven, with its crown of never fading glory, before which all the laurels of the earthly hero pale, and are of no account. In a word, this higher poetry is instinct with inspiration from on high, and it reflects a brilliant but steady light from above on the darksome way of our pilgrimage here below. It does more. It opens heaven itself, with all its transcendent glory, to the rapt eye of the Christian poet, transports him thither, making him breathe a new atmosphere and live a new life.

Among all these Hymns, those to the Virgin, if less grand and stately, abound with the most varied and pleasing imagery, and are, perhaps, the most soothing and beautiful. They contain such strains, simple and touching, as a good child would be supposed to address to the best of

mothers, whose beauty fascinates him, and whose goodness wins his utmost confidence.

Among these Hymns, so replete with child-like confidence and gushing filial affection, the AVE MARIS STELLA is one of the most touching and impressive. We subjoin a very fair translation of it—as translations go—into English poetry, from the *Lyra Catholica* :

Gentle Star of Ocean !
Portal of the sky !
Ever Virgin Mother
Of the Lord most High !

Oh ! by Gabriel's Ave,
Uttered long ago,
Eva's name reversing,
Stablish peace below !

Break the captive's fetters ;
Light on blindness pour ;
All our ills expelling,
Every bliss implore !

Show thyself a Mother !
Offer Him our sighs,
Who for us Incarnate
Did not thee despise !

Virgin of all virgins !
To thy shelter take us !
Gentlest of the gentle,
Chaste and gentle make us !

Still as on we journey,
Help our weak endeavor,
Till with thee and Jesus,
We rejoice forever !

Through the highest heaven,
To the Almighty THREE,
Father, Son, and Spirit,
One same glory be !

Life is like a stormy sea, on which we are tossed by the gales of the passions, and are almost constantly threatened with shipwreck. As the distressed mariner, driven from his course by adverse winds and in danger of being cast upon some hidden rock or treacherous shore, or of foundering amidst the boiling billows, instinctively turns his eyes heavenward in quest of some guiding star to light his way, so we, when tossed on the waves of temptation, instinctively comply with the exhortation of Saint Bernard, look up to the Star and invoke Mary—*Respice Stellam, invoca Mariam!* She, from her bright seat in the heavens, shines out as a bright particular Star, amidst the darkness and the storm, and cheers us

with her mild but steady light, like that of the mother's smile upon her babe. That light is indeed borrowed from the Sun, but it is none the less beautiful, and even all the more gentle and fascinating for this very reason.

As we gaze upon that Star, sweet memories cluster around our hearts and inspire us with confidence and love. We recall the grand Ave of Gabriel ; we remember that Mary is the second Eve, whose obedience is to retrieve the misfortunes caused by the disobedience of the first ; we bethink ourselves that, through her Son, she was to break the fetters of the captive, to pour light into the eye of the blind, to remove all ills and bring all blessings ; we sweetly remember, too, that she is our own dear Mother, who is to sympathize with us in all our sorrows, and to be our powerful mediatrix with her Son, who vouchsafed to be all her own ; we think of her surprising gentleness and purity, and we confidently entreat her to obtain the same virtues for us her children.

From the past and present, we turn cheerfully and hopefully to the future ; and implore of that gentlest, sweetest Mother to watch over our journey on earth, to guard us from danger, to steady our weak limbs, and finally lovingly conducting us with her own Mother's hand, to lead us to heaven, where we may forever more rejoice and exult with her and her Son, and may unite our voices with the myriads of angels and redeemed in chanting for all eternity the praises of the glorious Three in One.

The figure of Mary as the Star of the Sea is a favorite one with mariners in all Catholic countries. We close this paper with a Portuguese Hymn illustrating this beautiful idea, which we borrow from the same excellent source—the *Lyra Catholica* :

Star of the wide and pathless sea !
Who lovest on mariners to shine,
These votive garments wet, to thee
We hang, within thy holy shrine !
When o'er us flashed the surging brine,
Amid the warring waters tossed,
From earthly aid we turned to thine,
And hoped, when other hope was lost !
Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the vast and howling main !
When dark and lone is all the sky,
And mountain waves, o'er ocean's plain,
Erect their stormy heads on high :
When matrons by the hearthstone sigh,
They raise their weeping eyes to thee ;

The Star of Ocean heeds their cry,
And saves the foundering bark at sea!
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the dark and stormy Sea!
When wreaking tempests round us rave,
Thy gentle Virgin form we see,
Bright rising o'er the hoary wave;
The howling storms, that seem to crave
Their victims, sink in music sweet;
The surging seas recede, to pave
The path beneath thy glistening feet!
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the desert waters wild,
Who, pitying, hearest the seaman's cry,
The God of mercy, as a Child,
On that chaste bosom loved to lie;
While soft the chorus of the sky
Their hymns of tender mercy sing,
And Angel voices named on High
The Mother of the heavenly King!
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep, at that blessed name,
The waves sleep silent round the keel,
The tempests wild their fury tame,
That made the deep foundations reel;
The soft celestial accents steal,
So soothing through the realms of woe,
That suffering souls a respite feel
From torture in the depths below!
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the mild and placid seas!
Whom rainbow rays of mercy crown,
Whose name thy faithful Portuguese,
O'er all that to the depths go down,
With hymns of grateful transport own;
When gathering clouds obscure their light,
And heaven assumes an awful frown,
The Star of Ocean glitters bright!
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep! When Angel lyres
To hymn thy holy name essay,
In vain a mortal harp aspires
To mingle in the mighty lay!
Mother of God! one living ray
Of hope our grateful bosoms fire;
When storms and tempests pass away,
To join the bright immortal choirs!
Ave Maris Stella!
A. B.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CLOXFERT's excellent article on the Sacrifice of the Mass is, to our regret, no less than to our readers', crowded out this week. Next week it will be continued.—Ed.

PIO NONO.

From the "Life of Pio Nono by Mon. St. Aubin,"
[Translated from the French, and arranged for the AVE MARIA, by MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.]

PART III.

When the Cardinal Mastai-Feretti was on his way to Rome, his carriage halted for a few moments at Fossombrone, the Episcopal city of Urban and Pesara, and was soon surrounded by the inhabitants of the place, who, always eager to gaze upon the Princes of the Church, were now still more excited by the sight of the Roman purple, and expressed aloud their anxiety to know who was likely to succeed Gregory XVI? Whilst the crowd continued to press with indiscreet curiosity around the carriage to gaze upon the face of this Cardinal, who in a few days would contribute by his vote to give a Head to the Church and a Sovereign to the Papal States, their simple hearts were so won by the sweetness and majesty which shone forth in his countenance, and by the benignity and grace of his whole aspect, that they hoped and prayed in their hearts that *he* would be the elect; and while they were thus praying and giving whispered expression to their hopes, a white dove darted through the air and perched upon the coach. The crowd hailed this as an omen favorable to their hopes, and with one accord shouted: "Behold our Pope! Long live our Pope!" Neither the noise nor the animated merriments of the people seemed to alarm the dove; and even when some attempted to frighten it away, it could not be dislodged. The people saw in this incident a sign which presaged the election of a Pope; and still more enthusiastic, shouted vociferously: "Long live our Pope." Somewhat affected by this incident, the Cardinal pursued his route, praying ardently that Almighty God would avert from him a burthen which would be beyond his strength.

The conclave assembled on the 14th of June, 1846. The fifty-four Cardinals who were present on the first day, remembering that the conclave which had assembled fifteen years previous, after the death of Pio VIII, had continued its sittings sixty four days—the election having been contested in a lively manner between the French and Austrian party, determined, in order to avoid the delay, and above all to escape in this election of the Head of the Church, all political influences, and to seek only the glory of God and the good of souls: not to give time to the powers to nominate their candidates and exercise the pres-

sure of their influence upon the forthcoming election,—an influence which, owing to concealed causes, acts as a clog upon the electoral liberty. The Cardinal-Prince Altieri nominated the first Cardinal—the Cardinal Mastai-Feretti, who in the first ballot received a majority of votes. At each succeeding ballot the Archbishop-Cardinal of Imola gained several additional votes. On Monday, the 15th, there were but few present who doubted that he would be elected by an accession of votes as the election proceeded. Subject of hope for all; subject for fear and fright for him alone, who passed the night in praying and supplicating Almighty God to spare his weakness.

The next day, the Cardinal Mastai being appointed to open the ballots, he read his own name on every strip of paper that he unfolded, and before he completed his task, the result of the election was quite apparent to him. The Cardinal stood silent and motionless with affright at the sight of the heavy burthen, which he thought those who overrated his strength sought to impose upon him. At length his emotions found voice, and he exclaimed: "My brethren, have pity on me! have pity upon my weakness! I am not worthy!" But knowing well that God was in the midst of the conclave governing their choice in the election of His Vicar upon earth, he submitted, and bade adieu in his own heart to his dear diocese, where he had passed the last few and happy years. He obeyed the voice which said to Peter: "Feed my lambs." He saith to him the third time: "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me?" Peter was grieved because he said to him the third time: "Lovest thou me?" And he said to Him: "Lord! Thou knowest all things! Thou knowest that I love Thee." He said to him: "Feed my lambs." Since the will of God was thus made manifest, he submitted, and breathed no regret for his sweet refuge at Imola; he hesitated no longer to assume the helm of the ship of Peter, and commit himself to the stormy waves which had buffeted it for so many ages. Absorbed in these emotions, he fell upon his knees and adored Him, who in His great and inscrutable designs, had chosen him as the visible Head of His Church upon earth. Those who in this supreme hour still doubted his acceptance of the Tiara, withdrew reverently while he communed with God. When the Pope elect arose from his knees and signified his desire to speak with the Cardinal Macchi—the Dean-Cardinal Micara being ill—he came forward and

asked him "if he would accept the Supreme Pontificate?"

"I will submit," he replied, "with love, to the will of God, and take the name of Pius IX." In selecting this name, it is said he was influenced by the remembrance of the kindness of Pius VII, who had appointed him a member of the *Guarda Nobile*, and afterwards presented him with a commission in *La Milice Sacrée*. It is but natural to suppose that such recollections would have their influence on a nature so noble as his, in an hour like this; but who can tell what was passing in the soul of the elect one, while the sacred college contemplated him prostrate before God, imploring Him to give His servant strength to accomplish His divine will. When his soul, borne on the wings of prayer, ascended to the highest heaven, time and space being annihilated, and united herself to God and participated in His presence, from which sublime height the newly elect saw perhaps at a glance all the difficult career before him, the grievous events that we have known since, and that are yet to transpire; and when he had the names of so many glorious Pontiffs to choose from, of those who had preceded him in the chair of Peter, he adopted, without hesitating an instant, the name of the last martyred Pope, Pius VII, who had preceded him in the See of Imola and the chair of Peter, and having assumed his name felt ready also to succeed him in his martyrdom.

After Mgr. de Logne, who filled the office of notary to the Apostolic See, had read the genuine act of the election, and his acceptance, the Cardinals Riario-Sforza and Bernetti accompanied Pius IX to the Sacristy, where they invested him with the Pontifical robes. He was then conducted to the chapel of the Quirinal, where he received the first obedience of the Cardinals, and where Mgr. Riario-Sforza placed on his finger the ring of the Fisherman.

The next day—Wednesday, 17th of June—the cannon of St. Angelo announced to the city of Rome that the conclave had given a Pope to Christendom; and Cardinal Riario-Sforza appeared on the balcony of the Quirinal, and made known to the Roman people the exaltation of Pius IX. "I am," said he, "the bearer of joyful news to you; we have for our Pope his Eminence, Giovanni-Maria Mastai-Feretti, who has taken the name of Pius IX." The first impression caused by this announcement was that of surprise, the people having only heard the names of Cardinal Lambruschini and Cardinal Gizzi, spoken of

as candidates, were amazed when it was announced to them that the Bishop of Imola, whom they had not seen in Rome for twenty years, was elected, and thought their ears must have deceived them. The Cardinals came out on the balcony, leaving a space in front which would in a few moments be occupied by the new Pope. The anxiety was intense. When he appeared the people gave one look and saw in his benign face a revelation of his great and tender heart, and while they gazed on his dignified person, and beautiful countenance which seemed to be illuminated with the triple rays of power, tenderness and divine wisdom, a simultaneous cry burst from their lips: "*We have a Pope. He is our Father. He loves us!*" The hurried throbbing of his own heart acknowledged the title that with such a spontaneous outburst they had given him, for it is only the paternal heart that beats responsive to the cries of its children. He forgot the terror with which the thought of the supreme charge of Christendom had at first inspired him. He thought of nothing but these children, their needs, their interests, their claims on his care; and all the powers of his soul were instantly stirred in their behalf. With his face bathed in sweet tears, he lifted his arms towards Heaven, then stretched them out over the joyful multitude to bestow on them his first Apostolic Benediction, while they continued to repeat: "*We have a Pope. He is our Father! He loves us!*" And this festival on earth resembled a festival in Heaven, so divested did it seem of all human passions and discordant elements.

Four days after, on Sunday, the 21st of June, '46, Pius IX was crowned in the Basilica of St. Peter.

In order to add to the joy of this event, Pius IX allowed fifty-three marriage portions of fifty Roman crowns each to the fifty-three parishes of Rome and its environs, and a thousand marriage portions of ten crowns each to the provinces of the Pontifical States. He distributed in alms six thousand Roman crowns, and redeemed the pledges which the poorer population had been compelled by their necessities, to place in the hands of the pawn-brokers of the city. He paid, from his own purse, the debts of all those prisoners who were detained in confinement by their creditors in the capitol. But a feeling of deep grief mingled itself with his paternal joy. "The touching demonstrations, of which he was the object, did not possess the power to make him for a moment forget those afflicted families who could not participate in the general joy, because they

were deprived of domestic happiness by the absence of some one of their number—a brother—a son or a husband—who was suffering the penalty of some offence perpetrated in a moment of madness against society or the sacred rights of their Sovereign. He thought with compassion of these young and inexperienced persons, who, carried away by the deceitful hopes which sprang from political disorders, were more *misled* than the misleaders. He extended the hand of forgiveness to them, and offered to these—his erring children—his forgiveness, being well persuaded that they truly repented, and only desired an opportunity to prove their sincerity. He besought them to adjure forever those civil hatreds which were always the cause of political agitations, and to embrace in the stead of these dark passions, that peace by which God desires that the children of the same Father should be united!"* And in his clemency he extended the benefit of that amnesty even to those whom he seemed to except. There would certainly have been injustice in confounding even in a general pardon, crimes of an unequal dye; and one exception distinguished those who were in the ecclesiastical, civil and military service, who could not revolt without at the same time proving themselves traitorous to their oaths. But if in the time past they had strayed into the ways of crime, Pius IX being desirous of including them also in the general pardon, the government was instructed to invite them to apply in person for a favor, which was, as we see, already granted.†

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CONSOLING SIGN—PRIMARY EDUCATION IN FRANCE.—Mr. Duruy, Minister of Public Instruction, publishes in the *Grand Moniteur* a report for the Emperor, on the state of primary education in France for the years 1864-5. The figure of the free schools, kept by religious congregations, rose from 536 to 646. There are 369 female schools less than in 1863. But this diminution bears exclusively upon female lay-schools, which have lost 554 establishments, while the religious teachers, (Sisters), have gained 285. In 1865 there was an increase of 853 religious schools, over 1863, viz: 114 schools held by the Christian Brothers, and 737 under the charge of the Sisters. The pupils taught by the Sisters form two-thirds of the female population at school in the whole empire.

* Act of the General Pardon of the 16th of July, 1846.

† This exception applied to thirty-nine persons: Four ecclesiastics, twenty-two officers, and thirteen subordinate employees.

WOMAN, AS DEVELOPED IN THE CHURCH.

BY ARRIA.

CHAPTER III.

The reader of our day who explores the early annals of the Church is in the condition of a dweller in the valley, suddenly transported to a lofty mountain height. The unaccustomed atmosphere, though clear and pure, oppresses him, the sublime scenery astonishes and bewilders his imagination without touching his heart. He finds himself alone amid scenes which awake no echo from his past experience, and which suggest nothing but his own painful isolation. A certain identity of feeling is necessary to insure sympathy. It would then be impossible for us poor materialists that we are to understand the sublime enthusiasm of those Christian martyrs if it were not for the rare and precious memories of our own religious experience. We cannot forget the hour when all the grand possibilities of a life of faith were first revealed to us; when every thing tender, self-sacrificing and noble seemed the normal condition of our being; those moments when even the memory of sin and sorrow was banished away and we realized, as it were, by anticipation, all the blessedness of the saints in glory; when we had glimpses of the great white throne and its legion of angels, and heard haunting strains of harmony whose echoes have since filled with solemn joy our happiest hours; that moment when the deepest aspirations of our soul for truth, beauty and love found their full fruition in God. What Christian possessed of a supernatural faith has not had, through his interior life, such visions of heavenly things! Through them he can alone understand and sympathize with the heroic women of the Church. Their faith was given them by the working of miracles direct from the hands of the Apostles themselves. It was correspondingly strong, deep and fervent. The grandeur of their destiny—to die for the faith—fired their imaginations and filled their souls with a sublime heroism that panted for suffering as the greatest imaginable blessing. Their hitherto life of ease and luxury had exalted their nervous systems to an exquisite pitch of sensibility. If luxury enervates and finally destroys the muscular power of the body it increases its capacity to enjoy or suffer. The nerves become like harp strings, sensitive and trembling to every impression. Imagine, then, to what a pitch of

ecstasy those sensitive beings must have been raised to endure, as they did, the most horrible tortures with smiles of joy and hymns of thanksgiving. Not in vain had their Lord declared His own victory over the world, and theirs also, sustained by the Holy Spirit. They indeed triumphed over all the seductions of sense, the machinations of their spiritual enemy, and by a mysterious grace rose to the dignity of martyrdom. Not to man alone is due the foundation of the Christian Church. Women were equally instrumental in propagating the Gospel, and were everywhere co-workers with the Apostles. If the Apostles were miracles of abnegation and devotedness their female disciples made similar sacrifices of life, health and leisure. Their wealth was poured upon the Church for the general welfare of all; they retained nothing for their own necessities outside of the common patrimony. The confession of faith was a solemn bond of union for this world, extending to the life to come. The soul dominated over all earthly interests; its aspirations, its needs, and its eternal destiny filled all their thoughts and was the shining goal of all their actions. Woman made greater sacrifices than man in embracing the divine life of virginity. Her nature is essentially domestic; for her sphere, though equally important, is in a measure limited to the *role* of the family. Her heart, more sensitive and loving, demands objects upon which to lavish the tenderness of her soul. Through maternity alone in the natural order is the dignity and happiness of woman secured. By it she becomes a second creator of the necessary objects for the development and gratification of all her faculties. Thus in renouncing marriage she makes the profoundest sacrifice of which her nature is capable. She could not deliberately and voluntarily make this sacrifice without receiving an especial grace—a divine illumination. Henceforth her life is truly a celestial one; for the soul reigns supreme over the kingdom of sense. God dwells in her heart, perpetually united to it in a mystical union sweeter, deeper, more ecstatic than the earthly union of which it is the type.

Many declined marriage by the counsel of the Apostles as absolutely necessary to the preservation of their faith; for with a heathen companion the practice of their religion would have been impossible. How attend the holy mysteries, fast or pray without attracting the attention and consequent persecution of the husband? There was no compromise in those days between the claims of our Blessed Lord and the world. On the other

hand, a great majority of virgins, high-born, rich and talented, eagerly embraced the divine life of perfection through a supernatural protection or vocation thereto. Many refused the most advantageous marriages when their heart and ambition could have been equally gratified, and even died to preserve the virginity they had consecrated to Jesus Christ. Most Catholics are familiar with the brilliant character of St. Thecla, the first female martyr, who was the dawning star, the radiant precursor of a shining cloud of witnesses to the devotedness and efficacy of woman in the establishment of the Christian Church. This superior woman was distinguished for her noble birth, large fortune and rare personal beauty; but above all was remarkable for her superior intellect, which was highly cultivated by the study of philosophy and literature. She largely aided Saint Paul in his eastern apostolate and contributed more than any other person towards his success. She was the first woman converted from Paganism who voluntarily embraced a life of virginity. God, having destined her to play an important role in the Church, gave her, in overflowing measure, every grace of body, mind and heart necessary to move, persuade and influence all with whom she came in contact. She was instructed with especial care by the Apostle himself, who, delighted by the lofty originality of her mind, revealed to her in glowing words the sublime charm of a virginal life devoted solely to God. She was no longer content to be a simple Christian, for on receiving baptism she at once entered upon a life of perfection renouncing marriage with a noble gentleman to whom she had been affianced. From this time she attached herself to Saint Paul as to a father who had indeed given her a foretaste of eternal life. She accompanied him in his journeys, ministered to his wants and to those of his companions who assisted in his apostolate. His success in Asia was secured by the labors of this rich and generous virgin. In truth she herself drew many into the Church, at first attracted by her intelligence, wealth and noble birth, but finally their hearts were moved by the constancy and ardor of her faith, and the holiness of her life into belief of a religion which produced such marvels. Her career was too marked not to attract the attention and consequent anger of the opponents of Christianity. Her perfect and beautiful life was to receive one more grace; she had partaken in the merit of Saint Paul's labors, and was associated with his success; she was also to share with him

his martyr's crown. Her affianced, irritated that Thecla had refused his hand to follow the sublime counsels of the evangelist, pursued her with calumnies and persecutions. When the bloody edict of the Emperor arrived in the provinces proscribing Christianity under pain of death, she was immediately brought before the magistrate as a dangerous person, who, by the prestige of her talents and position was drawing the people to Christianity. Every art was used by her parents, relatives and affianced to shake her resolution. Even her judges were touched with pity and sought to save her life. But firm in her resolution not to deny Jesus Christ, she overcame the tears of her parents, the entreaties of her friends and the threats of the magistrate. She triumphed with the same facility over the most frightful tortures her tormentors could devise. The flames would not burn her virginal body, the serpents were harmless as doves at her feet. She was then carried to Antioch loaded with chains, and there, in presence of an immense multitude, was exposed to the lions in the amphitheater. Saint Ambrose, in a strain of characteristic eloquence, describes this beautiful woman, delicate as a flower, lovely as an angel, exposed to the coarse gaze of the rabble. The lions, more susceptible than they to her marvelous beauty and courage, crouched in wonder at her feet, as if to pay her their homage. They raised not their eyes even to contemplate a virgin despoiled of her vestments, thus giving an example of chastity to the base men by whom she was surrounded. This new miracle profoundly impressed the tyrants, as well as the people who witnessed it. They all regarded her now with wonder and astonishment. She returned to her own country, and after spending some time in solitude, again devoted herself to the mission she had rendered so celebrated in the Church. She died at an advanced age, and was buried in Seleucia. This is a brief account of one of the noblest of Saint Paul's disciples. "She was the first virgin, the first spouse of the Divine Lamb; the first fruit of His precious blood, the first prodigy of His grace, the first executrix of His counsels, the first testimony of his religion." The standard bearer for eighteen hundred years for millions of sublime souls who have imitated her example! She made possible to her followers every grace and virtue that a life of virginity is capable of developing. She still lives in the lives of holy Religious throughout the world wherever the Catholic faith is known. Such is the character of Saint Thecla transfigured by

grace; let us compare her for a moment with Zenobia, the celebrated Queen of Palmyra. We shall not commit the injustice of comparing such a noble character as Saint Thecla, one of the bright stars of the Christian world, with the dregs of Pagan society. We can well afford to take their best, the few whose names have been handed down to us unstained by vice. Zenobia was like Saint Thecla, an eastern woman, formed by the mingled culture of Greece and Rome. She was instructed in the sciences by the celebrated Longinus, and made the most astonishing progress in her studies. She spoke the Latin, Greek and Syrian languages, and especially patronized learned men. Zenobia has been famed for her dark brilliant beauty, high spirit and personal bravery, for she always accompanied King Odenatus both in war and the chase, and his military successes were in a great degree attributed to her sagacity and courage. Upon his death she assumed the sovereignty under the title of Queen of the East. She preserved the provinces bequeathed to her; but not satisfied with her possessions, was preparing to make other conquests, when the succession of Aurelian to the purple led to a great change of fortune. That martial prince was displeased that a woman should hold the richest provinces of the East. He knew her restless ambition, and determined to blast it in the bud. Aurelian made successful war upon her, having defeated her in two battles, he besieged Palmyra, which she defended with great bravery. At length, finding the city would be obliged to surrender, she quitted it privately, but the Emperor caused her to be pursued with such diligence that she was overtaken. Aurelian spared her life in order that she should grace his triumph. The Roman soldiers, indignant at the heavy losses she had imposed upon them by her obstinate defence, demanded her life. She purchased it by basely sacrificing her devoted friend and instructor, Longinus. To insure the temporal prosperity of her children, she allowed herself to be covered with golden chains, in token of her servitude to Aurelian, and was thus exposed to the gaze of the Roman populace. She did not exhibit the lofty spirit and generous despair of Cleopatra, who bravely died rather than submit to her conquerors. Zenobia ignominiously purchased life by the sacrifice of her friends and fame. In the face of death she showed herself weak and cowardly, even without honor or justice. With all the prestige of her beauty, intellect and rank, no one who seriously studies the

character of Zenobia can admire it. She was a chaste wife and devoted mother, but here her virtues end. As a sovereign, with the coffers of an empire open to her control, we do not hear of one disinterested deed either in public or private. The annals of her reign show no hospitals erected for the sick and suffering, no largess to the poor, no labors for the common good. With her dower of intellect, learning and wealth, all her labor and toil was directed solely to her own aggrandizement. No thought at any time for others; even adversity could not teach her common justice. She laid upon her faithful minister, to whom she was indebted for all the graces of her intellect, the burden of her ambition. She left Palmyra a smoking ruin, and its women and children the prey of a brutal soldiery. She then graced the triumph of Aurelian, marching on foot behind his chariot through the streets of Rome, with a slave to hold up her chains. In regard of her subjection, the Emperor presented her with a beautiful villa twenty miles from the capitol, and afterwards arranged suitable marriages for her children. Thus Zenobia spent the evening of her days in peace and affluence, while thousands of her former subjects wandered homeless over the face of the earth, victims of their ruler's pride and ambition. This is the character of a woman celebrated in Art for the loftiness of her mind and the grandeur of her character, and who had, without doubt, the most positive virtues of any celebrated woman of antiquity. But who could seriously compare her with Saint Thecla in any real element of greatness. They were both equally talented, beautiful, rich and accomplished; but what a vast difference in their lives in the reflected qualities of the heart. One was disinterested, self-sacrificing and noble, living entirely for the welfare of others, every faculty of body, mind and heart, devoted to suffering humanity, the other was bound up in a circle of narrow interests, in which her own individuality reigned supreme. One feared death with abject terror as the conscious end of existence; the other looked upon it rather as a door of release, and with bright anticipations of coming joy, met the pale phantom with a peaceful smile—because she was a Christian.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARTEMUS WARD.—Mr. Charles F. Brown (Artemus Ward) received in his last moments the spiritual services of the Rev. R. Mount, Catholic Rector of Southampton.—*Western N. Y. Catholic.*

THE WHITE FRIARS; OR, MARY AND THE ORDER OF CITEAUX.

BY REV. ALEXIS RENOUX.

But soon these painful impressions vanish with the morning clouds, and their souls replete with hope and love praise the Lord.

Robert had been particularly agitated by the most poignant uneasiness. After the joy of the Exodus—of the recent departure from an Egypt, where those true Israelites could not serve the God of their Fathers—after this natural effusion of heart, his timorous conscience addressed him these cruel interrogatories: "Did God inspire this separation? Has not the evil spirit, under pretext of zeal, driven me into this dangerous path of Reformation? In those struggles, all the the flowers of Monastic virtues have been trodden under foot; I leave a soil covered with desolation! What fruit can it hereafter yield? What will become of those Brothers I leave behind? They will, perhaps, remain in their relaxation; they will sink deeper and deeper into disorder! And the hand of the Almighty weighing heavily upon them will demolish to its foundations that House over which I had first been placed. * * * Have I fulfilled all the duties of a good shepherd toward my indocile sheep?" Terrible questions! which humility prevents him from solving. He then looks heavenward, where the stars welcome the king of the day, and then disappear before him. His brow becomes gloomy, he shudders with the fear of having offended God. A cold sweat covers his face, which he gently wipes away with the tassel hanging from his girdle.

He endeavors to repulse the gloomy ideas with which he is besieged, but all in vain: the trial still lasts. One of his children, his well beloved John, a novice of nineteen, frank, and as pure as a seraph, walked by his side bearing the Abbot's crosier: this youthful monk, who had been educated at St. Pierre of Molesmes, and who had only the great trees and rocks of the forest and the fine gardens planted by the Brothers to admire, was now enraptured at the spring scenery offered to his astonished gaze. He innocently laughed whilst listening to the music of the winged choristers that sweetly sang their first carols as they took their flight through the air above him. How gladly would Robert have stolen this angelic smile from from his ingenuous companion! But melancholy remained his por-

tion. Betaking himself to prayer, he humbly addressed his heavenly Queen. Mary came to his relief: she sent forth a ray of comfort to his disconsolate soul. Robert now perceived that his vocation was twice holy—not only was it a reformation that he was to effect, but a new Order that he was to found—an Order entirely devoted to Mary: her future disciples will cause her to be known and loved throughout the world, and vested in their white mantles they will compose her court of honor in Heaven.

In a sudden transport, a promised land is opened to his view. It is a savage wild, thickly wooded, scarcely accesible to the wild beasts of the mountains. This picture remains deeply impressed on his mind. In the midst of this forest is a small chapel surrounded with light, and over which the Virgin Mary hovers with protecting angels, to whom she entrusts the defence of this chosen abode.

Robert understood. The land which had been divinely indicated was his new inheritance, and Mary gave her rustic sanctuary to begin the foundation.

Thus the White Friars are to begin their work in Mary's house! What a happy omen for them! will it be astonishing to see them hereafter so grateful to their celestial Foundress?

All is over: the pious Abbot is at the height of his joy. His sadness vanishes. He walks resolutely. The revelations he has had have increased his strength a hundred fold.

The sun gradually rising above the horizon has marked the hour of Prime. The group has arrived before a large wooden cross planted in one of the rocks bordering the last limits of the forest of the Abbey. . . . they halt and take repose. . . . Let us profit by the delay to signalize to the gentle reader, one of those religious and consoling usages of our Catholic France. Ever, on earth, the eldest daughter of our holy Mother, the Church, she loves to place the cross, the symbol of hope and summary of our faith, on the path where pass the pilgrim and the poor. This standard, raised at distant intervals, as it recalls to our minds the death of a loving God, helps us to bear the trials of this life, and fills us with hope. That cross is often placed on a hillock, near a fountain shaded by weeping willows. This sort of natural temple seems to invite us to prayer and reflection as well as to repose. Every one passing by salutes this blessed emblem of our salvation, and mothers, leading their little children along, teach them to form this sign of salvation, and to say some

short prayer. I cannot recall without emotion my youthful days, when my grand-mother (who was a mother to me) would lead me by the hand into the country. On our way we found several crosses, raised by a religious proprietor, or by some traveler who had been preserved from danger; before each one she uncovered my flaxen head, made me kneel by her side, bade me join my hands and follow her prayer. I then made the sign of the cross and lisped the Our Father and Hail Mary. During this short station I saw tears flowing from the eyes of my grand-parent, and rising I asked ingenuously: "Mother, what is the matter? Who hurt you?" For reply, I had a tender caress with these words: "My beloved boy, the good Jesus died for us on this cross; love Him and pray to Him every day of your life;" and I felt one of those burning tears falling on my upturned face—I was the object of this tender emotion. My grand-mother had placed at the foot of the cross the sorrows she experienced when I lost, at short intervals, my father and my mother. While still in the cradle she recommended the orphan to the disconsolate Mary of Calvary.

Those country crosses often border the whole valley, or the ridge of a high mountain. Here the shepherds, whilst keeping watch over their flocks and protecting the neighboring villages, send up their supplications to the God of the humble and the weak. There are also Mission crosses erected with great pomp, after the exercises of a retreat or a jubilee. Those monuments of faith and piety bear on their pedestal of stone inscriptions of a sublime simplicity:—"Christ reigns." "Christ rules the earth." "Christ will judge us one day." "Hail! Oh cross, our only hope, because thou hast borne the price of our ransom." "On the ruins of the world the cross alone, at the end of time, will remain."

Oh, sweet reminiscences of home! How dear are you to me! God grant that I may renew them in this distant land: and may the life-giving cross of our dear Saviour ever reign over this country.

I have learned with pleasure that in Texas, in which I write these lines, there is a village of French origin where this emblem of fraternity and love holds its sway. The good inhabitants, pious Alsacians, have erected it as a Catholic standard, a pledge of preservation, on the highest point of their country. Woe to the impious wretch that dares to raise a sacrilegious hand against this mysterious symbol of their religion.

One day an atheist was already brandishing his axe to hew down the cross of Castroville, when, at the same instant, a ball in its eloquent whizzing suddenly disarmed him and obliged him to flee. He learned by this argument of powder and ball, that those pieces of wood signified something, and that henceforth he should respect the pious belief of a people. . . .

At the signal given by the Abbot the Monks arranged themselves in Choir for Divine Office. They incline profoundly towards the east, to adore the God whose assistance they invoke by the *Deus in adiutorium*, &c. This was an ancient practice of the Order, and is still preserved in the Cistercian Monasteries.

Feeling the need of divine succor they recite with great fervor that part of the Office composed of beautiful prayers alluding to the rising of the sun, and earnestly imploring graces and blessings for the day. The Church, after humbly adoring God, solicits, by the mouth of her priests in the liturgy of the breviary, the interposition of all the saints whose memory she commemorates.

A young Brother presented himself at the end of Prime to read the Martyrology of the day. Prayers being terminated, they read, instead of the *Capitulum*, a chapter of the holy Rule, to which the Abbot added a few words of encouragement and affection. He spoke to them of the vision he had had, and exhorted them to banish all uneasiness from their hearts. They knew where they were going, they had an asylum given them by their benefactress; after the first labors of the establishment, they would be happy in the accomplishment of their duties. All were radiant with joy. They resumed their march, and as the time of "grand silence" was passed, the holy Abbot permitted them pious conversation the rest of the journey.

Our travelers must have passed through many villages and hamlets to gain their destination. Everywhere, in those ages of faith, men of God, men of prayer, were venerated and received with transports of joy. A frugal hospitality was earnestly offered them.

God, who inspired this journey, God, who feeds the little birds of the air, had prepared their food. They took only meagre nutriment, wishing from that moment to practice the Benedictine austerity.

Mothers brought their little children to the holy Abbot, who, after the example of the Divine Saviour, blessed them and the people pressing around him. The arrival of this mysterious cara-

van of Religious was an important event in this newly-settled country, whose inhabitants were deprived of means of communication with each other. However, this event gave rise to no evil comments among the villagers, who had already a knowledge of the benefits derived from the establishments founded by the Monks in many boroughs of Champagne and Burgundy: they envied the lot of the country that was to possess these holy men. We will shortly see how well founded was this holy envy. In general we can say, at that epoch, as at the present day, notwithstanding our wealth, a monastery was considered a real treasure, an inexhaustible source of spiritual and temporal blessings for a country.

Without speaking of the salutary example given by the life of penance and prayer of those holy Monks, they cleared away the forest and cultivated the soil, and a thousand other blessings were bestowed on the neighboring population. The Benedictine monastery served at the same time as the school, the library, the historical and scientific institute of the country, the paternal roof for the orphan, the asylum for the poor traveler, the hospital for the abandoned sick, the common apothecary-shop, where each one could come and draw simple remedies furnished by Providence and gathered by one of the Monks versed in the knowledge of plants and the art of combining their qualities.

Those unwearied grubbers, those learned masters of the middle ages, those tutors of the orphan, those fathers of the poor, have civilized Europe, preserved the depot of sacred and profane literature; they christianized the then known world. Why does our modern ingratitude disown their benefits? Why do we not endorse the debt of our fathers toward them, and pay it to their successors in virtue and talent? Should some abuse of a holy institution cause us to doubt its intrinsic goodness? An occasional scandal cause us to forget miracles of charity and wonders of civilization? Let the fanciful and humorous romancer ridicule the monastic life—a life, in my opinion, so beautiful, so sublime when thoroughly understood! Ah! how ludicrous are they themselves who are obliged to employ caricatures, either through ignorance of the truth, or through the motive, equally low, of alluring their readers, by amusing them at the expense of their conscience!

Whilst I am deviating from my narrative, the pious group pursues its way and arrives at Burgundy; it traversed the small city of Chatillon

on Marne, where these good Religious met with a cordial reception from the Bishop, who assured them of his favor and protection. At Dijon the Duke Odon showed himself a father and a friend to the Religious by giving them his lands of Cîteaux. On arriving at these lands covered with brambles and briers, and perceiving the little chapel close by, Robert recognized the spot which heaven had revealed to him. Here they remain, and kneeling, sing a hymn of thanksgiving; shortly they go to work clearing the grounds, and building with the trees and rocks of the forest a rustic cloister around their church. The good Monks are satisfied with the strict necessities of life; they have so many urgent duties to perform; but their patience supports the painful privations of a beginning, and their unwearied activity will soon change into a magnificent abode this now frightful solitude of unfruitfulness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR LADY OF THE CHAINS.

A Legend of the Fourteenth Century.

[Translated from the French of L. D'Appilly.]

VIII.

Early in the morning of the following day, the *shirri* led by Borbero, set up in the public square, the racks, wedges, hammers, and other implements of torture. The neighboring streets, the door-steps, the windows, and even the very roofs were thronged with the inquisitive, who in every age have always assembled in crowds, with barbarous avidity, to witness spectacles of blood and death.

Strange dispositions of our nature! The sight of happiness wounds and fatigues our jealous eyes. We only take pleasure in contemplating misfortune and misery. Pity is the most delicate of all our pleasures, it thrills the tenderest fibres of our hearts. Whence comes that secret joy we feel in weeping? Can it be that the spectacle of the misery of others flatters the most natural of our passions, pride and egotism? Do we not feel a certain malignant satisfaction in feasting our eyes on the sufferings of our kind, and by a reflection upon ourselves, do not their complaints and groans enhance the sweetness of our felicity. Or is it only the desire to judge the man who strives against pain, and to applaud his courage and his victory?

It is certain that the entire assemblage were touched by the constancy which Joseph displayed. Resignation had put about his reins a girdle of

strength invincible, and he looked upon the preparations of the executioners without emotion. When called upon to confess his crime, he raised to heaven his eyes and fetter-loaded arms and sighed :

"Holy Virgin, my lady! I intrust to thee the guardianship of my innocence! Strengthen my courage and permit not that torments extort lying acknowledgments from my lips."

And he stretched forth his hands to the executioners.

The firmness of Robert was of a different kind, but it was not perhaps less grand. Nourished in luxury and delights, softened by idleness, his limbs were not like those of his brother, hardened by the daily toil of business. The sting of pain entered further into his flesh and still his countenance preserved an heroic smile till the end.

It would have been well if Angelo had shown the same intrepidity. At sight of the instruments of torture he shuddered, he was afraid, he recoiled.

"Confess," whispered the *sbirri* to him, "and you are saved"

Robert whose knees the executioners were bruising, saw his brother's weakness, and blushed.

"Courage, my brother," he cried, "we are here with thee. Be firm, remember that it is shameful to give way."

But Angelo did not hear him.

Angelo was but a child. Snatched rudely from the rest of the world, left alone by himself, the weariness, the isolation, the darkness of the prison, the shame of the accusation, terror of the future, overhung with uncertainty and threats, had enervated a character which the battle of life had not yet hardened. There is a demoralizing miasma exhalng from the floor and walls of a dungeon. Whilst he stood most in need of consolation and encouragement, he was rigorously separated from every friendly face, every smiling lip, every hand that might have grasped his own. He had never been allowed to meet his brothers. Upon him had been heaped all the sadness of abandonment and the haunting fancies of solitude.

The provocation of perpetual espionage imposed on his spirit the fatigue of unrelaxed tension. To these afflictions had been added irritation of interrogatories, the studied doubt of the judges, the humiliations of the trial; so much was not needed to deject the courage of a young man of eighteen.

During the first days a vague hope at intervals reanimated his soul. But his condemnation had dispelled this illusion. He fell the more deeply into the gulf of despair.

It is very rare that the counterpart of mental afflictions does not make itself felt in the organs of the body. The despondency of his mind had plunged Angelo into a feverish languor. If his captivity had been prolonged, he would have died of apprehension and despair.

In this state, he was no longer capable of distinguishing truth from falsehood. He knew no longer whether he was guilty or innocent. Scarcely was he chained upon the rack than affrighted and trembling he cried out that he was ready to acknowledge all they desired.

They took him down and led him before the magistrate. The poor youth had no longer any consciousness of what he was saying so confused were his ideas. A *sbirri* placed behind him dictated his answers, and every time that he appeared to hesitate, the judge turned so threatening a look upon him that he repeated mechanically all that was whispered to him.

When they had obtained from his pusillanimity a deposition such as they desired, they led him back to his prison. His two brothers, who persisted in protesting their innocence, had their arms and legs broken.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BISHOP TIMON, OF BUFFALO.

On Tuesday evening, April 16th, Bishop Timon's soul passed away from this earth. The *Western New York Catholic*—his late official paper says of him:

"He had reached his 72d year, and had been during the past two years suffering from erysipelas, which had been contracted by him while attending the death-bed of a Religious, and which had within the last few days assumed a shape that betokened certain dissolution.

"The Bishop, almost up to the day of his death, preached sermons, delivered lectures, and administered confirmation in every part of his populous diocese. Last Sunday, before he was compelled to keep his bed, although feeling weak, he preached for over half an hour at Mass, after the blessing of the palms, and also attended the divine service in the evening. Monday morning he tried to be up as usual at the community prayers in his house, and said Mass in the chapel, in his residence, with much trouble, but the hand of death was upon him and he was soon obliged to yield.

"On Tuesday he was much worse, but as on

several previous occasions he had seemed at death's door, hopes were entertained that he would recover.

"Towards evening, however, his situation became critical, and at half-past eight o'clock he died, his last moments being peaceful and painless. Bishop Lynch, of Toronto, and Bishop Farrell, of Hamilton, with several of the clergy from different parts of the diocese, being in attendance on him. The Catholics of the entire country will be pained at the announcement of his death.

"Bishop Timon was a native of Pennsylvania, but spent his early years in Baltimore. He pursued his theological studies with Lazarists, at the "Barrens," Mo., and became an able and edifying member of their order. Even when Sub-Deacon he preached missions in Missouri and Southern Illinois, assisting Missionary Priests of his own order. When ordained to the order of Priesthood he traveled through the same regions until his name became 'a household word.' He also labored in Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana. He was also appointed Vicar Apostolic of Texas, which he attended with the Apostolic zeal for many years, at the same time attending to his *ordinary* duties as Visitor of his order."

The wonderful growth of the Catholic Church in this country may be measured by his term of bishopric. Twenty years ago, when the See was erected, and he named as Bishop, there were but *sixteen* priests in it, and but sixteen churches—and these churches were, many of them, only very humble and temporary structures. At the time of his death his Diocese numbered one hundred and ten priests, and about two hundred churches and chapels. Besides, there are several Hospitals, six Orphan Asylums, etc. The *Western Catholic* says of the early times:

"The Diocese was established on the 23d of April, 1847, by our venerable and saintly Pope Pius IX, with the following limits: All that part of the State of New York which lies west of the eastern limits of Cayuga, Tomkins and Tioga counties. The Very Rev. John Timon, then visitor of the Congregation of the mission, in this country, was named the first Bishop. He was consecrated in the Cathedral of New York by Bishop Hughes, assisted by Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Halifax, and Dr. McCloskey, Bishop of Albany; Dr. F. P. Kenrick, Bishop of Baltimore, preached the consecration sermon.

"On the 17th of October, Sunday, Feast of the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Bishop

Timon was consecrated. He immediately named the Rev. Bernard O'Reilly his Vicar General, and wrote to Buffalo, stating that he would be there on the 23d, and on the 20th he started, accompanied by Bishops Hughes, Walsh and McCloskey, and the Very Rev. B. O'Reilly. On the 22d Bishop Timon said his first Mass in this diocese, in St. Patrick's Church, Rochester, at eight o'clock that morning, preached and gave his blessing to a large assembly of the faithful, who, at such short notice, had already met to welcome their Bishop.

"The Right Rev. gentlemen, who accompanied Bishop Timon, fatigued by the night journey from New York, wished to remain in Rochester until the next day, particularly as the weather was very unpleasant. Bishop Timon thought the wish reasonable, requested them to remain, and rejoin him next day, but having sent word that he would be in Buffalo by the train that left Rochester at 3 p. m. of the 23d, he felt himself strictly bound to keep his appointment. The other Rt. Rev. and Rev. gentlemen then generously resolved to accompany him. The trains moved slowly; an incident further retarded them, so that they reached Buffalo after sunset, but an immense crowd awaited them. A procession was formed of, it is supposed, about ten thousand persons, who escorted the Bishop to the residence which had been prepared for him.

"The Bishop on his arrival in Buffalo had no house to live in.

"Bishop Timon's life was one of hard labor, and of little rest. His piety was of a kind that made a great impression on non-Catholics—by whom he was held in general veneration. Catholics recognized him as a hard-working Bishop. He has now gone to his reward, and may the Lord deal with him in mercy. His obsequies had been arranged for Tuesday, April 23d. Great evidences of respect have, in the meantime, been showed his memory, in all parts of his Diocese."

—*New York Freeman's Journal.*

DEVOTION TO THE HOLY SEE.—The *Courrier de la Vienne* (France) states that two fathers of families of that department, regretting not to be able to place themselves or their sons at the service of the Pope, have each addressed a 500fr. note to the Bishop of Poitiers, to be applied to the maintenance of a Pontifical Zouave. A mother from the same neighborhood has also sent to the Pope 1,000fr. to represent her two boys, at present too young to serve.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

For the AVE MARIA.

OFFERINGS TO THE QUEEN OF MAY FROM
THE CHILDREN OF MARY.

SECOND OFFERING.—PIETY.

Virgin most pious, on this day
We hail thee, glorious Queen of May,
And place within thy diadem
A holy, pure, and peerless gem.
The gem that now we proffer thee,
Bright Queen, is earnest *piety*.
Oh, may it be our guide, our light,
To point our path by day, by night.
May every thought and act e'er be
For God and for Eternity.

"THECLA," A TALE OF EARLY TIMES.

BY MARIAPHILOS.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Lady Thecla sat in her prison cell, and the stars of God seemed to be smiling down a benediction upon the pale face turned upwards to them. She had passed the ordeal of a trial,—she had triumphed and the end was to come to-morrow.

"To-morrow night,—to-morrow night," she breathed. "Is it possible? What glimpses, even now, in this little cell, I catch of a something unutterable, entrancing! To see my God!—MY GOD! To be wafted away,—away, over that boundless ocean of Divine Essence, ever in ecstasy—ever absorbed in the Beatific Vision of its inscrutable depths! I,—I, poor, weak, simple Thecla! to be so blessed! To hear the sounding of harps, as of many waters, rolling up to the throne in waves of delicious harmony! To see the white-robed myriads of God's Temple. To see MARY! To see JESUS! Can it be?"

She paused awhile, and then said:

"Back,—back, earthly thoughts! Dear Manlius,—sweet child Angelicus, do not come as shadows over the sun that is dawning its eternal day in my soul. And yet, oh my God, how hard it is to leave them! Surely, dear Lord, Thou wilt not blame me for saying that. Thou hast said: 'Can a mother forget the child of her womb?' Oh, dear Lord, even on the point of possessing Thee, I cannot forget."

And a voice spoke to her soul: "Do not forget, child, but remember that loss for a time is possession for eternity."

Then the Lady grew calmer.

Suddenly the captive heard the sound of feet creeping stealthily along the low corridor of the dungeon. Thecla listened anxiously, and, after commending herself to God, approached the door at which, by this time, the person or persons had stopped. The noise of a key caused her to retire to a dark corner of her cell. The ponderous door swung open with a harsh creak, and three men appeared. First, the jailor with a small lamp; next a tall man with some burden under his cloak; the third was a soldier.

"Madame," whispered the jailor, raising his lamp and looking around the cell.

The Lady Thecla came forward expecting to meet enemies. The tall man turned around and delivered his burden to the soldier. Then he held out his arms, speechless, in agony.

"Oh, blest be God! Dear, dear Manlius," screamed the Lady Thecla, claspings him about the neck with a terrible energy.

"Not so loud, lady,—please not so loud," said the jailor, drawing his sleeve across his eyes. "It will compromise me—it will destroy me, if they hear you."

The Lady Thecla grew instantly still, but never relaxed her hold of her husband.

"Thecla! my wife, my own!—Great God!" The soldier's breast heaved, and mighty sobs came from his heart. Oh, it is dreadful to see a strong man cry.

The jailor placed his lamp on the floor and quietly withdrew. The soldier, with the burden in his arms, stood in the shade.

"To-morrow,—nay, to-day, Thecla." It was all he could say.

"But, Manlius, Angelicus,—where is my child?" The mother did not forget.

The soldier came forward with his burden. It was Angelicus, calmly sleeping.

Oh! the rapture of the poor mother when she pressed her little one to her heart and kissed him over and over again. Angelicus awoke, and turning his eyes to his mother's face, a great contentment stole over his features.

"Dear mamma," whispered the child. Then he fell asleep again, his curly head resting confidently on her breast.

"He is very, very weary, my child," sighed the lady, looking with an expression of ineffable love at his pale, sweet face. She seemed to forget her husband, every thing, at that moment.

Then they all knelt down, but no words passed their lips. The cry of the heart pierces the heavens when the loud thunders of the mightiest monarch are unheard.

The Lady Thecla raised her child upon her arms, and this is what her heart said:

"Gracious God! Your will gave him—your will takes me from him! O, my Jesus! let him come with me, though not through the dark valley of pain and humiliations, even as I. Mary, my Mother! thou didst lose a CHILD; pity me, and pray that this little one of my heart may come with me."

And the martyr-mother's prayer was heard.

The parting moment arrived! Who could tell the bitter, bitter anguish of that hour! Who could speak the awful agony of the husband, wife, mother and child, separated forever on this earth! People talk of religion deadening the natural feelings. Yes; to elevate them to a supernatural order, where every emotion of the heart is exquisitely felt.

"You will pray for me, for our child, Thecla," moaned the noble, sorrow-stricken man.

"Yes, dearest Manlius," Thecla answered.

"That I may not be long left after you."

"That you may not be left long, dearest."

"And our—our child!" The soldier, who had faced death a thousand times on the battle field, covered his face with his hands, and, turning to the wall, wept aloud.

"He, too, Manlius, will come soon. God will hear our prayer. Grieve not, dear Manlius; you tear my heart to pieces. Oh, tell me, husband of my heart,—tell me,—would you wish me to go back when the crown is almost within my grasp? Would you wish me to go back to you and our child when Jesus demands the sacrifice?" The lady clasped her hands and awaited; and the answer came. Turning around, all traces of sorrow gone, his noble features lit up with an unearthly faith, Manlius lifted up his hands and said:

"Gracious Jesus! the answer is Thine. No, no, never! Go on, Thecla,—go on, elect of God! Go on, over the grave of my hopes; over my blighted life; over my soul's deepest, tenderest affections; over my shattered, bleeding heart! Go on, dearest, and may the strength of God and the resignation of Mary be given thee when the hour of sacrifice arrives!"

Oh, the angels of God never struck a sweeter note than the melody of the glorious soldier's words!

Little Angelicus now awoke and began to prat-

tle as if at home. "Where, dear mamma, is Corvinus? Where is my nice rose-bush, and perhaps, dear mamma, there may be another rose on it for my Mother in heaven?"

"Yes, my child," answered the martyr-mother, "there is a rose, and God will soon take it for Himself. But it is not on your bush."

"And where is it, mamma?" asked he.

"In my arms, Angelicus," answered the lady. And the child wondered very much.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR MOTHER'S MESSAGES.

SOLITUDE OF NAZARETH, MAY DAY.

Behold the month of May, with its sunshine and flowers, its singing birds and balmy breezes! It comes a messenger of joy to all. Yet it brings us more than sunshine and flowers to feed our joy—for if nature proclaims it the month of May, our religion whispers, while our hearts repeat, behold! the Month of MARY! And does it not seem, dear children, as if God wished to aid our feeble efforts to honor His holy Mother, in thus wreathing all nature with her brightest garlands, like some great temple in which to celebrate this thirty days' festival in Mary's honor.

How lovingly will we enter into this heavenly design. Thus in listening with delight to the little birds' joyous carols, we will tune them all to Mary's praise, or, better still, mingle our voices to theirs, in sweet canticles, of love. We will cull with an ever new pleasure the bright May flowers, springing up on every side, because they will tell us, each in its own mute language, something of Mary's matchless virtues. The blue-eyed violet will speak to our hearts of her humility; the little snow-drop will reflect her purity; the bright May-rose her undying love. But why should I thus betray the secrets of the flowers? Question them all, dear children. If you only do so with a loving heart, each will tell you its own story of Mary's beauty. But we must not be satisfied with what they may tell us; they must speak to our Mother also of her children's love by becoming our daily offering—like that dear child Angelicus, of whom we have so lately read, our most beautiful and most precious blossoms must find a place at the foot of her statue. Oh! I trust that where flowers may be had the altars of Mary will never want their fragrant bouquets of fresh May blossoms. But you must remember, dear children, that when the flowers whisper to you of Mary's virtues, they bid you at the same time

to strive to make those virtues yours—if you wish the fragrance of your flowers to rise like sweet incense to Mary's throne, they must be wafted there by your fervent prayers.

And why so much love for the Virgin Mary? do I hear some of my little listeners demand? Why? Ah! because she is our Mother! Yes, Mary is our Mother! How I long to have you understand but half the sweetness that these words contain. How happy would I be, if, when Mary's honor was at stake, your young hearts would be all on fire; while her very name would call a bright smile to your lips, and cause your eyes to sparkle with joy, and when asked why you loved Mary thus, you would answer, like dear Saint Stanislaus, "Why do I love Mary? because she is my Mother!"

And what time more propitious for this, than during the month of May, when all resounds with accents of Mary's praise. However, my little friends must not think that our devotion to Mary should consist in hymns and glories. Oh no! grateful as is to Mary this humble tribute of our love, I know of another wreath far more acceptable to her heart. It is the fervent recitation of the Rosary, dear children, that mystical crown the clients of Mary so love to place at the feet of their dear patroness. Surely, during this month at least, you will all find time to say at least a third part of the Rosary every day, which as you know constitutes a chaplet. The "Golden Wreath" will teach you how to meditate at the same time, on the sweet mysteries which, under this homage, are so dear to Mary's heart. I am afraid you will find me very exacting, dear children, if I claim from your charity the last decade of your daily chaplet. And yet if you only dreamt of the dear grace I would only solicit of our Mother, by your fervent prayers, you would not refuse me, I know. Some day, I trust, and in thanking you for your prayers, I will be able to gratify your curiosity in revealing to you the grace obtained.

I need not recommend you to assist with constancy and fervor at the daily exercises of the Month of Mary; your own hearts will prompt you to this. My little friends must know also that though the homage of fervent prayer is indeed dear to Mary, the imitation of her virtues is dearer yet, and this last ought to be the principal object and effect of their prayers. What a bright mirror of the beauty of Jesus, our dear mother presents to our imitation. But I shall never have done if I enter upon this subject, and you will

hear much during this sweet month, of the profound humility, the immaculate purity, touching modesty and ardent charity of our heavenly Queen.

It is growing late, dear children, yet I cannot leave you without speaking of the most precious homage that it is given us to pay to our Mother's heart,—a gift so great, indeed, that had not our heavenly Father mercifully deigned to share with us His treasure, He alone would have been able to offer it. I refer to Jesus Himself, whom when by a fervent communion you will have received in your hearts, you may place on the bosom of Mary, renewing thus, in her heart, the sweet days of Bethlehem. Do you think that we can claim too much from Mary's intercession as a return for such a gift? Such are the messages of Jesus and Mary to their little children to-day. And now, dear listeners, that I have accomplished my sweet task, I must hasten to say adieu.

LE MONDE relates the following anecdote, in which the apostolic simplicity of the lamented learned Cardinal Gousset is admirably depicted:

Some years ago a wretched workman of Reims was on the point of death; a prey to the most violent pains, he was cursing life, and he was determined to close it without any priest's assistance. His sister, a virtuous and devout woman, was the only one to attend him.

"I beg you, brother," she said, "let me send for a priest."

"No; no priest for me," was the dry reply.

"I beseech you, brother, prepare yourself for your confession! In the name of God! In the name of the Cardinal——"

"Of the Cardinal? Ah! for certain, if you make that one stir himself for me, I will go to confession; but there is not much fear of him putting himself to that trouble—your Cardinal!"

The next hour the poor woman was at the Cardinal's house. His Eminence, always accessible to all, received her with his usual kindness, and soon learned of her the object of her visit.

"Very well, my good woman," said the Cardinal, "There is only one thing to be done: let us go and see the sick man? Where does he live? Let us go at once; you will show me the way. I am ready to follow you."

They soon reached the residence of the poor patient. "Here is the Cardinal you have sent for, my good friend," said the pious prelate. "I am glad you sent for me."

The rest can be readily anticipated; the poor man was too much surprised and subjugated to offer any further resistance. He immediately made his confession, and soon after died reconciled with his God, in the sweet enjoyment of peace, and blessing his good sister to whom he owed a debt of eternal gratitude.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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No. 20.

ANTHEMS, PRAYERS, AND HYMNS OF THE CHURCH TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BY THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.

XIV.—THE LITANY OF LORETTO.

The word *Litany* is derived from the Greek, and it means literally *supplication*; but in its more extended and popular acceptance, it implies a reiterated petition for graces, under various and recurring forms of words, addressed to God, to the Blessed Virgin, and to the Saints; with this very important difference, however, that, whereas we ask God to save and to have mercy on us, we merely invoke the intercession with God in our behalf of the Virgin and the Saints. These can aid us only by their prayers, which, being much more worthy than ours, are therefore far more likely to find acceptance with God. They, moreover, help us by their intercession only through the merits of Jesus Christ, the only Mediator of salvation; so that each time that we piously invoke their assistance, we make a distinct recognition of, and a clear profession of faith in the fundamental principle of Christianity, that we can hope for no remission of sins, for no grace, for no salvation but by and through our Lord and Saviour. Hence, the popular objection against the frequent invocation of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, as being derogatory from the one Mediatorship of Christ, falls to the ground of itself, by the bare statement of a plain and undoubted fact. The mediatorship of intercessory prayer by the Saints, in fact, establishes, sets off, and adorns the one mediatorship of salvation, upon which it is essentially based. How indeed could the Saints or the Blessed Virgin save us, except in the only way in which they themselves were saved,—by the merits and blood of Jesus Christ? There are but three Litanies which are approved by the Church for her public service,

those of Jesus, of Loretto, and of the Saints; and these alone are enriched with Indulgences. Such others as are only specially approved by the Ordinary of the diocese are allowed, or rather tolerated, for private devotion alone, and no Indulgences are attached to their recitation. This is an important distinction, which should be borne in mind.

When and by whom the Litany of the Blessed Virgin was composed, is not known with any degree of certainty. Like many other venerable devotions, it would appear to have come gradually into general use from a very early period; its various petitions undergoing some changes and gradual developments until they at length assumed the present form which they seem to have retained, substantially, for many centuries past. A pious tradition avers, that this Litany was first chanted in the Holy House of Loretto in Italy, by the pilgrims who flocked thither from all parts of the world; and that returning to their homes they spread the beautiful devotion throughout their various countries; from whose hill-tops and along whose valleys the pathetic chant often rang forth in pleasing and touching melody thus verifying the inspired Virgin's prediction, that "all generations should hereafter call her Blessed." Hence it was called the LITANY OF LORETTO.

As in all other Litanies, the supplication begins and ends with the plaintive cry for mercy, the *Kyrie Eleison*—"Lord, have mercy on us!"—a Greek epithet, adopted by the Latin Church, and preserved in the service of both, as an evidence and memento of the early and long subsisting union of both in the One great Catholic Church of which the successor of Peter is the visible head, from whose communion the Greeks, in an evil hour for them, subsequently seceded. Besides the initial and final *Kyrie Eleison*, the Litany of Loretto commences with solemn and distinct petitions for mercy addressed first severally to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and then to the whole blessed Trinity; and it terminates with the well known triple invocation to

the Lamb of God, to hear, and to have mercy on us. When God is invoked, we cry for mercy and salvation; when the suppliant addresses the Blessed Virgin, the form of the petition is "pray for us." The distinction is so clearly marked that none who are not wilfully blind can possibly make a mistake; and the current objection so persistently urged by some inconsiderate persons who charge us with honoring and praying to the Virgin more than to God, is simply unfounded, and glaringly absurd. Of course, in a form of prayer addressed expressly to the Blessed Virgin, the petitions to her are naturally more numerous than those addressed directly to God; but they too are addressed to God, not directly indeed or immediately, but through the medium of Mary, who is simply asked to pray for us. To whom should she pray but to God, through the merits of her only begotten and dearly beloved Son? And will not her prayer for us through Him be heard?

We cannot, in one brief paper, go into details in regard to the beautiful LITANY OF LORETTO, which is in itself a mine of exhaustless riches. Volumes have been written to expound the varied epithets, so suggestive, tender, and exquisite, which are therein applied to "the pure and holy one"; and the pencil of the artist has been put in requisition to illustrate them.* All we can do is, to offer some general remarks upon them, pointing out their order, distribution into groups, and general harmony and beauty.

After four general petitions to her as Holy Mary, Holy Mother of God, Holy Virgin of Virgins, Mother of Christ, the suppliant pauses, and is filled and transported with the two great qualities which are so much her distinctive characteristics, that they cannot be communicated to any other: those of Mother and Virgin. It is not enough for his devotion to have embodied these dear and tender epithets in the four general petitions just referred to; he must dwell on them till his soul's admiration has found full expression, and his heart's promptings have been fully satiated. Nine different times he invokes her as Mother, in a climax of beautiful epithets—we had almost said *pet names*—swelling in import as they come to the great apex of perfection—that of Mother of our Creator and Saviour. Then similar changes are rung for full six times on her elevated and sublime character of Virgin, prudent,

venerable, renowned, powerful, clement, and faithful to the end, in not only preserving untarnished, but constantly beautifying this brightest jewel in her crown.

Having exhausted his store of eulogy on these two salient points in her character, the fervid suppliant launches forth into the regions of poetry, and borrows tropes and metaphors from the earth and the heavens to sound forth the praises of this beauteous Virgin and incomparable Mother, with whose transcendent perfections he is enamored. She is the *Mirror of Justice*, from whose radiant surface are reflected all that is lovely and perfect; the *SEAT OF WISDOM*, from which issue forth its loftiest and holiest maxims and principles; the *CAUSE OF OUR JOY*, whose giving birth to the Saviour God brought joy to men and angels, and caused to issue forth for the first time from angel lips the gushing notes of the *Gloria in excelsis*; the *Spiritual Vessel*—the *Vessel of Honor*—the *Vessel of singular Devotion*, or rather the *renowned Vessel of Devotion*, containing the most precious treasures of purity and holiness, and giving forth the sweetest fragrance of every virtue; the *Mystical Rose*, beautiful to the eye, delicious to the smell, unfading in its freshness; the *Tower of David*—the *Tower of Ivory*, the glorious fortress which supports and defends forevermore the royal house of David, in fulfillment of prophecies made to him—a Tower strong, compact, white, and shining as Ivory; the *House of Gold*, containing treasures as priceless as they are exhaustless; the *Ark of the Covenant*, exhibiting and containing the living and breathing fulfillment of God's Covenant with His people, that they should be His people, and He, God with them, should be their God forever; the *Gate of Heaven*, since she gave us Him who hath the Keys of David, and who openeth heaven to a fallen and else hopeless race; the *Morning Star*, since she preceded and ushered in, by her serene brightness, the great Sun of Justice; the *Health of the Weak* (sick), since, through her Son, she brought health and new life to the whole human race, which was before weak and sick unto death; the *Refuge of Sinners*, whose cry to her in their repentance and sorrows she has not the heart to resist, since her own beloved Son, for their sake and for their salvation, vouchsafed to be born of her, and to die before her eyes on the Cross; the *Comfortress of the Afflicted*, for was she not herself the most afflicted of women and of mothers, and can she now forget, or neglect to console those who are now sharing somewhat in the bitter and poignant sor-

* See, among others, the beautifully illustrated octavo volume by the Abbe Ed. Barthe, entitled *Mouvement a la gloire de Marie—Litanies de la Sainte Vierge*—Paris, 1853—pp. 248 of Letter Press.

rows she so fully endured while she was passing along the dreary path of her pilgrimage and exile? finally, the *Help of Christians*, for is she not the Mother of all Christians, who claim Christ her Son for their Brother—the first-born of those who sleep in death—and as such, is she not both able and willing to help her struggling children who cry aloud to her, as to their Mother, in their weakness and deep distress?

Then, soaring higher and higher, on the pinions of faith and of love, the suppliant leaves far below him this dull earth, with its varied beauties and pleasing imagery, penetrates the heavenly court, and therein witnesses the glory of the Virgin Mother, as the crowned Queen of heaven and of earth, crowned by her own Son, who in crowning her does but crown His own gifts lavished on her, His well Beloved, without measure or stint. He is entranced at the vision of beauty and splendor which now meets his eye, and he breaks forth into nine more epithets of praise and jubilations, saluting her successively as Queen of Angels, Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors, Virgins, of All Saints; and finally as the climax of all, under her latest, brightest, purest, most glorious title—the most precious and sparkling diamond in her jeweled crown—QUEEN CONCEIVED WITHOUT ORIGINAL SIN!

He can do no more. He ceases to praise the Virgin, and falling back from that heavenly vision on a deeper sense of his own utter unworthiness, he utters three times the plaintive cry for Mercy to the Lamb of God, and sighs forth thrice the *Kyrie Eleison*!

And so terminates the Litany of Loretto.

A. B.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERFECT tranquility reigns in Rome, and in the provinces of Civita Vecchia and Viterbo. The provinces of Frosinone and Velletri are now less alarmed, since the measures taken by the government promise to put an end to brigandage.

THE Holy Father, at the solicitation of Archbishop Manning, has granted an indulgence of one year to all who devoutly recite the *Gloria Patri* and *Ave Maria* for the conversion of England.

ON April 6th the Most Rev. Archbishop Spalding held an ordination at the Church of the Redeemtorists, Annapolis, Md., and raised to the order of priests the following Redemptorists: Revs. C. O'Donoghue, A. Sauer, J. B. Lafty, H. Cooper, N. Firlie, J. Colonel, and J. B. Blanchett.

For the AVE MARIA.

JANUA OGELI!

BY MRS. SUSAN B. ELDER.

Golden Gate of Heaven's city!
Glorious portal of the sky!
Opening still with love and pity,
Before the pilgrim's pleading cry!
While we journey through Earth's shadows,
While we grope along our way,
Send thy light across the darkness,
Lest in erring paths we stray!

When our tired feet grow weary,
Shrinking from the rugged stones;
When our coward spirits falter,
Making plaint with piteous moans;
Then the gleaming of thy pillars,
Seen across the gloom of night,
Fainting hearts shall cheer and strengthen,
Wayward feet shall guide aright.

Gate of Heaven! Entrance holy!
Through thee all the saints have trod!
All the virgins, crowned with lilies,
Have, through thee, passed up to God!
All the martyrs, firm, unflinching,
Walked the fearful paths of doom,
Seeing only thy bright portals,
Opening wide, beyond the tomb.

Through thee, Avenue of Mercy!
Passed our Lord adown the skies;
Through thee now our prayers, ascending,
Reach His ear in Paradise!
All our human tears and trials,
Offered at His pearly gate,
Seem to gain a higher meaning,
Seem to grow immaculate!

When we reach thy shining presence,
When we clasp thy golden bars,
Open wide, O Gate of Mercy,
Open wide thine Arch of Stars!
Let us enter at thy portals,
Safe the peaceful fold within,
Far beyond the reach of danger,
Far beyond the touch of sin!

Golden Gate of Heaven's city!
Radiant portal of the sky!
When our pilgrimage is ended,
Open at our earnest cry!
Triumph Arch of wondrous beauty!
'Neath which walked the Lamb adored,
May we, too, through thee victorious,
Laurel-crowned, ascend to God!

NEW ORLEANS.

WHAT IS AN HONEST AND VIRTUOUS MAN?

We have more than once called the attention of our readers to the famous *Soirées de Saint Petersbourg*, by Joseph de Maistre, "a work," says one of his biographers, "which had a prodigious success."

We refer again to this admirable book, which, for more than thirty years, we always open with a new interest, and which, more than any other French publication, we would wish to see translated into English. Among a multitude of rich passages we find the following strictures on possible, and, perhaps, real sins, and on easy virtues. The passages deserve a place in the AVE MARIA.

Serious minds will at once recognize the masterly hand that penned so many admirable pages, and whose last letter to a friend contained these memorable words: "*Je finis avec l'Europe; c'est s'en aller en bonne compagnie.*" I die with Europe; it is retiring in good company." He died, Minister of State, on the 25th of February, 1820, leaving vacant a seat soon after to be occupied by a Count Cavour! We leave it to our intelligent readers to say how clearly, to the last hour, *our* noble Count's piercing eye read the future, and we return to our subject.

The illustrious Count is engaged in a series of political, philosophical and religious conversations with a Senator of the Russian Empire, and a noble French Chevalier. The scene is laid on the bank of the beautiful Neva, in the City of Peter the Great, where the Plenipotentiary of Victor Amedeus had a summer country-residence. From the fact of its being called, by its noble tenant, a "Solitude," we may infer that in 1809, the vast limits traced out for St. Petersburg, by the bold finger of Peter the First, were not yet filled with houses; and that it was then somewhat as our own young Capital, a City of "magnificent distances."

It was, says our illustrious narrator, close upon nine in the evening; the weather was splendid, and the sun was going down. Nothing is more uncommon, and more enchanting, than a fine summer evening in St. Petersburg. The sun, which in temperate zones precipitates itself towards the West, and scarcely leaves behind any traces of its passage, seems here to linger, and turn around slowly, and to regret to lose sight of the earth, even for a few hours.

Our three interlocutors, two of whom belong to the Catholic Church, and the third one to the Schismatic Church of the Czars, are most honor-

able men, and intimate friends, although of different nations, views and acquirements. They seem to yield instinctively, or by tacit agreement, to the Count, their host and senior, as to the natural judge.

The subject of the conversation is on the justice of Providence. The other two interlocutors have already expressed their views, when the Count rejoins thus: I hardly know what *chance* (sort) really is, but I confess I see something much more unreasonable than what strikes you both, gentlemen, as the excess of unreasonableness,—it is the inconceivable folly that dares establish an agreement against Providence, on the evils, (*les malheurs*,) of an innocence *which does not exist*. Where is, in fact, that innocence? Where is the just man? Is he here around our table? Good God! which of us could believe in such an excess of delirium, were it not continually before us? I often think of that passage of the Bible, where, by the mouth of His Prophet, God says: *Scrutabor Jerusalem in lucernis*: I shall search Jerusalem with lamps." Let us have, ourselves, the courage to search our hearts "with lamps" and we shall no longer dare pronounce, without a blush on our cheeks, the names of *Virtue*, of *Justice*, and *Innocence*. If we commence by a serious examination of what is in us, we shall turn pale as we cast a bold and impartial look into the depth of that abyss; for it is impossible to know the number of our transgressions, and no less impossible to ascertain to what extent such or such a criminal deed has disturbed the primary order and deranged the plan of the Eternal Legislator. But if we take into consideration the communication of crimes existing among men, viz: of *complicity*, *counsel*, *example*, *approbation*, etc, where is the sensible man who will be able to look without a thrill of horror upon the dismal and appalling influence of his acts on his fellow-men, and the possible disastrous effects of that influence? Rarely man sins alone; rarely does a crime fail to beget another crime. Where does our responsibility stop? Hence the piercing ray of light that shines out in so many places of the book of psalms: "Who can understand sins?" "From my secret sins, cleanse me, O Lord, and from those of others spare thy servant!"

After the examen of our sins, another presents itself to us, I mean that of our virtues; and of the two this is, perhaps, the saddest. What more fearful research than that having for its object the small number, the frailty, the lying appearance of our virtues! Before all things else their basis

should be sounded. Alas! they are oftener determined by prejudice than by the consideration of the general order resting on God's sacred will. An action shocks us, not because it is criminal but because it is dangerous, and exposes us to shame. Two men of the common class are fighting with knives to the death; we call them two miserable wretches; but lengthen their weapons, and cover the deed under a semblance of independence and nobleness, it will be a duel between gentlemen, and the Sovereign himself overcome by the prejudice of the age, will not be able to refuse a tacit honor to a crime perpetrated against *himself*, that is, rebellion added to manslaughter. The guilty spouse coolly speaks of the infamy of a poor creature, who by misery was gradually led to ruin; and from an elevated balcony the skillful robber of the public treasury quietly follows with a heartless look the unfortunate minor culprit dragged to the place of his atonement. There is a word of a profound sense in a book of fiction I read forty years ago; but the impression it made on my mind is not yet obliterated. It is in a moral novel of Marmon tel. A poor *paysan*, whose daughter had been dishonored by a wealthy landlord, said to this dissolute villain; it is lucky, very lucky for you sir, that you do not love gold as much as you do women; otherwise you would have become food for powder—you would have paid for my dishonor with your blood.

What are we doing, commonly speaking, through life? *That which pleases us*. If we deign to abstain from killing and stealing, it is because we feel no inclination to kill and steal. It is not the sin, but the shame of sin we fear; provided public opinion screens us from shame, or even adds to our glory—as it can if it chooses—sin is boldly committed, and man thus disposed calls himself an upright, just, or, at least an honest man: and who knows if in his heart he does not thank God, “that he is not like one of those.” This is a delirium at which the first moment of reflexion should make us blush. It was not without a profound wisdom that the Romans of old called by the same name *strength and virtue*. Indeed there is no virtue, properly speaking, without victory over ourselves; whatever costs nothing, is worth nothing.* If we strip our miserable virtues of what

is due to temper, to public opinion, to pride and vanity, to circumstances inability, what will there remain? alas! very little. I fear not to confess it—I never meditate on these thoughts without being tempted to throw myself on the ground as a miserable wretch craving for pardon, and accepting in advance all the afflictions that can befall my head as a slight compensation for the immense debt I have contracted with eternal justice. And yet you would scarcely imagine how many persons have told me in the course of my life that *I am a most honest man*.

With every allowance which the expression *commonly* permits, will not our own personal experience corroborate the above statements, though severe and scathing, of the illustrious Count de Maistre, the Christian Plato, and likely the most pious and best judge of our times, as a statesman and philosopher, our age has yet produced? We certainly admit not only the possibility but the reality of exceptions through our vast Continent; but even among those precious exceptions, the profound considerations of Count de Maistre will not displease any, nor even fall amiss. Should a misplaced vanity make others oversensitive to such pointed hints against the habitually good opinion they entertain of their own merits, they might find, after a while, in these hints more truth than they were at first willing to admit, if in the course of this gracious Month of Mary, they would daily compare copy to original.

Our Blessed Mother's *sinless* existence is alike the boast, and the consolation of our nature; she is the embodiment of innocence, and our noblest ambition is to approach nearer and nearer that great exemplar shown us on the Mount. But when we compare our sinful life with her spotless life, alas! what a contrast! Shall we fare much better in the comparison of our virtues with her virtues? Can they even bear a semblance of comparison? Before the Month of Mary passes away such a consideration might help to set many things right, to open and disenchant many eyes, to color again many a brazen cheek with a modest blush; and if we cannot be all *full of speech*,

Toribio, St. Louis Bertrand; of Blessed Peter Claver, Blessed Mariann of Jesus, Blessed Sebastian of Apparito, Blessed Martin of Porries, Blessed Joseph Massias, and six venerables of whom we shall soon speak more at length, all of whom sanctified themselves in this new world since Columbus brought here the tidings of the true faith. Again the same glorious testimony continues ever since to be offered to the same truth, in the saintly lives of a host of venerable Prelates, Missionaries, and Religious, whose apostolic labors and virtues, whose daily and life-long sacrifices have ever shed, and are still shedding an un fading luster upon our Holy Church, while they explain better than any thing else to our satisfaction, the mystery of its wonderful growth and extent through the length and breadth of this New World.

* This Christian axiom, we are happy to remark, has been illustrated to a surprising degree, on our own Continent, as well as in all Catholic countries since the origin of Christianity. We question if any thing more wonderful in point of voluntary mortifications, severe disciplines, hair-cloth, and such heroic penances as make one's existence almost a perpetual miracle, can be found in any previous age, or other part of the globe, than what we read of St. Rose of Lima, St.

n the language of Scripture, to praise our Holy Mother, we might, perhaps, more profitably speak to and commune with our own hearts.

AN EXPLANATION AND DEFENSE OF THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE OF THE SAC- RIFICE OF THE MASS.

BY CLONFERT.

ARGUMENT FROM THE EPITHETS, &c.

Secondly: It is called a *clean oblation* in the sense in which the Jewish offerings were *unclean*. But in the Catholic interpretation alone can it be called a *clean oblation* in that sense. A cursory perusal of the prophecy will show that it is called *clean* in the sense in which the Jewish offerings were *unclean*. "I will not receive a gift from your hands, saith the Lord!" and the reason assigned is, because you "offer maimed animals and polluted bread, and thereby despise my name." But I shall receive the oblation that is to be "offered in every place;" and the reason assigned is, because, unlike your polluted offerings, O Jewish priests! it is a *clean oblation*, by which "my name is glorified." (v. 7-11.) The cause of the rejection of the one is contradictory of that assigned for the acceptance of the other. Now we are told by Saint Paul and the Christian Fathers that the Jewish sacrificial system was rejected not only because its offerings were actually polluted, but chiefly because they were imperfect and *capable* of such pollution. *All* the sacrifices of the Jews did not consist in maimed animals and polluted bread. *All* the priests even in the age of Malachy were not sacrilegious men: many of them must have presented offerings as perfect as those sacrificed in the palmiest days of the Jewish religion. The *whole* system of worship was to be abolished, because it was made up of "vain and empty elements," says Saint Paul. The particular disrespect of the temple and altar in the days of Malachy was not the adequate motive of so general an anathema. For from the infancy of Judaism by Moses its parent and by subsequent prophets its future abrogation was foreseen and foretold. The reason of rejection must have been *common* to *all*, to the whole system: and the only reason *common* to all that can be assigned is that it was a system, as we said, of "poor and naked elements," capable of being corrupted by the ministering priests. But the motive of their rejection,

as we have proven, is the very contradictory of that on account of which the "pure oblation" is accepted. Therefore it must be in this respect independent of the priest, that is to say, wholly incapable of being polluted by him.

Let us examine where among the various interpretations shall we find the *pure oblation* in this sense. (1.) Is it any of the spiritual offerings with which the enemies of the Mass would identify it? It is astonishing to hear those say "yes," who believe in the total depravity of man's nature. How any internal or external act, that is essentially depraved and corrupted can be the "*clean oblation*" described is a paradox to us. It is only explicable in the metaphysics of those who, like Luther, assert identity of contradictions, whose opinion may be reduced to the equation,—It is=(equal) It is not—metaphysical "Yes" equal theological "No!" But considering these interpretations outside the principles of their authors the *clean* or *pure oblation* is not found verified in any of these internal offerings. These interpretations assert that it consists either in prayer and thanksgiving, in the preaching of the word, in conversion to the true faith, in the offerings made for the poor in the early Church, or in all and every kind of internal worship. Such offerings may be considered under two aspects, viz: as external, or as internal acts. For in prayer and thanksgiving as in preaching there are *two* things, the internal state of the mind and the external act, or shell through which it breathes. But under whichever aspect we consider them they do not constitute the "*pure oblation*;" because, as we have shown, it is completely independent in its purity of the person offering it, is incapable of being polluted by him. All internal acts, which are the spiritual sacrifices offered in the temple of the heart are as open to pollution and corruption as the sacrifices offered in the Jewish temple. They may be "maimed and polluted" by the "spiritual priest" who offers them, by the good or bad intention with which he acts. They may, for example, be partially corrupted like the maimed animals of the Jewish temple if he act with a slightly evil end indirectly in view; they may be wholly corrupted, if he act with an essentially bad end directly in view. Again the external act accompanying these internal offerings cannot be the *pure oblation*: for it derives its moral character from the nature of the inward act: the external is the body, the internal is the animating principle. No outward action can be independent in its sub-

stantial morality of the person unless the inward corresponding action be also equally independent. No act of man therefore is incapable of being corrupted by him.

"The slime of the serpent is over them all."

Or, in the language of Isaias,

Quasi pannus menstruata universæ justitiæ nostræ.

From these reflections we are compelled to conclude that the *clean* oblation is a spiritual, or metaphorical sacrifice offered merely on the altar of the heart. It must then be a true and proper one; the words admit no other meaning; no other tolerable interpretation has been suggested. nor have we any difficulty in pointing out what this pure, incorruptible oblation is according to the doctrine of the Catholic Church: it is the Body and Blood of Christ, truly, really and substantially present on our altars under the appearances of bread and wine.

ARGUMENT FROM THE FUNCTIONS OF THE CLEAN OBLATION.

Thirdly: It was to be a *new* oblation, not previously in existence, which would supplant and succeed the Jewish offerings. "Shall I receive it (sacrifice) at *your* hands?" (v. 13.) No! *you* have despised my name, *you* have profaned my worship! "I shall not receive it at *your* hands!" (v. 10.) Not only the sense, but the single words in the original and translated versions show that there is a strong emphasis on the pronouns "*you*" and "*your*;" implying that the Lord would receive sacrifices but offered by other hands. As much as to say—"Do not imagine that my temple will be deserted, my altars laid waste, because I reject *your* offerings; I will receive a more acceptable offering from other hands." This is manifestly the background of the orthodox interpretation.

The *clean oblation* is represented as following in the wake of the Jewish worship, which continued for some hundred years after this prophecy had been spoken. "I *will not* receive *your* offerings; for the *clean oblation* [SHALL] be offered." In the Hebrew the substantive verb "be" is not found: the present tense is used by the translators after the manner of prophecy, which represents future things as present on account of the certainty of their accomplishment yet to take place. Some one may say that the *clean oblation* was future in this sense, that it was not at that time offered in every place nor as yet made the substitute of the Jewish system, but nevertheless it was in existence then though not through the Gentile world. But there is *not one* word in the passage to show

it was previously in existence anywhere, not even in one single place. On the contrary it is said to be future in the same way as the glory of the Lord's name among the Gentiles, or as the abolition of the Aaronic worship among the Jews.

It is represented as supplanting the sacrifices of the Old Law. "I will not receive a gift at *your* hands; for (then) the *clean* oblation is offered, &c." These verses state *firstly*, the fact of the rejection of the Mosaic sacrifices and the succession of the "pure oblation;" *secondly*, that the former would cease *because* the latter would come into being. The existence of one is assigned as the cause of the non-existence of the other. Nor does this disagree with what has been already said that the cause or occasion of the rejection was the possible and actual corruption of these Jewish offerings. That cause was substantially in being from the first moment of their institution and only called for their abolition when something more perfect would be introduced to take their place. Such was the arrangement of Divine Providence. It is easy thence to understand how the appearance of that more perfect worship is said to be the immediate cause, or *occasion* of their disappearance. Imperfect as they were they had a certain utility for a time: they led the chosen people through ages of darkness to the portals of Christianity. There the *pure* oblation took their place; they lost the utility they previously possessed and became "stale, useless and unprofitable." It therefore not only succeeded but supplanted them.

Let us examine the various interpretations and find out which of them supplies the reality corresponding to this description; which of them is the (1.) *new* sacrifice, (2.) *succeeding to* and *supplanting* the Mosaic offerings:—

Metaphorical, or spiritual offerings of all kinds were in being in the days of the Patriarchs and Prophets. They existed before the Old Law, they coexisted with it. They could not therefore be represented as (1.) *simply future* in the age of Malachy. They could not be represented as (2.) *succeeding to*, much less, as *supplanting* the outward worship, as being the occasion, or the cause of its rejection by which it was rendered wholly useless. So far is this from truth that on the contrary the extension of this *spiritual* worship would very naturally call for the extension of the external worship also. Like soul and body they are joined together; and the presence of one demands that of the other. Neither can it be said that the preaching of the Gospel, the offerings for the poor in the early Church, the conversion of

the Gentiles supplanted the Jewish sacrifices. The only thing that could do this is a true and proper sacrifice like themselves but which possesses the perfections they lack.

The *clean oblation* foretold by the Prophet was to make more than amends for the dishonor of God's name and worship among the Jews. This dishonor was exhibited in two ways, *firstly*, by the general indifference and disrespect of the Deity on the part of the priests:—"To you, O priests! who *despise my name* and have said, wherein have we despised thy name? Wherein have we polluted thee? In what you say the table of the Lord is contemptible!" They are here represented as asking in wonder wherein they had despised Him; which implies that in their opinion He had no reason to complain, that their maimed and polluted offerings were suitable and good enough for His worship. *Secondly*, He complains of the particular dishonor of His altar and outward worship—"the *table of the Lord* is condemned." (v. 7-13.) "The *table of the Lord* is defiled, *that* which is *laid thereupon* is contemptible with the *fire* that devours it." These two things therefore were to be atoned for in the New Dispensation. Now according to the Protestant interpretation how is atonement to be made for this two-fold insult! The metaphorical sacrifice might atone sufficiently for the disrespect which the Jewish priests showed God by their low opinion and disregard of His fitting worship and by their indifference to the glory of His name. But it would not be an equivalent kind, a suitable atonement for the *outward profaning* of His public worship: because, *firstly*, metaphorical sacrifice expresses rather the respect of the individual than of the community for God: it would poorly compensate for the insults given and the disrespect shown by the wilful pollution of the sacrificial worship, which is the most solemn, the most public and the most honorable sign of God's power and majesty, and which is therefore presented in the name of the community. *Secondly*, the principal and particular burden of the complaint is the *special profaning of the altar*. "*My ALTAR is despised.*" "*My ALTAR is defiled.*" "*My ALTAR is rendered contemptible.*" (v. 12.) How then is His *altar* to be respected, how is the atonement on this count so distinctly and repeatedly marked out to be in the New Law on the Protestant principle? They have put the climax on Jewish profanity by overturning the altar completely and retaining only the name of the temple! It cannot be said that the extension and multiplication

of spiritual sacrifices over the Gentile world would atone for this *particular* mode of insult so bitterly complained of, the insult offered God through His altar and His worship. *Thirdly*, there is a distinction made in verse 10 which shows the *pure oblation* to be different from every kind of metaphorical offering: "My name is great (*horrible*) among the Gentiles; and—a pure oblation is offered in my name: for my name is great among the Gentiles." The "greatness of His name" includes metaphorical sacrifice and is twice distinguished in the same verse from the *clean oblation*. There is a perfect equality between the double insult and the double atonement.

Each of the three arguments preceding proves that the *clean oblation* foretold by the prophet signifies a true and proper sacrifice. It has been already proven that this prophecy was to be certainly fulfilled in the new law. The first proposition I have laid down must therefore be admitted to be true, viz: *The Lord speaking by the mouth of the Prophet Maluchy ABSOLUTELY foretells the existence in the New Law of a TRUE and PROPER SACRIFICE.*

We come now to establish the second proposition, viz: *This prophecy has its FULL and ONLY fulfillment in the Sacrifice of the Mass as understood and offered by the Catholic Church.*

I. Because there is no other true and proper sacrifice in any of the churches professing to follow Christ. The sectaries have destroyed the altar and abolished sacrifice properly so called. A few indeed from time to time have pretended to offer the substance of the bread and wine. But not to waste space and time in assigning other reasons the offering of the *few* is not that of the Christian Church, of the New Law; and cannot claim to be the *clean oblation* presented in every place from the rising to the setting sun and promoting the glory of the Lord's name over the Gentile world.

II. The Sacrifice of the Mass alone has all the characteristic marks of the *pure oblation*. It alone is incapable of being corrupted by the malice of the people or of the priest. It alone is offered "in every place." It alone is offered from "the rising to the setting sun." How these words are fulfilled not only in their substantial meaning but to the very letter! It is the continual sacrifice offered perhaps *every* moment of the day and night. For the sun *every* moment is rising over some part of the globe; and as his dawning beams are thus advancing from east to west unceasingly priests are ascending the myriad altars scattered over the broad domain of the

Church; and the Mass is celebrated in temple after temple thus encircling the earth with one continuous chain of praise and adoration of the Great Creator!

OUR LADY OF THE CHAINS.

A Legend of the Fourteenth Century.

[Translated from the French of L. D'Appilly.]

IX.

The last audience was particularly sad. The accused were still sick in consequence of the torture; they had to be carried before the tribunal. Joseph did not deign even to open his eyes; Robert had yet the strength to raise his head and to call heaven to witness that he was innocent. He denied the acknowledgments which violence had drawn from Angelo's weakness, but their sentence was already pronounced.

The president resumed in his way, the discussion. He reflected witheringly, with virtuous energy, on the hardened self-will of Joseph and his brother, declared them convicted of the assassination of lord Dogliano, and condemned them all three to make reparation to his memory, bare-foot, in their shirts, and with ropes round their necks, and to be hanged directly opposite the palace of the late minister. Their goods were partly applied to indemnify the widow, and partly confiscated to justice.

Joseph's wife then, for the first time, obtained permission to see her husband. She cast herself upon him, and held him in a long embrace without being able to pronounce a word. The unfortunate man, whose firmness had not given way under torment, could not govern his emotion, and his eyes were flooded with tears.

"Alas! what will become of me!" said the unhappy wife. "The satellites of justice have devastated our dwellings. It is only with great exertion that my father has obtained my release from my dungeon."

"Take courage, my love," replied the merchant, "the Madonna will watch over you. If we are separated on earth, the separation will not be long, and when, after a few years, we meet in heaven, we shall no longer fear those suspicions and calumnies, which poison all human happiness."

"I have invoked the Madonna indeed for this, but she does not hear us."

"Do not despair; she will make our innocence manifest."

"Why did you not answer as they required? perhaps that might have appeased their rage."

"No, no; they had sworn our ruin. They had said to falsehood, reign thou over us! Well! let them be satisfied; I will not open my mouth to disabuse them. But when the day of truth comes I will accuse them in my turn, and God will show them their iniquity."

The *shirri* put an end to their conversation and tore Joseph from the embraces of his wife.

Before executing the judgment, they had to wait till the wounds caused by the torture were sufficiently healed to allow the condemned to bear the fatigue of walking. Two weeks thus elapsed, and if the people passed these days in barbarous impatience, the Zibelli remained calm and indifferent.

They obtained by the power of entreaty the melancholy favor of being united in the same dungeon. The last moments appeared to them less frightful. They encouraged each other. Morning and evening Joseph recited aloud the prayers which his brothers followed fervently in their hearts. During the day, Robert exercised his wit in jokes and pleasantry, and he did so with so much spirit and animation, that he forced them to forget their fate and smile at the shameful death that was before them.

A religious had been sent to them to prepare their consciences. This holy man often visited them, and his presence was beneficial to those unfortunates, who had no other friend.

He told them that the Count's widow had herself solicited their pardon, but that the King, irritated at the loss of his minister, had only answered by an inflexible refusal.

The ladies of the city, touched by the misfortunes of the brothers, sent them presents of fruits, wine and cakes, with compassionate messages. These presents did not fail to alleviate the sorrows of the condemned, who had thought themselves loaded with public execration.

At last the fatal day came. The gaoler handed to Angelo a letter brought by an unknown person and which only contained the single word; "Farewell!"

Joseph had scarcely time to take leave of his wife.

"Invoke the Madonna," said he to her, "from her alone can come if not deliverance, at least consolation."

They were stripped of their coats, and a taper was placed in the hand of each. They passed without emotion through the street where the

murder had been committed. The count's widow sent to conjure the executioners to spare her a scene which renewed her sorrows, but they would not listen. They forcibly made the condemned kneel down to pronounce the reparation. Joseph refused to do it, and neither threats nor blows could constrain him to it.

"Make *him* reparation!" cried he, "when he has dishonored our family and is now dragging us to death! All that I can do is to pardon him."

Robert, after having read the prescribed words, added:

"I do not accuse thee, O my benefactor, for I know that thou didst love me; I only accuse the judges who insult thee by offering thee the blood of three innocent men as an expiation."

Angelo wept and had not strength to speak.

Arrived at the foot of the gallows, Angelo rolled upon the ground with clamors and imprecations. He besought the executioners and all present to have pity and grant him grace. Robert said to him:

"Must you cry so much about a leap that still you have to take? Hold your peace, child! You do not know but that there may be a certain pleasure in swinging in the air!"

Joseph, insensible to all, was praying in the depths of his heart. His wife had not the courage to be present at their death. She had gone to a church, and prostrate at the foot of the altar, she importuned, by her tears and supplications, the Mother of Mercy.

Borbero presided at the execution, and hurried the final preparations. At the moment when the fatal noose was about to be placed on the neck of Joseph, he turned towards the crowd:

"We die innocent," said he, "I call to witness the infallible God in whose presence I shall be in another instant. May the Madonna protect our memory, and clear it from a crime we never committed."

Borbero made a sign to the executioner, who hastened to seize the sufferers and drag them under the gibbets.

Meantime a lively agitation was produced among the people. Cries were raised on several sides at the same time; the executioners were ordered to suspend their work.

A man finally made his way through, and with an imperious gesture, made signs that he wished to speak. It was a wretch, in rags, disordered and pale. His hair was covered with mud and foam, and his features were distorted by terror, remorse and rage.

"The Zibelli are not guilty," cried he; "the assassins of Lord Dogliano are those whom I will name to you: Domenico, myself, and Borbero."

"He is mad," replied the chief of police; "execute the sentence!"

"Wait," said one of the magistrates advancing in his turn, "we wish to question this man."

They were obliged to obey. It was discovered that in fact Borbero was the chief of the murderers. The wretches had not remained long in harmony. Borbero, to get rid of his accomplices, had caused Domenico to be drowned;—saved by a prodigy from the same death, the other one, through hatred of his cruel friend, resolutely ruined himself to ruin him.

Proofs were not wanting, and were brought forward in such number and strength that the Zibelli were restored to liberty and honor.

The same day, three ships, laden with riches, entered the harbor of Palermo. These riches belonged to Joseph, who consecrated the greater part of them to the building of a church, in honor of Her who breaks the chains of the prisoner.

[THE END.]

ROME.

We take from the beautiful *Rosier de Marie* the following correspondence from Rome:

Rome, April 12, 1867:

At the moment I write Rome displays the Pontifical Colors, decks herself in verdure and flowers, and prepares for a general illumination.

On this day, seventeen years ago, Pius IX entered his capital, in which the army of *la grande nation*—of the most Christian nation, had re-established order and the temporal authority of the Holy See. A crowd innumerable, joining the soldiers, formed a double hedge along the way from the gate of St. John Lateran to the Vatican. For sixteen months previous Rome had felt that anguish which is always produced by the absence of her King, and of the Supreme Head of the Universal Church. For sixteen months she had sighed for the return of him who makes her so grand and happy. When the Pontifical cortège appeared, escorted by your dragons and your generals, there arose loud acclamations which drowned the noise of five hundred bells, and of the cannons of the castle of St. Angelo. Rome forgot her past troubles in the happiness of the hour. And when, as Pius IX entered the

grand Basilica, and was hailed by the chanting of the words of Christ, *Tu es Petrus*, etc, the most indifferent spectator was forced to say, in the depth of his heart, "How true it is that the gates of hell shall never prevail against the Church!"

On this day, twelve years ago, Pius IX was surrounded by several Cardinals, many Prelates, General de Montreal, commanding the French army, and a certain number of students of the Propaganda. The floor gave way, and many persons, the Holy Father of the number, fell to the next story. The pious Pontiff had recourse to Mary, whose Immaculate Conception he had four months before proclaimed. Not one was injured. The Holy Father fell in a standing posture, being upheld by the arm of one of the students of the Propaganda. A large fresco painted on the walls of the room perpetuates the memory of this event.

On the 12th of April, 1850, and the 12th of April, 1855, Rome was brilliantly illuminated. Since then this double anniversary has been celebrated with ever-increasing splendor; and this year especially, as the Catholic world more than ever fears for the tranquillity of Rome and the maintenance of the temporal authority of the Pope, Rome wishes that the celebration of the 12th of April testify the devotedness that she professes for her Pontiff-King.

I have been told that the committee of the principal men who have voluntarily organized in the various parishes of Rome to collect the offerings of the inhabitants, obtained 100,000 francs in a few days. At five o'clock the Pope will go to the church of St. Agnes, beyond the wall, where the *Te Deum* is to be sung in his presence.

From the Roman correspondence of the *London Weekly Register* we take the following:

ROME, April 12.

If Dr. Pusey had chanced to pass down the Corso towards six on Sunday afternoon he would have called out with holy indignation; for Passion Sunday has now for many a long day been the Feast of the Seven Dolours at the Servite Church of Santa Maria in Via, and later afternoons of the entire Passion Week are marked by a series of great public devotions in that church. So last Sunday there was a general communion, and the image of our Lady of Seven Dolours, which Bernini designed now long, long years ago, was set up over the high altar for special veneration. There was also a Pontifical High Mass, celebrated with much splendor; but the culminating point in the day's solemnity was in the afternoon,

for then took place the great procession—one of the most notable of Roman processions. Strangers passing up and down the Corso during the earlier part of the afternoon must have been a little puzzled to know why so many of the balconies and windows were being gradually draped with tapestries and colored damasks or gaudy silks, just as in the Carnival time—decorations extending, too, into the streets on the eastern side of the Corso; and towards five o'clock there was a considerable gathering about the Piazza Colonna; the balconies and windows were teeming with heads, and the streets leading up to and about Santa Maria in Via, and the Piazzas of San Claudio and San Silvestro were alive with people of every class, on foot or in carriages.

After describing the procession, the correspondent continues:

The scene in the Piazza Colonna, round which the procession went, was the most striking feature. The crowds were so immense, the respect was so real, and the soldiers of the barrack were all in a line. And slowly the procession came up, passed along the Corso till it turned up the Muratte, and made its way by the cross streets back to the church, where was Benediction with the relic, as had been given twice already at different points of the route.

What the correspondent says of English boys may be applied to those of our country; but we think the fault is not to be attributed entirely to Our Boys. They are generous and courageous, but have never been made sufficiently aware of the favorable "opening" they have to display their generosity, if not their valor.

While every week brings its new donations from other countries, England alone hangs fire, and there are English in Rome this winter who have declined to sign the address to the Holy Father. All the more reason that something should be done to remove the reproach from the nation. On the other hand, I hear that the Holy Father has been greatly touched by receiving from the boys of a Jesuit college in Ireland an address, signed by the names of these spirited fellows, and a present of £50 collected amongst themselves. There must be noble stuff in Irish school boys, when they can come forward just now in a way so unmistakable as this. Hitherto it has been flattering to one's national pride to believe that English boys were noble fellows; but, while Italian, and French, and Irish school-boys—all of so little account in English eyes—have come forward to help the Holy Father with

their money and their blood, the English school-boys have stood quietly aloof, as if it mattered nothing to them whether the noblest cause in the world died or lived.

Who can show cause why a subscription should not be taken up among the students of all the Catholic colleges of the United States, and the proceeds sent to the Holy Father?

Why, then, not take it up?

The *Monde* gives the news from Rome up to the 17th of April. Papal Chapel was held in St. Peter's on Palm Sunday. The Holy Father entered the Basilica, accompanied by the attendance usual on great Solemnities. He blessed the palms, and took part in the procession, and was present at the Mass, which was celebrated by his Eminence the Cardinal Bilio.

The grand ceremonies of Holy Week were just commencing. Last year the newspapers of Florence when speaking of the benediction given by the Pope on Holy Thursday, said: It is the last! The wish was father to the thought.

The presence of several foreign vessels at Civita Vecchia gives rise to many commentaries. There are two American vessels: the *Augusta*, Captain Murry,—with 180 men, and nine cannons; and the *Monitor*, Miantonumock, Beaumont, Commander—180 men and four cannons.

The faithful of the diocese of Nantes support *thirty-one* volunteers for the Papal Army.

REV. FATHER HOFBAUER.—On the 9th of February last, the Sacred Congregation of the Rites was assembled to decide upon the introduction of the cause of the servant of God, the Rev. Father Hofbauer, a Moravist Liguorian, who died about fifty years ago. We find in the life of this saintly religious the recital of an incident which seems to have determined his vocation. He was only nine years old when he lost his father. On his return from the cemetery, his mother, a woman of no ordinary piety, spoke to him the following words: "My child, weep no more, you will not be an orphan, for I have found you a father whom death cannot take away from you. Here, my child," she added while opening the door of the room of the deceased, "behold the Father you will love and serve henceforth." The child found himself in the presence of a large crucifix, fell at once on his knees and did not rise until he had vowed in his heart obedience and fidelity to his Father, Jesus crucified. Such was the starting point of a life wholly consecrated to the love of God and the conversion of souls.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

For the AVE MARIA.

OFFERINGS TO THE QUEEN OF MAY FROM THE CHILDREN OF MARY.

THIRD OFFERING.—MODESTY.

Another gem we bring to-day,
The Virgin's treasure—*modesty*.
The Christian Virgin ne'er can be
Pleasing to Earth, to Heaven, to thee,
When yields her cheek no modest glow,
No diffidence adorns her brow;
For Mary's children e'er must be
The portrait of her modesty:
Modest in thought, in word, in eye;
Modest e'en when no danger's nigh.
Robed in this garb of priceless worth,
A *Rose* for Heaven she blooms on Earth;
A fragrance 'round her virtues spread;
A luster o'er her path is shed,—
No ill can harm her—all must yield
When *modesty* becomes her shield.

"THEOLA;" A TALE OF EARLY TIMES.

BY MARIAPHILOS.

CHAPTER IX.—THE LAST SCENE OF ALL.

The parting was over! How Manlius returned again and again to clasp the beloved one in his arms; how little Angelicus clung screaming to his mother's robes and had to be torn away at last; how the Lady Thecla kept her eyes fixed upon Heaven until all was over, oh, who could describe? But when all were gone then the agony commenced, all her fortitude forsook her: great clouds fell darkly upon her soul and shut out the bright visions that had hitherto sustained her. She cast herself down upon the cold, stone floor of the cell and strove to pray. But no prayer seemed to pass her lips. Then dread temptations overwhelmed her with more than mortal anguish. The world, it was so bright,—Manlius, Angelicus, to be torn from them! to be beheaded—terrible thought! What kind of a sensation would it be? Would she feel the axe much, and would there be any consciousness after her head was severed from her body? Strange fancies, yet very natural, even with the holiest martyrs. The very essence of their heroism con-

sists in encountering such thoughts, overcoming them and going on bravely to the end.

Then the poor, dear confessor of Christ moaned in her utter desolation. But, thanks be to God, relief came.

A vision—a reality once! She saw a garden and One lying flat on His face, even as she herself lay. His agony was beyond the limits of human intellect, for it was the agony of a God. She saw the green grass grow crimson under Him,—tinged red with the sweat of the Man-God in His abandonment. She saw the angel come with the bitter chalice; she heard the Forsaken One's pathetic prayer: "Father, if it be thy will let this chalice pass from me; but not my will but thine be done." Not My human will, oh no, My Father, let it not bend Us from the necessary sacrifice! And then she saw the traitor and his wicked followers,—she heard the treacherous kiss—oh, dreadful kiss, that gave a Redeemer up to those who thirsted for His Blood, and yet gave redemption to mankind.

She then fell into a troubled sleep, with a sense of abandonment and weariness weighing her down. The grey dawn was creeping through the bars of her cell, when she felt a touch on her shoulder. She raised her head slowly and languidly.

"Daughter, arise!" said an old, bent man, enveloped in a long cloak. "Arise, a visitor is here. He has come to comfort thee."

"Who are you?" asked the lady in great fear.

"I am a most unworthy son of the Church. With much difficulty I have come to thee to-night."

"But who is the other visitor of whom you spoke?" asked the lady, still on her knees.

"Thy Saviour, Jesus," answered he.

"And you—"

"I am a priest."

"Thanks be to my good God. Now welcome death, torture, for my Lord hath come to His unworthy servant."

Her confession—the record of an innocent life—was soon over, and the lady was absorbed in thanksgiving.

For two long hours after the departure of the priest the lady remained upon her knees. He had come to her—that was enough. She prayed first for the suffering Church of God, then for Manlius and her child. She prayed for all her enemies, especially Raucus, that He who had shown her such merciful goodness—who had sustained and strengthened her in the hour of trial—might

touch their hearts with His blessed grace and bring them to a knowledge of the truth. She was thus engaged when she heard the sound of many voices and the noise of heavy feet. They stopped at her door, but it was not the dear husband, the child, the good soldier,—oh no, but enemies, tigers, coming to take her to what *they* imagined was her disgrace, but, what *she* knew was her triumph.

The door opened and Raucus entered. An expression of demoniac glee was upon his withered face.

"Madame," he said, "the hour is come. The state demands your blood."

"Thanks be to God," answered the Lady Thecla.

"Yet, madame, you have yet a chance. I can—"

"Enough, sir,—speak no more to me. And now, sir, listen to me. You have insulted me; you have persecuted me; you have followed me with a spirit of hatred which I will not judge, but which I leave to God. But, mark me, sir, your course is nearly run, and, mayhap, I shall be your accuser before the tribunal of Jesus Christ. And, mark again, *you will be there!*"

The Lady was led off to execution heavily chained. Down through the dark and fetid corridors—out through the iron-grated gate, and she was in the street. The glare of light at first blinded her, but after a while she could distinguish the sea of faces gazing at her. All, or nearly all, scowled upon her with pagan hatred. She looked about her to see if Manlius was there, and she was successful. Very near, yet disguised, was her faithful husband. She bent her head and smiled, and the procession moved on. The mob roared and hooted and hissed, but she heeded them not; nay, she gloried in it, for her thoughts reverted to Him who had suffered far more,—and He was the Creator of all those who scoffed at Him!

As the Lady Thecla was a Roman lady, her death was to be by the axe. But Raucus, inspired by personal hatred, had had a cauldron of boiling oil prepared in order to test the strength of her attachment to the faith of the Nazarene, as he termed our Blessed Lord.

She reached the place of execution and ascended the steps.

"I demand that this woman be subjected to the ordeal of the cauldron of oil," croaked Raucus. "An enemy, as she is, of the divine Emperor, whom may the gods—"

"Peace, Raucus, peace," exclaimed Catullus, the Prefect, "she is a Roman lady, and it shall not be."

"But, good sir, I hold—"

"Peace, I say, sir!" thundered the Prefect. "Methinks, Raucus, thou hast a personal spleen against the lady. I respect the divine Emperor as much as thou, but justice must be done."

Raucus sneaked off to one side of the platform and desisted from any further remark.

And now the blessed martyr of Christ was summoned to the block.

"Sacrifice to the gods, madame," said Catullus, "and you may go free. Indeed, I feel grieved to see a lady of your position and birth here to-day. Here," continued he, offering her a piece of incense, "throw that on this fire and say *Dii immortales* and the business is over. Now do, do, madame."

But the answer came clear and quickly.

"Never!"

"Executioner, do your duty," said the Prefect.

Thecla looked her last upon the crowd; a priest was there, who raised his hand. She bowed her head, received the last absolution, and in a moment her blessed soul was with God.

"Here is your tenth, fellow," said the Prefect, handing a sum of money to Raucus.

"No more than a tenth! Why, sir, the divine Emperor—"

"No more about the divine Emperor, I pray you," said Catullus, scornfully. "Take thy blood-money and go thy way."

Raucus took the money and, breathing a malediction, was about to depart when, striking his foot against a block of wood, he stumbled. He fell from the scaffold; a terrible shriek terrified the spectators! They rushed to the cauldron and drew forth, not a man, but a skeleton. It was Raucus! and the words of the martyr-mother were fulfilled—Thecla and Raucus stood before the tribunal of Jesus Christ!

* * * * *

A secret room and a dead body lying upon a raised stand. Numbers of faithful Christians about it. It was the mutilated body of the blessed martyr Thecla. Suddenly a strong, tall man approached, with a child in his arms. The little boy had a rose in his hand.

"Father! I will place my rose, this time, on my mother's body. She is with the angels, is she not, dear papa?"

"Yes, my child, yes!" answered he.

"And, dear papa, I hope you will not be angry with me, would you like me to be with mamma?"

"Yes, dear Angelicus; yes, child."

The little boy approached the bier. He placed

a blooming red rose upon his martyr-mother's bosom, and then bent over to kiss her pale features. He remained a long time thus. His father approached to raise him. *He was dead!*

* * * * *

Some months afterwards a monk, in *toga* and sandals, was walking the streets of Rome. His cheeks were furrowed with grief, and he seemed to heed not the words of an humble companion who followed him. Presently a crowd passed by, surrounding a common cart, in which was a venerable old man.

"Who is that?" asked the monk.

"One Publius,—once a Senator, now a miserable criminal," answered one of the bystanders.

"What was his crime?" asked the pilgrim.

"He was a Christian," answered the pagan.

The questioner said no more, but passed on.

"Terentius, it reminds me of Thecla," said the monk.

"Dear Manlius, grieve not! God hath his own wise ends in all things; your wife and son are in Heaven. Let us now go to our monastery and patiently wait the coming of the happy day of meeting," and they passed on and disappeared. Yet a little while, oh Manlius, and thou shalt be with thy lost ones! Thou shalt not lose courage, for *they* are interceding for thee. Thy path to Heaven shall be through many tribulations, but thou shalt not suffer martyrdom. And then, Terentius, the axe and fire await thee, and when the hour comes thou wilt glorify God, and gain the crown of Thecla.

The travelers passed on,—out from the mighty city—out on the Appian way, noble equipages flashed past them—running slaves toiled past them,—roystering gallants of the city swaggered by, but they were all unheeded. The sun—an Italian sun—flooded the woods, waters and landscape in the majesty of his last evening smile. Even the far-off mountains grew purple in the distant haze, and looked like childhood's dreams of the eternal hills.

They reached an eminence, and turned, to take a last look at the imperial city. There it lay, its splendor increased by the flood of light.

"Is it not lovely!" whispered Terentius.

"On the surface, yes, dear Terentius, but there is a something beneath that fair exterior that cries out to Heaven for vengeance."

"What is that, Manlius?"

"Pride and pagan corruption," answered he. "But I see something more beautiful! oh, a thou-

sand times more beautiful, dear Terentius!" exclaimed Manlius with sudden energy.

"And what is that?" asked Terentius.

"The Cross above the shattered idols of Rome."

"Thanks be to God." The listeners looked with awe upon the inspired features of Manlius.

"And I see more, dear Terentius."

"What do you see more, oh Manlius?" the listener asked.

"I see Theda—I see Angelicus, and they beckon to me. I am coming, dear ones," he continued clasping his hands, "a little while, and we shall meet to part no more."

And the listener said—"Amen."

[THE END.]

CONFIDENCE OF THE MINIMS OF NOTRE DAME IN THEIR OWN PRAYERS.

It was Holy Thursday; the *Gloria in excelsis* had filled the Church with its angelic sounds of glad tidings; to the deep, rich notes of the organ, were added the full harmony of a band of wind instruments, and the full swing of all the chime bells in the steeple of Notre Dame; then the Mass continued with all the expressive silence which the Church uses at this mournful epoch to remind the faithful, of the agony of the Passion of our Redeemer. The sacred Host for the Mass of the *Pre sanctified* had been borne in solemn procession by the Priests, Deacons, Sub-deacons, Seminarians, Brothers and acolytes, through the aisles of the Church, and down the winding steps that lead to the crypt or lower chapel, in which the Repository had been prepared. The cortege had returned to the now desolate Sanctuary, to chant in low sad strains the mournful psalms of the Vespers of the day. Those touching plaints that so feelingly express the patience of our Saviour, when He meekly and patiently bore all the calumnies of His enemies; the tender complaining of the Messiah against the perfidy of Judas, the persecutions of the Synagogue, and the abandonment of His disciples. *Considerabam ad dexteram et videbam et non erat qui cognosceret me*—"I looked on my right hand, and behold, there was no one that would know me." Then the high Altar was stripped of all its rich ornaments; for what need of flowers, lights and rare vases, when the Tabernacle was desolate!

It was noon as all left the Church; but no bell sounded the mid-day Angelus; all repaired in silence to their refectories. The joyous sounds of recreation that ever follow dinner were not heard on this

day. While all around Notre Dame, seemed to feel the impress of the season, the news was received that Archbishop Spalding was dying! As it passed from one department to the other, it sent a pang to every Catholic heart, from the gray-headed old Brother Patrick, who thirty-eight hours afterwards was borne to his own grave, to Eddy the youngest minim who loves to tell how "good Archbishop Spalding blessed me and the statue of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart last year."

The venerable Archbishop dying! At this thought, oh! so earnestly prayed every heart that God would not deepen the solemnities of Holy Week by taking from His Church its venerable and eloquent Metropolitan. We knew that the body of the saintly Bishop Timon, was lying in state before the high Altar of the Cathedral, that his zeal had erected in Buffalo; but he had gone from us in the fulness of years, and earnestly we prayed that God's Holy will would give even longer life to the Archbishop.

Early in the afternoon, Very Rev. Father Provincial went to St. Mary's to tell the sad news and request the prayers of all, particularly of the juveniles, in whose innocent petitions he has great confidence. At the same time one of the religious, connected with the Minims Department at Notre Dame, exhorted all those little ones to offer their most fervent prayers for the Archbishop's recovery.

The afternoon of Holy Thursday slowly passed away. At two o'clock the touching ceremony of the "Washing of Feet" by the Very Rev. Father Provincial took place, in the deserted sanctuary. At five the faithful again repaired to the Church to assist at the mysterious office of *Tenebrae*, wherein the abandonment of our Blessed Saviour and the flight of his disciples, are represented by the successive extinction of the wax lights on the triangular chandelier, placed in the sanctuary, while the choir chant the psalms relating to the Passion.

Once again, when the shades of night covered the earth, and the Church was dimly illuminated by the lights attached to the huge black Cross that formed the only ornament of the high Altar, the faithful assembled in the Church to sing the *Stabat Mater*.

During all those hours a crowd was kneeling around the Repository in the crypt, where reposed the Majesty of our loving Redeemer. The hours of the night were also divided among the adorers of the Most Precious Body and Blood. Many of the Religious, whose names were not on

this list, solicited and obtained from the Very Rev. Father Provincial, the favor of remaining all night before the Blessed Sacrament, to pray for the recovery of the Most Venerable Archbishop.

On Good Friday came the long and impressive ceremonies of the day: the Adoration of the Cross, the Mass of the pre-sanctified, the recital of the Passion of Our Blessed Redeemer as related by St. John.

The clear tenor voice of the historian, ever and anon interrupted by the heartrending accents of Jesus, the sharp notes of the deicide Judas, the the clamors of the perfidious Jews, the shrill voice of the maid-servant, the angry denial of Peter, and the smooth voice of the egotistical Pilate make the chanting of the Passion one of the most affecting rites in the Liturgy of the Church; impressing the hearts of all who hear with emotions similar to those that must have filled the heart of the Beloved Disciple, the faithful witness of it all.

When the historian ends with the interment of the Sacred Body of Jesus, the Church offers a series of most pathetic petitions; she prays for all the wants of mankind, showing that she is truly the Mother of man, and the Spouse of the Son of God. "All, even the Jews, have a part in the earnest pleading which the Church, in the midst of her mourning, presents to the Father of Ages, at the foot of the Cross of Jesus."

In the afternoon the little chapel of the Holy Sepulcher, in the grounds of the priest's novitiate, attracted the crowds that had pressed around the Repository in the crypt from Holy Thursday until the Mass of the *Pre sanctified*. At three o'clock, the "Way of the Cross" brought all back to the Church of the desolate Altar. At five, the mortal remains of good old Brother Patrick, who had passed to the reward of a well-spent life on earth, were borne to the cemetery of the Community. The sun of Holy Saturday arose. The same mournful quiet rested over Notre Dame. From the direction of St. Mary's Academy came a group of Sisters and pupils, among whom was one adorned in snow-white robes, a gentle maiden from a far off Southern home, coming to receive the waters of Baptism, and to read aloud her profession of Faith at the paschal font; seven students of Notre Dame were already in the Church, prepared to receive the same Sacrament of life. Anon the chime bells pealed forth their triumphant chorus to the sonorous voice of the celebrant, intoning the *Gloria in excelsis*.

The deep tones of manhood, and the treble notes of children, mingling with the sound of the organ, joined the refrain of this grand overture that proclaimed the Alleluia of the risen Lord.

Yet during all those hours not one cheering word had been heard to contradict the sad announcement that the venerable Archbishop of Baltimore was dying! Good Brother Patrick's last prayer on earth had been for him. The first petitions of the baptized ones to their heavenly Father, was for the restoration of the Chief of the American Hierarchy, and while all commemorated the sad scenes of our dear Redeemer's Passion, the petition went up from every heart that the joys of the approaching Easter might not be saddened by news of his death.

We fear our little readers will here say: "I thought you were going to tell us about the 'confidence of the Minims of Notre Dame in their own prayers'! Are you the Minims?" No; we are not the Minims, and, begging pardon of our young friends for the digression, we return to our subject.

Easter Monday brought the happy tidings that the Archbishop was considered out of danger. As soon as our Minims heard it, "Oh, *we knew* he would get well!" they all exclaimed. A short time afterwards Very Rev. Father Provincial visited their department. After giving them his blessing, he told them what good little sisters they had among the juveniles at St. Mary's Academy, and how fervently those sisters of theirs had prayed for the recovery of the venerable Archbishop of Baltimore. "Oh, but it wasn't *their* prayers, but *ours* that made him well!" cried, in full chorus, all the Minims of Notre Dame. "Your prayers!" said Father Provincial, "did you pray for him?"

"Why, to be sure we did, Father. Ever since Thursday, we knelt down five times every day, and said the Our Father, Hail Mary, the Remember, 'Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, pray for the Archbishop of Baltimore!' and 'Dear Lord Jesus, Thou didst say, at the Last Supper, 'Whatever you ask the Father in My name, you shall receive:' now, relying on Thy promise, we little Minims ask the Father in Thy name to make the Archbishop well.' Besides," continued the Minims, "we have a great many more Minims here, than they have at St. Mary's!"

With these unanswerable proofs, the face of every one of the Minims fairly glowed with joy at the thought of the power of *prayer*, when offered up by so many little boys.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. III.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 25, 1867.

No. 21.

ANTHEMS, PRAYERS, AND HYMNS OF THE CHURCH TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BY THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.

XV.—THE HOLY ROSARY.—CONCLUSION.

During the Middle Ages, called by some Protestants the *dark ages* and by Catholics the *Ages of Faith*, there originated a practice which, with all its defects, was beautiful in its conception, and highly useful in its results. We refer to the dramatic representations of the prominent facts in the lives of Our Blessed Lord and His Immaculate Mother. These were called the *Mysteries*. Rude as they often were in their style and grotesque in their scenic illustrations, occasionally irreverent even, if you will, according to our nicer modern ideas, they were still, in their substance and moral tendency, far superior to our more refined and polished modern dramas, in which false and pernicious principles are but too often consecrated, and the worst passions deified. The great Mysteries of Christ and the Virgin were, through them, kept fresh in the memory of the people, and the very rudeness of the representation adapted them all the better to the minds of a simple and rude people, who had but lately emerged from barbarism through the civilizing influence of the Church.

If no one will venture to deny the great utility of preserving among Christians a vivid impression and memory of the first historical elements of Christianity, no one, we presume, will be disposed to question the great utility of the Mysteries; and few considerate Christians will be disposed to rejoice over their discontinuance in our present more enlightened age—more enlightened in all else than in Religion. In the Mysteries, the devil was always represented in a ridiculous, grotesque, or hideous light; in our modern drama he is but too often presented as a somewhat decayed, but very shrewd and respectable old gentleman

of polished manners and seductive, if heartless eloquence. Such appears to have been at least the ideal of the great Protestant epic Poet Milton, who succeeded so well in writing "*Paradise Lost*," but failed so signally in writing "*Paradise Regained*."

Deeply sensible of the great importance of keeping the leading facts connected with the beginning of Christianity constantly before her children, the Church of God, with the divine wisdom which is in her, has not failed to represent them, and to reproduce them continually, almost with dramatic vividness, in her yearly round of festivals. The Calendar is a sort of religious drama, with a new scene commemorating some great religious character or event, almost every day in the year.

The Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin seems to have originated in the same idea, and to have been perfected on the same plan. It is also, in some sense, a religious drama in three Acts, with five Scenes to each Act. The Acts represent three great divisions or compartments of events in the Life of Our Lord and of His Mother, embracing in succession the Joyful, the Sorrowful, and the Glorious Mysteries thereof, which were and are so intimately and tenderly conjoined, that you cannot separate them. The fifteen Scenes fill up the details in the beautiful and impressive life-drama, presenting to our view all the principal epochs in their joint lives, from the Incarnation of the Man-God in her immaculate womb, to her own glorious Coronation in heaven.

While piously meditating on these successive Mysteries, the Christian is directed to recite certain forms of prayer, most of them of divine origin, and all of them hallowed and consecrated by immemorial usage. Each Scene opens with the *Pater*, or Lord's Prayer, and closes with the *Gloria*, thus determining beyond the possibility of mistake, the character of the devotion as mainly directed to the Father in heaven and to the whole Blessed Trinity. The Angelical Salutation, or *Ave Maria*, as it was uttered by the

inspired lips of Gabriel and Elizabeth, with the pious and most ancient adjunct of the Church, is recited ten times during the space intervening, thus keeping the attention directed throughout to the central personages of the devotion, Jesus and Mary, united on earth, united in heaven—one in heart from the Incarnation to the Coronation.

The total number of *Ave Marius* in the Rosary thus amounts to one hundred and fifty, the same as that of the Psalms; which circumstance has caused some persons to call the Rosary the Psalter of Mary, as the collection of Psalms is called the Psalter of David. There is thus a sort of coincidence between the number of invocations which are sacred to the memory of the royal father and of his queenly daughter.

But why so much repetition of the same form of prayer? Why is so great, and even undue prominence given to the invocation of Mary, who, after all, is acknowledged to be but a mere creature of God?

The answer to both these current objections is obvious, and it has already been given a thousand times. A good thing cannot be too often repeated. The repetition impresses it all the more vividly on the memory. Besides, it makes the devotion more simple and easy, and thus adapts it better to the capacity of the uninformed and simple-minded, who compose the bulk of Christians. The poorest and most untutored negro may recite the Rosary with as much unction and fruit as the most learned and enlightened. The latter class are also attracted towards the devotion by the very characters of simplicity of form and grandeur of idea, which adapts and endears it so much to the former. Thus it suits all, and soon becomes a favorite with all. The soul of pious meditation on, or contemplation of the Mystery appropriate to each decade animates and enlivens the body of the vocal recital. The mind and the heart go along with the lips, and the soul is fed with the heavenly manna of devotion, while the lips recite the time-consecrated forms of praise and supplication. The very simplicity of these frequently recurring forms requires no effort of the memory or stretch of the attention, and thus leaves the mind all the more free to contemplate during the recital.

Moreover, this practice of frequently repeating the same form of invocation is time-consecrated, and, besides having the divine warrant of our Saviour's prayer in the garden, it is almost as old as Christianity itself, among His disciples. We read that the pious Solitaries of the desert, as early as

the third century, were in the habit of reciting their prayers on strings of grains or pebbles—a species of chaplet or beads—and that this usage, on account of its convenience and adaptation to the capacity of even the most rude and unlearned, was soon extended among the different families of those men of God in the olden time, until it became more or less general.

As to the more frequent repetition of the *Ave* than of the *Pater* and *Gloria*, we answer that it was to be expected in a devotion peculiar to Mary; that her part, though more prominent in the space assigned to it, is still subordinate in itself, which is conclusively proved, both by what has been already intimated above, and by the fact that in the invocation to her she is only asked to pray for us; so that every thing, mediately or immediately, is directed to God, whom we honor and invoke best when we honor and invoke Him through Mary, His favorite and most perfect creature.

The institution of the Rosary is generally ascribed to the great Saint Dominic, about the close of the twelfth century. He brought it into general use among the Catholics of Southern Europe, as a powerful weapon for the conversion of the Albigenses, foul heretics then swarming in those parts, who trampled upon and sought to overthrow every thing that was most sacred in society and in Religion. The apostolic Dominic opposed them most effectually with the weapons of preaching and prayer; and through these means vast numbers of them were reclaimed to the Church. Even their stony hearts all besotted with licentiousness and reeking with vice, could not resist the sweet unction of the Rosary, as enforced by the heart-stirring appeals of the saintly missionary. Mary, by her sweet smiles and by her prayers to her divine Son, obtained for many of those obdurate and corrupt men the grace of conversion; thus adding another to her numerous claims to the fulfillment in her person of the prophecy uttered to the first woman in the garden of Eden after the fall—that through her Seed she should crush the serpent's head—and verifying what the Church sings of her in the office: "*Tu sola cunctas interemisti hæreses—thou alone hast destroyed all heresies.*"

The word *Rosary* conveys a beautiful and poetical idea. It means a rosy garland, or even a whole garden of roses. The rose is perhaps the richest, the most varied, and the most fragrant of our flowers. Mary is the Mystical Rose of the Litany; and in the Rosary we offer her an entire

chaplet or crown of roses. The crown is composed of fifteen different species of roses, with all their variegated colors, and manifold and rich significance of emblem. A suitable crown for so fair and beautiful a Virgin brow!

CONCLUSION.

And now our task is done; how very imperfectly, we are ourselves the most fully aware. The mine is very far from being exhausted; we have extracted but a very small portion of its hidden treasures, and even these we have not, we fear us much, exhibited in the most favorable manner or under the best light. But, considering time and circumstances, we have done the best we could according to our poor ability; and if very haltingly, at least simply and earnestly, have we endeavored to give forth some rude utterances in praise of our sweet heavenly Mother. In our own feeble way, we have composed a little Rosary of fifteen parts, or decades, in her honor; and though it is wholly unworthy her acceptance, we are so fully persuaded of her boundless goodness and condescension, that we cherish the pleasing hope that she will not turn away her face from us, nor wholly disdain our humble offering.

If we wish, dear reader, to know how beautiful, how radiant, how magnificent, how sweet, is our glorious heavenly Mother, we must so live, so imitate her virtues on earth, as to be admitted to her presence in the mansions of the blessed. One glance at her beaming face in heaven, one smile from her radiant eyes and sweet motherly lips, will more than compensate us for all the toils and sorrows of earth.

A. B.

For the AVE MARIA.

TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BY BRIDGET M. J. KERNAN.

Sancta Maria! Virgin blest!

I come to thee with heart oppress'd;

Mother, thou knowest what is best

For thy poor child.

Toss'd on the waves of life's dark sea,

I turn my weary eyes on thee;

Oh turn thy gracious gaze on me,

My Mother mild.

Many a time I've sought in vain

For strength and comfort in my pain,

Till grace came down, like gentle rain,

From thy bright throne.

Oh keep me in thy loving heart,
And in my griefs, oh! bear a part,
And bid all sin and care depart;
Make me thine own.

Pray for thy child, my Mother pure,—
O thou who art our refuge sure,
My soul's salvation, oh, secure;
Cease not thy care

Till in yon heaven I take my rest,—
No more by fears and trials oppress'd,
But safe with thee, O Mary blest,
Its joys I'll share.

NEW YORK CITY.

THE LAST FLOWERS OF MAY.

[By the Author of "GRACE MORTON," etc., etc.]

Farewell! 'Tis but a little word; yet how many sad and tender emotions its utterance awakens! The last farewell to one beloved; to the home of childhood; to scenes whose pleasant and touching associations have twined around our hearts in a thousand clinging tendrils—who so happy as not to know the anguish of such farewells? Even though the parting be but for a time; though hope beckon us onward; though it be but a tree or a flower on which we cast a lingering gaze, still is "farewell" a mournful word to say. And thus a shade of sadness mingles with our joy, for now we must bid farewell to the "Month of Mary;" soon will it be gone from us forever—the resistless waves of time roll on, sweeping its precious sands into the great ocean of the past. How we shall miss it, the fairy season—the beautiful crown of our "Queen of the May!"

Other sweet seasons of devotion to Mary the changeful year will bring, for, blessed be God, the Church never wearies of sounding her praises. She will call on her children to follow this sweet "Queen of Charity" as she goes with haste to carry the first benediction of the Incarnate God to the house of Zachary; and for the "Queen of the Rosary," to cull the brightest gems from autumn's bowers; she will call upon us to honor the "Queen of Purity" in her Immaculate Conception; and to rejoice with favored St. Ann on the birth of this sweet lily among thorns—"our tainted nature's solitary boast,"—and again to admire this "Queen of Humility," in meek obedience submitting to the requirements of stern Old Law, which, through her instrumentality, was to be replaced by the New Law of heavenly

love. With Gabriel we will bend in reverential homage before the Queen "full of grace, blessed among women," and oh! with the "Queen of Sorrows," will we not mingle sighs and tears, compassionating her dolours, grieving for her Son's sufferings, sorrowing yet more for our sins, the unhappy cause of all! And when August's gorgeous blossoms open to the dazzling sunbeams, how exultantly will we hail the glorious "Queen of all Saints," enthroned amid the splendor of the court of her Divine Son, reigning with benignant power over angels and men. Yes, many a sweet festival of Mary will brighten the passing year, but none will awaken the childlike exuberance of joy, the wild *abandon*, even in the tenderest fervor of devotion, that belong to the Month of Mary, when every votary is in truth *a child*, and the aged, earth-weary pilgrim feels once more the glow of enthusiasm that brightened the merry May-days "in the long time ago." Farewell, sweet month, with all thy gay spring beauty, thy fragrant bloom, and ringing melodies, farewell! No longer shall we hear the clear, fresh voices of children proclaiming:

"Tis the month of our Mother,
The blessed and beautiful days,
When our lips and our spirits
Are glowing with love and with praise.
All hail to dear Mary!

The guardian of our way!
To the fairest of Queens

Be the fairest of seasons—sweet May!"

No more will the perfumed air echo the thrilling music of the sweet chorus:

"Behold the month of Mary!
It passes like a white-winged dove,
And through its hours of beauty
Resound our strains of love.
Beautiful Mary, sweetest of mothers,
O bless us ere thy month departs;
Beautiful Mary, sweetest of mothers,
Receive our lays, receive our hearts!"

Sweet Queen of May! When again thy month brings beauty and joy to earth, may it find all those who now chant thy praises, still gathering with unabated love and fervor around thy altars. If any be *missing there*, let it be those only who by the gate of death shall have passed into the garden where blooms eternal May, and learned from saints and angels how to sing in fitting strains of her who sweetly reigns o'er them all! Ah, there is no gloomy sadness in looking on places *thus* left vacant! Although bereaved affection or friendship must grieve at the thought—

they were here last May, now the church-yard sods shut out those dear features from our longing eyes, and their voices will never again be heard in our midst—still there is none of the bitterness, the anguish, of a total separation. "Absent in body—present in spirit"—ah, yes, they are still present there! And, oh! as year by year slips from our grasp into the mysterious regions of eternity—as we realize oftener and with more saddening consciousness how

"From love's shining circle the gems drop away!" as one May after another shows yet more vacant places by the altar and the hearth, how precious become all those recollections which assure us "it is well" with those "whose earthly places will know them no more forever."

Such a memory is with me to-night. I recall one of *last* May's closing days, when a pale, fragile child, worn by long sickness, knelt for the *last* time before the holy Virgin's altar. How vividly that patient little face rises before me now! And, oh! the long season of suffering that followed—the bright summer months which passed so wearily to the feeble invalid—the beautiful September, whose soft, bland breezes had no gift of healing for her—and then, the dreary October day, when the coffin lid closed over that face, no longer pallid and sad, but with the fresh, almost smiling beauty—loveliness that life can never wear—which rests like a halo on the features of those who "rest in peace." How often I seem to hear that dear childish voice ringing out the closing lines of her favorite hymn:

"Accept our wreath of flowers,
And be our Queen of May."

Happy child! Thou didst weave a wreath of the flowers she best loves, in that long season of suffering. How sweetly bloomed the blossoms of gentleness and of patience during paroxysms of pain that compassionating ones could scarce bear to witness, but which never drew one fretful word, one impatient murmur, from "the quiet, patient little thing," who gave edification to all. Yes, more precious to that sweet Mother than all the flowers that earth can yield, were those flowers of the heart so meekly offered to her, and which she lovingly turned into gems to gleam on thy own brow throughout eternity. O faithful Christian matron, why should your tears flow so sadly at little Annie's grave! Yours has been a work worthy of angels—to lead the orphan from the darkness of ignorance to the blessed light of faith—not only to fill with comfort the short span

of life which was allotted to one of the children of affliction, but to insure for it a *home* in the kingdom of eternal glory. "Blessed are they who have a child in heaven:" but yet more blessed surely are they who lead thither the orphaned or the friendless, who but for *their* active kindness and faith might never have sought its bright portals. This has been your work, kind, gentle heart! Grieve not then when you miss "your little Annie," but rather rejoice that you have added another lamb to the flock of the Blessed Shepherd; another bud to the wreath of Mary; another angel to the choirs of heaven.

Passing away! The Month of Mary is counting out its last precious hours, but it ushers in a season yet more lovely and hallowed—the Month of Jesus! Holy Church of God! how full of the poetry of religion are all thy teachings—how sweetly adapted to every want of the human heart—how rich with suggestive thought and meaning. Thus is it always; thou pointest us to Mary, that she may lead us to Jesus! thou givest to her "whom all generations shall call blessed," the sweet opening month of the season of nature's bloom; but its full flush of beauty, its perfection of loveliness, thou offerest to Him "whose Name is above all names in heaven or earth." Thus is Mary honored,—thus are her children favored.

The parting gift of May we bring,
To offer on thy altars, Mother blessed!
The last and sweetest flowers of Spring,
By gentle zephyrs and warm rays caressed.
Only a few short hours
Of thy fair month remain
To gather round our Queen of May,
A loving, loyal train.

Take then, O Mother dear! our gift,
And with it take our hearts to be thine own;
Our thoughts from earthly things uplift,
And fix them on our bright, celestial home.
Lead us to Jesus' feet;
There let it ever be
Our bliss to bend, in homage sweet,
O, heavenly Queen, with thee!

Death of Right Rev. Bishop Lavialle.

As we go to press the telegraph brings us the sad news of the death of another American Prelate.

Right Rev. Bishop Lavialle, died at Bardstown, Kentucky, on Saturday evening, May 11th, after a long and painful illness. His remains were to be taken to Louisville, and the funeral ceremonies to take place on Tuesday the 14th inst.

BISHOP TIMON.

From a valuable contemporary we have already given our readers a brief sketch of the life of the saintly Bishop of Buffalo, whose holy memory shall forever be embalmed in the pages of the AVE MARIA. Protestant as well as Catholic papers have united in paying their tribute of praise, respect and admiration to this venerable prelate who full of years and good works ended the penitential season of Lent with his last breath on earth, to enjoy, we have every reason to believe the glorious Alleluia of the eternal Easter in Heaven.

Twenty one years ago, in his fifty first year, he was made bishop of the diocese of Buffalo,—containing at that time, but one American church two German congregations and not one Catholic school. Ten times since the date of his consecration did he visit Europe to obtain funds, priests and religious for his infant diocese; for the same laudable purpose he canvassed every state in the Union and visited Mexico and South America. With what success we may judge from the fact that at the time of his death, his diocese is adorned by one hundred and sixty five churches; thirteen male religious institutions, eighteen female religious institutions, sixteen charitable asylums, a noble ecclesiastical seminary built upon one of the most beautifully picturesque sites in the world, overlooking the grand Falls of Niagara, and containing within its walls, thirty five young seminarians, who are preparing to aid in the sacred ministry the one hundred and sixteen priests at present engaged in the diocese.

Bishop Timon was a ripe scholar and in the midst of his untiring labors for the spiritual and temporal wants of his diocese, he found time to write much, for the good of religion. The *Western New York Catholic*, the able and flourishing organ of the diocese, was frequently enriched by articles from his cultivated and pious mind. And how often have not the readers of the AVE MARIA been edified and delighted by the precious articles from his heart, so truly devoted to the Blessed Mother of God, whom he ever so lovingly and confidently invoked.

It cheers our heart to recall his warm genial letter of encouragement and approbation of our thought of establishing a little weekly Messenger in honor of the Blessed Virgin. After the approbation of Cardinal Barnabo and our own Right Rev. Ordinary it was the first letter we received.

As many of our readers may not have seen it, they will pardon, we are sure, the feeling that prompts us to produce it a second time :

THE AVE MARIA.

BUFFALO, April 5th, 1865.

Very Rev. and Dear Sir : I rejoice at your pious thought of the AVE MARIA. It must succeed. In the pardoning judgment upon fallen man, and in the merciful promise to our guilty first parents, cursing the hellish serpent, God said : "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed. She shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lay in wait for her heel." He thus designated a woman, Mary, the second Eve, to be the dawn of our hope, and her Son to our Saviour-God. This "oracle of oracles," as the ancients, whether Jews or Gentiles, called it, was in some form treasured up in every nation ; and what the Prophet Isaiah said : "Behold the Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son," the Emmanuel or God with us, for, as had been promised, "God Himself did come to save us," and He sent His fishermen to convert the world to the faith of His human and divine natures, in the one person of the Eternal Word, *made flesh for us*. And these fishermen, His Apostles, had to speak of Mary when they preached Jesus the God-Man. Hence, from the first judgment and sacred promise of redeeming mercy, down to the redemption ; at the Angel's salutation ; at the sacred birth ; at His first miracle ; even at the foot of the Cross, Mary was present, wonderfully associated with the divine Victim. A woman and a man thus became associated in the history of redemption, as a woman and a man were in that of the fall.

And now, when the great rebellion against "the Church of the living God, which is the body of Christ, and the fullness of Him," is crumbling away in multiplied divisions, the sweet and bright AVE MARIA of the Archangel is the harbinger of many conversions. *Gaude Maria Virgo, cunctas hæreses sola interemisti in universo mundo* ; it is also the harbinger of that restored unity for which the Saviour-God so touchingly prayed, in the 17th Chapter of St. John's Gospel. Hence, I rejoice at your enterprise, and request you to put me down as a subscriber, (for life,) and accept for the good work the inclosed sum, which I would wish that my means would permit me to increase a hundred fold. With great respect and esteem,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

† JOHN, *Bishop of Buffalo.*

VERY REV. E. SORIN.

Bishop Timon often regretted that other occupations would not permit him to devote more time to write in praise of the Blessed Virgin. We quote a portion of a letter which accompanied one of the touching articles he sent to the AVE MARIA : "I am now making the visitation of my diocese, and I pencil down my thoughts in the cars, and send them from the different stations to my secretary, in order that he may copy them legibly and send them to the AVE MARIA."

A short time before his death he had promised a series of articles, among the rest a memoir of that great servant of Mary, Rev. M. Olivier. Writing on that subject, he says :

"April 21st, 1866: I cheerfully accede to your wishes regarding the memoir of M. Olivier, who, I may say, died in my arms ; but it seems an age since that time. The very active life I have been forced to lead, together with new ideas and new duties, has somewhat obliterated my remembrance of that long past time. However, for the sake of a man I loved and venerated so much, if God spares life and strength, I will try to do it, if I can get dates and documents to do it properly. After the death of this venerable man I wrote to Nantes, his birth-place, I believe, and where for some years in the storm of the great Revolution, he exercised the holy ministry of parish priest. The curate of his parish who answered my letter told me that at his death he was one hundred and four years old. I rather doubt this, as he himself told me a short time before his death that he was ninety eight. I have been almost continually out, visiting the diocese and preaching since I last saw you, and only returned about two hours ago."

From the last letters we received from this saintly prelate, we feared that the Church would soon lose his valuable services. We give them for the edification of our readers, as we received them :

BUFFALO, Jan 12th 1867

Very Rev. and Dear Sir : Having been absent on painful and laborious missions, I could not answer yours of 20th ult. sooner.

I rejoice at the success of your AVE MARIA, and all that I can do to assure its future will certainly be done.

I have written to different persons about the Ven. Father Olivier. I regret to say that the answering details are very meager. I send you his photograph ; it may awaken zeal for the holy priest.

I could send you many anecdotes of missionary life ; and I will try to do so, but I am very weak ;

you and your good Community should pray for me, that if it be God's holy will, I may be able to work a little longer for the good cause we all love so dearly. Please pray for

Yours affectionately in Christ,
† JOHN, *Bishop of Buffalo.*

BUFFALO, Jan. 15th, 1866.

Very Rev. and Dear Sir: Thanks for your kind wishes, and kind promises of holy prayer. Now I am occupied beyond my strength: now my strength seems failing; as soon as God may give me time and strength, I will comply with your request. Pray for me, that God's holy will be done in me, and that if *He* call, *He* may grant me a happy death.

Yours, most affectionately,
† JOHN, *Bishop of Buffalo.*

P. S.—I remember the Hon. Mr. Dodge; offer him my best wishes. He will find many of my friends in Madrid, Barcelona, etc.

Hon. Mr. Dodge, formerly our Minister to Spain, had begged of us, when on a visit here, to remember him to the good Bishop, by whom he had been married, and for whom he entertained the greatest respect.

While we regret that death deprived us of the many edifying articles which he intended for the pages of the AVE MARIA, faith bids us be consoled at the thought that he is now enjoying the reward of his saintly apostolic life.

IN MEMORY OF RT. REV. JOHN TIMON,
Bishop of Buffalo.

S. A. MALONE.

Glad Easter chimes are ringing,
But no joy wakes in our breast,
For he, our Father and our guide,
Lies still in dreamless rest;
Well may we mourn, while tear-drops fall
As fast as summer rain;
But the meek Disciple of Our God,
We ne'er will see again.

A somber pall rests o'er the land,
In grief our hearts bow down,
But Faith points to the radiant crown
And the glorious victory won:
And in lofty hall, and lowly cot
Do the hearts' pure fountains flow,

In memory of the saintlike man
Who never had a foe.

Still is the generous christian heart,—
The great and noble mind,
That with a child's simplicity
A sage's power combined.
Tears fall from eyes unused to weep,
For oft his well-loved form
Bore joy to many a stricken heart
When bowed beneath life's storm.

No hollow pomp or pageantry,
No proud or vain display,
Accompanies that sainted form,
To its silent house of clay;
For he, whose pure and sinless soul
Has to its bright home fled,
Was self-denying while in life,
And still would be, when dead.

A low sad requiem is heard
Dirgelike through all the land,
While the Orphans breathe their tearful prayer
For him, whose generous hand
Was always open to bestow,
And ready to defend;
To high and low,—to all he was
A Father and a Friend.

The Cross shines o'er St. Joseph's Tower,
The Church is dark inside;
He's laid beneath its vaulted halls,—
His monument and pride;
The sad slow requiem is sung,
And in the solemn shade,
With incense, prayer, and taper's gleam
The well-loved form is laid.

The Church has lost a faithful son,—
A noble leader's gone;
And oh, 'tis hard for us to say—
Great God, "Thy will be done!"
And all the land laments for him
Now to the earth consigned,
Who freely gave e'en life's last day
To God and to mankind.

Like mockery seem the tears that fall
For perishing renown,
Save when the nobly good and great
Low in the dust bow down;
And mid'st the crowned and mitred dead
The world will never know
One better loved, more deeply mourned,
Than "John of Buffalo."

[*Western New York Catholic.*]

MARY, PATRONESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY MAJOR HENRY F. BROWNSON.

When the ecclesiastical authority of this country selected Mary, conceived without sin, as the tutelary guardian of this land, inspired as they must have been by the same Holy Spirit which has always influenced the councils of those appointed to rule in the Church, they founded a claim to the lasting gratitude of every Catholic in the United States. The Church in every country has its patron saint, its angel; and it is not mere chance, the blind result of accident, that in one country, one, in another, another of the servants of God is honored by the special worship and charged with the particular patronage of the faithful. The angels commissioned by our Heavenly Father to guard each one of us are not indifferent to their charge, but they rejoice at each repentance, at every strenuous resistance to the temptations which surround us, just as they sorrow over our frequent derelictions of duty. So also with nations, whose angels or patrons, besides the ardent desire which they all have of the glory of their Maker, are more especially interested in the welfare of those who are assigned as their particular clients. It is not, therefore, a small thing that our American Church has been selected by Providence and the national council for the special guardianship of the holy Mother of the Redeemer. If under the patronage of other saints, the Church in other lands has flourished so fairly and borne such glorious fruit, is any future too grand, too heavenly to predict of the land which is set apart as the peculiar garden of Mary, the greatest, the most powerful of all the saints? How many wondrous conversions, how many cases of assistance in moments of weakness and temptation, how many lights and inspirations in times of doubt and difficulty, how many instances of protection in danger, all of which may be directly traced to the care and favor of our Patroness, attest the loving and watchful care which she takes of us! Those of the clergy who have had the most experience can relate the most, but all can tell of some.

The virtues which most attract our attention in the holy Mother of God, while adapted to the admiration and imitation of all, seem more fitted to be the models of our conduct, just as her sorrows and sufferings are such as to create a more inti-

mate sympathy with ours than with those of others.

The first temptation to which the Catholic child is subjected in this country is one unknown in the lands where the faith is more generally received. As soon as the child is able to think on the subject, he is assailed with temptations against his faith, and they never leave him again. It is not the doubt of the infidel, but the unwillingness of the worldling, and the resistance to restraint and authority which is inherent in every American. Then, too, the hurry after wealth and position, which here are placed within the reach of every one, no matter what his birth or his education, together with all the inducements to lying, deceit, dishonesty of conduct and their concomitant vices. Drunkenness and impurity are also encouraged by the constant change and excitement of the whole nature consequent upon the unsettled and ever-varying character of the national life.

If the Catholic will for a moment forget these and, but for a short time even, reflect upon the example left us in the story of our national Patroness, he cannot but return to the business of daily life stronger in mind and will to combat against the allurements of evil and to run in the course presented so fascinatingly to his imagination. Who could honestly meditate for an hour on the difference between the ordinary life of the majority of those most envied for their success in the world, obtained by fraud and dishonesty, and the calm, holy, virtuous life of the Virgin Mother from the moment of her conception to her sacred death, and not rise with loathing for the former and love and emulation of the latter? What attractive loveliness surrounds her earliest years, when she the best-beloved of all the creatures of the Creator loved best of all places the house of her Maker, best of all duties the service of her Lord! Nothing is so lovely as innocence, nor is any innocence half so lovely as that which has never been contaminated with even so much as original sin. All other human innocence grows pale beside that of Mary. During her earlier years, living in the temple, looking forward to the promised coming of the Messiah, praying for His speedy approach, and never in her humility imagining that she of all the maidens of Israel was chosen by God to be the only one instrumental in His Incarnation, she passed her time in prayer and good work, in humility and hope, in faith and divine love.

Let us glance but for a moment at her after life,

and there too we find the most attractive model for our imitation. How humbly obedient she was in all things to him who was authorized to command her, regardful of others, patient in trials and dangers, and suffering, and contempt; and powerfully, yet modestly, co-operating with its founders in the establishment of the Church!

In her many sorrows she is likened unto each one of us, save in the faults to which we owe most of our sufferings. In her painful journey to a distant heathen land, in her despised poverty and suspected virtue, in her lowly life in Egypt and at Nazareth, in her foreknowledge of her agony, and in the loss and death of her divine Son, how much there is to unite her with us in the closest and holiest sympathy! Christ dying surrendered her as our Mother to us all; but we in this country have a special claim on her maternal love and sympathy, acquired by the act of the National Council decreeing what Providence had foreordained that we should be in an eminent manner the children of Mary.

REMINISCENCES OF RT. REV. BP. BRUTE.

VINCENNES, Feb. 25th, 1867.

Very Rev. Dear Father:—I received your letter expressing a desire that I should write an article for the AVE MARIA on the devotion of Bishop Bruté to the Blessed Virgin. It would indeed be, as you say a pleasure for me and also an honor of which I feel I am little worthy, any way, to write on a subject so beautiful and so well calculated to draw out something of the loveliness of his own saintly countenance. But this request of yours forces again on me a reflection which I and many others no doubt have repeatedly made. It is this; it seems that, in proportion as the respect of Clergy and people for Bishop Bruté manifests itself and their desire to learn more of him increases in eagerness, the paucity of the means which providence has left us to gratify their holy curiosity becomes more painfully apparent and again shews itself to disappoint all expectations. After all—and this is another thought of a consoling nature—it is in him a trait of likeness to the Blessed Virgin herself. For if it is the Divine Will that “all generations shall call her blessed,” by the same Divine Will all the details of her life, which would have interested so deeply every true follower of Jesus Christ her Divine Son, are denied to us; so that her sacred name comes down, from age to age, to us at the same time resplendent with

unspeakable glory and surrounded with holy obscurity. Who will reveal to us the secret of God in this wonderful counsel of his? Herself perhaps “*quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ.*”

Although it may astonish some, especially, at a distance who chance to know how long I have been the Rector of the Cathedral of Vincennes, and that scarcely twenty-eight years have elapsed since S. G. Bruté, its first Bishop, departed this life,—I am unable to comply with your demand. It was my happiness to see Bishop Bruté in his native city when he visited France to procure laborers for his arduous mission and to be a witness of the power of his saintly appeal to the Clergy of the Diocese of Rennes in Brittany. I was young then. That, together with the short duration of his visit permitted none of that intimate acquaintance which would enable an otherwise competent person to speak of the love of that amiable soul for Mary—the unspotted, sweetly fragrant lily of Israël. I knew him no farther than as a bright vision of holiness never to be effaced from my mind. When four years later I came to Vincennes of itself a very, very small and isolated spot on this far off continent but which his name had made widely known and a powerful point of attraction he had been dead three months.—We had come in advance of his successor Bishop De la Hailandiere who remained behind in Paris where he was consecrated. He came one month later. The scattered clergy of the large diocese for one moment congregated around him, and to us young Levites just arrived the impress of the teachings and examples of the holy Founder manifested itself visibly in three particularly striking features that were to be observed among them: 1st, a remarkably deep sense of the holiness of the priestly character and of all it required of those that were honored with it. 2nd, that spirit of sacrifice which animates the heart of real Missionaries who feel that Jesus Christ, himself, who has chosen them for the work, expects that they shall lay the foundation of His Church, and which has no thought of the cost at which this is to be done. 3d, last, but prominent *with* the others; a truly filial and particularly tender love for, and reliance on, the holy, Immaculate Virgin, the mother of the Master whom they preached.

This is all I know, except what follows may be considered as belonging to the subject. But a few months after this when Bishop Hailandiere opened respectfully his tomb in the presence of a few persons and chose for his venerated remains a final resting place in his Cathedral, he thought

that nothing could please so well the virginal soul that had but very lately yet animated them, as to place them in her chapel at the foot of a plain and beautiful statue of hers that he (Bishop Bruté) had himself procured in France. There, between the statue of the Virgin of virgins and the altar whereon the Virgin's Son is offered, midway between them both, his body sleeps, preaching from that place which is its sepulchre, and warning all that see it, priests especially, by the meaning language of its presence on that consecrated spot, that the sure way to learn, and acquire holiness and to enjoy one day the respect due to saints is that which Jesus Christ himself pointed out to his beloved disciple from the cross of Redemption; to behold in *her* their mother and to be to *her* a son according to His own heart.

But it cannot be possible, you will say, that you never heard from some of the old missionaries anything positive concerning Bishop Bruté's devotion to the Blessed Virgin, a devotion ever so dear to all priests that are worthy of the name, and to saints!

It must be borne in mind that Bishop Bruté spent but a short space of his life in Vincennes, and in that short time he and thirteen priests had to attend to, find out, and gather together into congregations, the few Catholics scattered over one half of the State of Illinois and the whole State of Indiana, when there were no railroads, no canals, and only paths on which alone a man on horseback could travel. His priests generally were never with him except for a few days at a time, and then only those who were absolutely necessary and whom he could conscientiously allow to absent themselves from the large onerous districts allotted to them. The traditional intelligence I have, cannot but be meager. The most precious comes to me chiefly from Father Corbe the present respected Vicar General of the diocese who lived nearer to him (ten miles) than any one now alive excepting Bishop Hailandiere who is no more in this country. Father Corbe is full of anecdotes relating to Bishop Bruté, all of them, especially as told by him, extremely interesting and replete with edification. I heard from his lips that Bishop Bruté was very exact in attending to those spiritual exercises which the Church teaches her priests in the seminaries where they are formed. You are aware that this implies the regular daily practise of many sweet prayers and invocations to the Blessed Virgin. However, this which he relates has a particular bearing. He says, that whenever he traveled on horseback with any of his priests (and most of them hardly

ever saw him otherwise) after chatting with them for awhile in that ever cheerful manner of his by which he knew so well how to encourage them to bear up with their hard life, he never failed to invite them to repeat the beads. This done, he resumed with his companion a conversation almost always sparkling with wit of the most amiable kind, soon however, stopping it to begin the beads again. For it was a delight to him to repeat that "Hail full of grace" so respectful to Mary, so grand in its Divine simplicity, with which God's deputed angel, Gabriel, first greeted her!

One more fact is communicated to me by Bishop St. Palais who now occupies the see of Vincennes and who was one of those who crossed the ocean with him. It bears the stamp of that holy eccentricity sometimes observed in the saints, which to the outward world looks like an absence of mind on their part, but which to an attentive observer is indicative of the run of their thoughts and the preoccupation of their heart. On board of the vessel he never failed, to wake up every morning and call to meditation the priests and seminarians whom he had recruited and whom he joyfully led to the wild regions of the West to labor with him, in God's work. They had a cabin all to themselves, that they might be free and on the way prepare as become missionaries. Now the mode which he adopted to awaken, after the "*Benedicamus Domino*" which was not always effective in rousing them,—to sing before each bed the following beautiful strophe of a sweet hymn to the Blessed Virgin: *Virgo Dei Genitrix, quem totus non capit orbis, In tuase clauit viscera, fectus homo*. And to repeat it until the sleepy one actually got up. In this manner he permitted himself to infringe on the hour of the great silence. Your readers may guess from this the place which the Blessed Virgin occupied in his mind and in his heart.

Had Bishop Bruté's papers and correspondence remained in Vincennes, an abundant matter could easily be found to day, to set before your readers and all instructions, exhortations, the more precious as those of one whose memory is held sacred, (I trust God will permit it ever shall), East and West by so many of the faithful entertained, every where, as they have been time and again, by some one or other of his disciples, of his wonderful holy learning; especially how God, in his merciful design to establish His Church in this young world chose him eminently as one of those that were to scatter over it first the sweet, the lovely, the unmistakable perfume of His virtues.

I deeply regret, Very Rev. Dear Sir, that I can do no more to satisfy your pious wish and those of the readers of the AVE MARIA. For I tried in vain by searching in this house where the venerated Founder of our diocese lived and died and in his library if I could not find some sermon or other writing that might have escaped unnoticed when the papers were sent. I found absolutely nothing. But all his pupils are not dead. Archbishop Purcell no doubt learned of him something at least of that devotion to the Blessed Virgin which he has always been known to have. The Very Rev. Dr. McCaffrey of Emmitsburg where Bishop Bruté preceded him in the office which he fulfills and where he labored so long and was so well known will certainly be able to tell you a good deal more than I could under any circumstances; and, let me add, he has given proof in that eloquent tribute to his memory which he once in particular paid to him that you need make no question of his good will to do so.

Respectfully, Your humble Servant,
E. AUDRAN.

THE RECONCILIATION.

A Legend of the Twelfth Century.

[Translated from the French of L. D'Appilly.]

Thesbies of Provence—(the name of Provence was at the time of which we write, given to all that region of Southern France, in which the melodious dialect since called Provençal was spoken)—those skies ordinarily so blue and pure, were on a certain night covered with clouds and darkness. Like the bride who retires to attire herself in secret, the moon had hid her face from the earth, until her crescent should be filled with brightness. The shadows were so deep that the most hardy guides would have refused to tempt the dangers of a nocturnal journey.

The winter seemed to linger, loath to quit the beauteous landscape. February was slowly dragging out its dreary days, and spring had not yet opened the buds of flowers impatient to unfold their loveliness to the sun. The soil was still frozen, and the north wind changed the floating mists into rime on the branches of the bare and leafless trees, decking them in diamonds for the coming daybreak.

A troop of men-at-arms who had been riding all night across the plain, entered on the road to Puy, and followed it for some distance. Their movements were conducted in the greatest possi-

ble silence. They had covered their horses' hoofs with woollen stuffs that their shoes might not ring against the pebbles, and for fear of being separated in the darkness, their ranks were so close that the knees of each knight touched the saddles of his companions.

They were in number five hundred, and each one had a foot soldier on the crupper. At the end of a quarter of an hour, those who rode at the head of the troop, halted, and thus obliged all those who followed to halt also.

Their commander, Raymond V, Count of Toulouse, reconnoitered the country in person. He could not have expected more favorable circumstances for the surprise he had planned. The road, at this place, lay along the banks of the Loire, whose turbulent and foaming waters waved over their deep and rocky bed below. On the other side a wood of trees, closely bound together by vines and filled up with underbrush, opposed an impenetrable hedge. Two rocks arose in front, like towers, with peaked summits, hardly leaving between them a road for way-farers,—a narrow pass, and easily defended.

Raymond hid a part of his knights behind the rock. The footsoldiers crouched under the trees. He gave these instructions to all:

"No quarter! We must finish this war, and, this time, he cannot escape me."

The entrance to this defile was gradual and broad; but Raymond was acquainted with the reckless bravery of the king of Arragon and he did not fear that he would try to retreat. Nevertheless, he posted near there the greater part of his troop, at the foot of a ravine masked by a clump of aspen and chestnut trees, taking his own position as a scout on the border of the wood, that he might give the signal to begin the attack.

The hatred which the Count of Toulouse bore to the King of Arragon, was inveterate, furious and stubborn. The quarrel had arisen in the time of Alphonso the warlike, and Alphonso II. had inherited it along with the royal crown.

The Arragonese monarch was rather a brave knight than a talented commander. A minstrel king, loyal even to a fault, proud and intrepid, he was not made for the combinations of military tactics. For him the battle-field was merely an arena where he could display the grace of his prowess and the strength of his arm. He loved to fight by daylight only, and he would have refused certain victory, if it were to be won in the darkness. He voluntarily despoiled himself of every advan-

tage, fearing that if the chances were not equal, his success would be attributed to the number of his soldiers rather than his valor.

The Count was less of a warrior, but he was more powerful and richer in lands and vassals. He was the son of Raymond IV who led under his banner to the first Crusade all the south of France. He aspired to revive the pompous title of Duke of Aquitaine, and he derived inexhaustible riches from the commerce which his vessels carried on with the East.

Already superior in resources to his enemy, he did not blush to use stratagems and surprises against him, and to take advantage of all the cunning and trickery that he could press into his service. He did not dispute with the Spaniard the barren glory of burning and laying waste the country even to the very walls of Toulouse, he allowed himself to be challenged in puerile boasting to single combat; but he crept meanwhile into the cities of Arragon and with the rich spoils he carried off he indemnified those of his people who had suffered from the invaders. In answer to the defiance of Alphonso, and to the mockeries with which he insulted him, Raymond would go during the night and nail sarcastic rhymes to the doors of the castles in which the king slept. Prudently keeping within his fortified cities, he suffered the Arragonese to occupy the country, until the Moorish war summoned Alphonso to the other side of the Pyrenees, and then he would recommence his depredations, never returning without immense booty.

This warfare without rest or truce ruined and desolated their vassals. But the two adversaries were lashed to fury by the bare mention of a reconciliation. Bishops had many times attempted to appease these passions, but their efforts and those even of the legate, sent by Rome to bring back the heretical Albigenses to the faith, had always been fruitless against the obstinacy of the two potentates.

At this time the King of Arragon, according to a vow which he had made in the midst of battle, was accomplishing a pilgrimage to *Notre Dame du Puy*. He was escorted only by two knights, because he trusted to the respect in which even robbers held the sacred character of a pilgrim. A weak defence indeed against the bloodthirsty and ferocious Raymond, who, profiting by the imprudent confidence of his enemy, was about to cut his throat, like a highwayman, in a cowardly ambushade!

Alphonso had partaken of hospitality in a well

fortified castle, thirty miles from Puy. At day-break his pages and footmen had saddled the horses and had led them into the court yard. The knights leaped into the saddle, the drawbridge was lowered, and the troop joyously took their leave.

Suddenly a peasant placed himself in the king's path, seized the bridle of his horse, and exclaimed:

"Go no further, O King! Or take another road. You are betrayed!"

Alphonso gazed upon the stranger with surprise, and knew not whether to chastise his temerity or to continue to listen to him.

"Slave!" said he at length, "let go my horse, if you have any regard for the safety of your ears."

"My lord, I only wish to save your life, do not advance further; they are hidden at the pass of the pointed rocks. I have counted them, there are more than a thousand; they will attack you from behind."

"Dost thou not know that I am performing a pilgrimage, and that according to the laws of chivalry, he who violates the personal safety of a pilgrim or a priest, must be declared disgraced and excommunicated by Holy Church?"

"Neither chivalry nor excommunication will stop the Count of Toulouse. He hath sworn to kill you this very night."

"Who art thou, and to whom dost thou belong?"

"My name is Durante; I was born on the lands of the count, but I have lived in your dominions. The soldiers of the count have carried off my oxen and my crops, and you have burned my house. I am free therefore, and belong to no one. My brother Mark is your esquire; let him be confronted with me and say whether I have lied."

"Well, if thy forwarning is true, come and claim thy recompense in my domain of Arragon. I will give thee the grant of a fine farm which thou shalt possess in franchise—thou and thy children to the seventh generation. But if thy words are a snare—never venture across my path again!"

"My King, you will meet me again in the city of Puy, in the house of my lord the bishop and count. There must I submit to you the request of a high and mighty lady, who has ventured to depend upon your royal gallantry."

"Take to her our kingly and knightly promise that she shall obtain from us all she wishes, if she be fair and noble, and if it be in our power to fulfill her behests."

Whilst Alphonso reached the city by a long circuit, the peasant repaired thither also by the road on which the Count of Toulouse was watching.

Durante was simple and straightforward. He walked on with the intrepid confidence of a man who has faith in his mission. He had presented himself on the day before at the palace of the Bishop of Puy, and had asked to be conducted to his presence. When the servants despising his poor and coarse exterior, sought to elude his representations, he said to them with great confidence:

"Tell his lordship that it is Our Lady who sends me, and that I must fulfill the mission with which she has entrusted me."

The servants were sorely tempted to take him for a madman, however, being astonished at his boldness, they dared not repulse him, and they informed the bishop of his coming, and received an order for his immediate admission.

The bishop received him kindly, and as much to encourage him as to make trial of the state of his soul, he asked him many questions, to which the countryman answered with simplicity, but with perfect clearness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SODALITIES OF PHILADELPHIA.

St. Malachy's Parish.

The publication of articles in the AVE MARIA on the organization, progress, and present condition of the Sodalities of New York and other cities, will, we are confident, be conducive to the propagation of that tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, which is the guiding star of the Sodalists of our land.

The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin attached to St. Malachy's Church was organized May 20th, 1855, under the title of the Immaculate Conception, and under the patronage of St. Joseph and St. Anne. The Father Director then, as now, was Rev. John Kelly, the pastor of the Church. At the formation the number of Sodalists was about fifty. The Sodality has increased in strength until it now numbers about five hundred members. The officers are such as are required by the rules for the regulation of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin throughout the country. This Sodality meets every Sunday, after Vespers, in the Church, and recites the Office of the Blessed Virgin. On the second Sunday of every month the members receive holy Communion.

Connected also with this Church there are several other pious Societies:—a Confraternity of the Scapular; a Living Rosary Society; a Purgatorian; St. Vincent de Paul Conference; Christian Doctrine Society; Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus; Holy Angels' Sodality, and a Beneficial Society.

M. I. J. G.

VOLTAIRE'S LIBRARY.

We had occasion some time since to introduce in our columns the name of Voltaire in comparison to Mr. Vianney, the venerable Curé d'Ars, (Vol. I, p. 177, 242). Count de Maistre, who was no special admirer of the patriarch of Ferney, has left a note in his "*Soirées de St. Petersbourg* which we think will be read with interest.

Voltaire's library, as is well known, was bought some time after his death, by the Russian Court. It is now deposited in the palace of the Hermitage a magnificent dependence of the winter residence built by the Empress Catherine II. A marble statue of Voltaire by the sculptor Francis Houdon, is placed at one end of the library as if to inspect it. This library gives room to important observations, which as yet I have never seen in print. I remember as well as one can remember a thing he has read fifty years ago that Lovelace, in the novel of *Clarissa*, writes to his friend: "If you have any interest in obtaining a true knowledge of a young person, examine her library and see what she reads." There is nothing more incontestible; but this truth is of an order far more general than Richardson likely intended to convey. It applies to science as well as to character; for it is undeniable that when you see all the books collected by a man, you may very soon judge of what he knows and what he loves. Under this peculiar point of view, Voltaire's library is particularly worthy of attention. The beholder can scarcely credit his own eyes nor recover from his astonishment, as he considers the extreme scantiness of books which once sufficed the patriarch of Ferney. In vain would you look there for what we call "great works" or rare editions, especially of the classics. The *tout ensemble* gives the idea of a library composed to enliven the evenings of a jolly farmer. You also notice a cupboard filled with unassorted volumes the margins of which are covered with notes written in Voltaire's hand and generally stamped with mediocrity and bad taste. The whole collection goes to demonstrate that Voltaire was a stranger to every thing like profound science and espe-

cially to classical literature. Should any thing be wanting to this demonstration, it would be completed by many evidences of unparalleled ignorance, which flow from his pen in hundreds of places in spite of all his precautions. It might be interesting at some future day to make a choice collection of them, in order to dispose of the man.

Sensible people have long since made up their minds in regard to that man. Public opinion has awarded him full justice. Voltaire's name is everywhere synonymous of any thing but respect and esteem, and few persons feel their reputation safe in such company. But dangerous books were not all written by Voltaire, and many books besides his, might expose to serious misgivings and unpleasant suspicions, any fair character in whose libraries such trash or poison might be found. Should any one find it impossible to resist the temptation to read a bad book let him go to some dark hole where neither he nor his book can be seen.

CONSECRATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION.

The Syracuse papers contains full accounts of the consecration of the church of the Assumption in that city.—We take the following from the *Syracuse Courier & Union*:

The new Church of the Assumption, in the Second Ward, was consecrated yesterday, and the ceremonies were very imposing, as usual with the ritual of that Church.

It was quite proper that the consecration of this beautiful edifice should take place in the month of May—the beautiful month—the month of blossoms and flowers, which is especially dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. It is a beautiful belief, that the fair Virgin, Mother of Christ, pure and holy, nursed the Saviour of the World so tenderly, and hence it is that the Church honors Her so much.

The title of this Church, consecrated yesterday, has its full significance. The tender regard paid to the mother of Christ, is a fitting theme for Christians.

At an early hour in the morning the solemn chants of the priests were heard, as the consecration ceremonies proceeded. It was a continual sound of music, from early morn to dewy eve.

The Church is one of the finest in the State, and in fact one will have to search the continent to find its equal in architectural beauty. The edifice is a credit to the Catholics of our city.

The societies participating in the solemn rites of consecration seemed to take deep interest in the affair, and in their neat regalia, looked admirably well. In waiting at the depot, as early as six o'clock in the morning, were the German Societies of St. Joseph, St. Francis, St. Michael and St. Stephen.

These were waiting for a special train from Utica, (with Societies,) and as the train hove in view, Drescher & Maurer's Band greeted those on board with a happy welcome. The Utica Societies turned out in large numbers, and brought with them a fine band of music, composed of sixteen pieces, led by Prof. Nichols. Later in the forenoon, a special train arrived over the Oswego road, with five cars laden with the two Societies of St. John and St. Joseph, accompanied by the Oswego City Band. In the procession of societies, we recognized many familiar faces from our sister cities, among whom were some members of the press—"typos," who are always alive to interesting scenes when beauty and the romance of existence, earthly and divine, call out their better qualities.

The Societies took up their line of march from the Depot, through Salina street, and the music of the several bands, playing appropriate airs, added much to the occasion. Passing up the street to the church, the Societies encountered wreaths of Evergreens, very handsomely twined which must have cost much labor from fair hands. The mottoes suspended beneath expressed the joy of those who devoted their energies to the consummation of this work.

From Went & Bros. Block, was suspended an elegant wreath reaching across the street to the opposite building. Suspended from this, on a white ground, fringed with evergreens, was the conspicuous motto in German text:—

"Willkommen."

Meaning as it does a hearty welcome to those from abroad.

From the block of Mr. James Funda was another wreath of evergreens spanning the street to the opposite block; pending from this was a motto expressing the gratitude the Germans entertained over the completion of the object so long at heart. On one side—"Gloria in Excelsis;" on the other—"Allelujah."

Right Rev. J. J. Conroy, D. D., Bishop of Albany celebrated the Mass, during which Mozart's twelfth Mass, was sung by a choir composed of more than fifty persons. Rev. F. O'Hary preached the consecration sermon.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

For the AVE MARIA.

OFFERINGS TO THE QUEEN OF MAY FROM
THE CHILDREN OF MARY.

FOURTH OFFERING.—PATIENCE AND MEEKNESS.

When sorrow's bitter cup was thine,
'Twas quaffed by thee, with love divine.
Patient and meek, thou didst fulfill,
"Mother of sorrows," Heaven's blessed will.
No cloud e'er gathered 'round thy brow,
No storm e'er dimmed thy heart's bright glow;
Mother most meek, most patient, mild:
Be near us in this desert wild.
And when dark tempests o'er us lower,
Exert for us a Mother's power.
Patient and meek, bright Queen, like thee,
O may thy children ever be;
Patient and meek, 'mid ill and strife,
What e'er may be our lot in life.
We crave these virtues at thy shrine,
Virtues replete with grace divine!

FIFTH OFFERING.—PURITY.

Peerless thou standest in beauty arrayed,
Ne'er tinged with the breath of sin's venomous
shade.

Created all free from its poisonous blight.
A being of beauty, of glory and light,
"Immaculate Mother," we greet thee—all hail!
Rose peerless in beauty, 'mid earth's thorny yale,
What gift can we bring thee, what proffer thee now,
With the breath of the serpent impressed on our
brow?

Ah, wilt thou not shrink from our filial embrace,
Since no feature of thine in us thou canst trace?
"Ah, no!" thou wilt answer, "you too may be
pure,

No wile of the tempter your soul may allure,
Pure in the heart, in the mind, in the eye,
And while treading this earth—still dwelling on
high."

'Neath thy mantle, oh Mary, we'll heed not earth's
snare,

Secure thou wilt guard us, with motherly care.

SIXTH OFFERING.—PRESENCE OF GOD.

Teach us, oh heavenly Queen, to walk,
In God's most holy sight!
Oh, fix our gaze on him alone,
Amid life's dreary night!
When adverse clouds around us lower,
When all is dark and drear,

When tempting charms our souls allure,
Teach us that God is near!

Teach us to walk with filial love,
Before His holy face,
Teach us in every good and ill,
His watchful eye to trace,
Then fearless will our footsteps tread,
While yet we journey here,
What ill can harm, what foe assail,
When God, our Father's near?

SEVENTH OFFERING.—OBEDIENCE.

Queen of *Obedience*,—virtue divine,
The heret's dearest treasure we bring to thy shrine,
Submissive and docile, oh, teach us to be!
Heaven's will to accomplish, sweet Mother, like
thee,

Obedient and trusting, oh, ne'er can we stray,
For the finger of God ever traces our way.
Obedient children, we proffer our will,
Each mandate of Heaven we seek to fulfill;
Thus the life of the blessed above may we lead,
While the pathway of mortals on earth still we
tread.

Our will, holy Mother, we place at thy shrine,
Never more to revoke it—it is God's—it is thine

THE NUN.

Happy! thrice happy is the family that can
count among its members a servant of the Altar,
or an humble hand-maid of the cloister. Heaven
appears to be more closely allied to it, than to
the mass of God's work, for, who is the spouse of
its child? Jesus! Yes, Jesus! the lover of vir-
gins! With Him has she formed an alliance,
which will outlive time, and be stronger and sub-
limmer when she shall have crossed the threshold
of death. Happy destiny! Glorious exchange!
the Heart of Jesus for that of His creature! * * *

The object of this essay resided on the beau-
tiful island of—, though one on whom nature
and grace had lavished their choicest gifts. She,
nevertheless, understood full well this saying of
the book of life: "He who loves father and
mother better than me, is unworthy of me."
Though reared in the bosom of a holy family, and
surrounded by examples of true Catholic virtues;
still, this chosen one felt that there was some-
thing better, something holier for which her soul
must long. She prays, she listens, she thinks she
has heard—but is deceived. Trouble fills that
pure, untainted soul. Like Saul of old, she cries
aloud: O Lord! what must I do? Gently she

hearkens, patiently she awaits; at length the meek voice of the Lamb, wafted by the wings of love, flows gently from the Tabernacle into that seraphic heart. Beloved, thou art mine; go, and while my love obliges thee to act as Martha, let thy heart rest at the door of the Tabernacle, so that no storms may disturb the precious fruit of my passion, for thou well knowest that this is the stronghold of my spouse. She lingers not, but hastens forward at the early age of nineteen, when the world still coveted her smile, endeavoring to allure her by its deceitful and polluting caresses. Does she hesitate? Does she, for a moment lend a willing ear, even to the heartrending pleas of fond and cherished parents. No; let me go, she cries in her anguish; let me go; he has bid me come and I must go. Respectfully she moves from the tender embraces of these her first and best friends, trampling the rest under foot, she hastens forward to sever even the sacred ties of parental affection that bound her to earth.

The happy day has at length arrived. Bowed before the altar we meet that Virgin Spouse, awaiting the happy moment to complete her sacrifice, by offering Him her triple oblation. She kneels,—men are astonished,—Angels and Saints rejoice; Mary smilingly bends to take her gifts of Poverty, of Chastity and of Obedience, so as to render them doubly acceptable to her Divine Son; for what passes through the spotless hands of this Queen is a hundred fold more precious to Jesus, her Son. And as the pall drew slowly over that sacred offering, who can tell the heart breathings of that youthful Virgin? Who can whisper unto us the sighs of love cast like arrows into the heart of her Spouse? O ye celestial spirits! who constantly view the Face of that spotless Being to whose service she has consecrated her talents and her affections, enkindle in our cold hearts a similar flame, which will urge us to do something for our God. Ye worldlings! call you this a sacrifice? No, it is a return of the love manifested to her on Calvary. She fears not your slandering tongues,—she dreads not your scorn; for long ere this has she laid her pride at the feet of her crucified God. Yes, she has buried her memory, her understanding, and her will in the sepulchre of her Jesus; she hearkens no longer, but to the mild voice of His love; she lives not, but Jesus lives in her.

And life glides sweetly on; gently flows year after year within those hallowed walls, unheeded by her who has said: "This is my abode, for I have chosen it." She longs now only for the hour

which shall unite her for an eternity to her well Beloved. Will He test her patience? Will he lay His sweet burden upon those feeble shoulders? Yes, for the "Cross" is God's only seal; it is the escutcheon of His family, loved and worn with resignation by all His true children; therefore to a bed of sufferings does He nail her for two long years, during which not a word, not a sigh of complaint escapes this seraphic soul. Her sisters, in their daily visits, gather the sweet words of edification that are constantly falling from those fast-fading lips. Frequently was she heard to say: "In a little while I will be at the feet of our Immaculate Mother, begging her to present me to our dear Jesus. I am afraid to go to Him without Mary." Angelic being, what fearest thou? "Ah! would she reply; who would not fear, when they compare God and man; grace received, and grace abused!" "Silence! timid 'child of Mary!' Is not thy Mother Queen of Angels? What hast thou to fear, when encircled by the arms of so tender and powerful an advocate?" It is true, I should not be afraid, was her only answer; covering her face with her emaciated hands, she would sweetly murmur, to that dear Mother, her petition: *Monstra te esse matrem*; so pass those days of suffering, at the same time, days of merit, for she is resigned. At length the hour of triumph arrives. Jesus calls His loved one home. Death claims its prey; she has fallen a victim to a wasting disease. Go, beautiful soul, to that land where the streets are of gold, and the palaces illuminated by the presence of Him who is the joy of the Angels. Yes, go to Him, He will dry thy tears, and bid thy pains depart! While the sisters, wrapped in sorrow profound, recite the usual prayers, this pure soul, wings her flight to the bosom of her Beloved, where she is welcomed by myriads of Angels chanting that hymn, which only those who follow the "Lamb" whithersoever He goeth are permitted to sing. Sweetly reverberated the heavenly court with the words: *Veni Sponsa Christi, accipe coronam, quam tibi Dominus preparavit in eternum*.—"Come, Spouse of Christ, receive the reward which the Lord has prepared for thee for all eternity." The scene is closed,—we are permitted to proceed no further.

OFFERING TO OUR LADY--Before her Picture.

Mother! to thee myself I yield,

Console me in the hour of pain;

Be thou my life's support and shield,

And by me, at my death, remain!







*Asst. Sec.
Mr. [unclear]
Mr. [unclear]*

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Ave Maria.

AIP-2242 (awab)

